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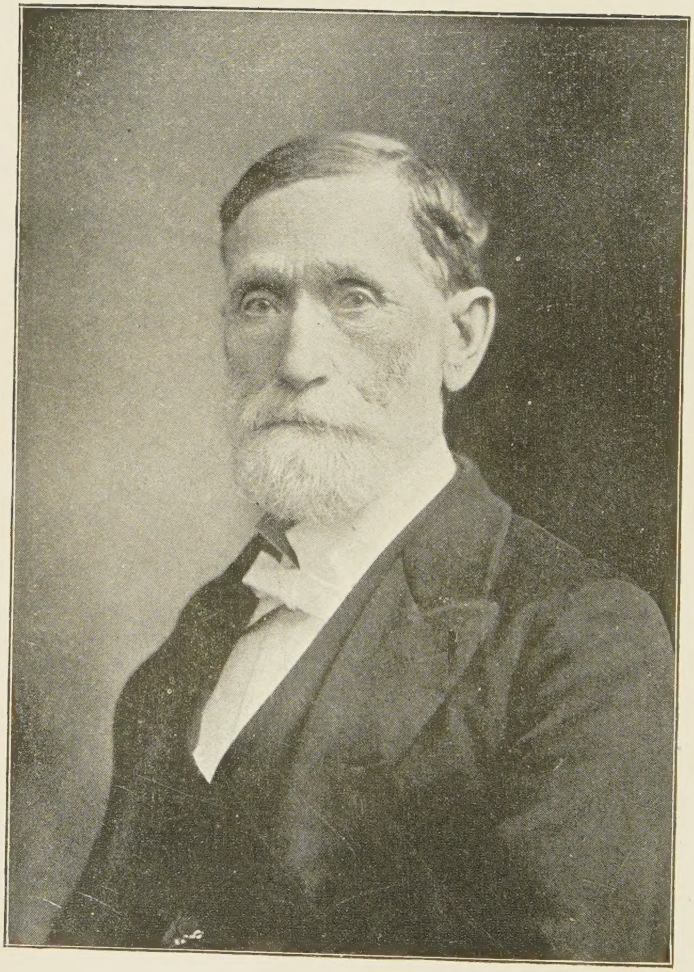

D. A. SHAW

ELDORADO

...OR...

CALIFORNIA

As Seen By a Pioneer,

1850-1900.

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...By...

HON. D. A. SHAW,

Pasadena, Cal.

Member Society of Pioneers,

Member Southern California Academy of Sciences.

1900.

B. R. BAUMGARDT & CO.,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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Dedication.

TO THE

PIONEERS OF CALIFORNIA,

And their Descendants,

THE NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST,

This volume is respectfully dedicated
with the best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

There are still living, after the lapse of fifty years, many Pioneers, and more of their descendants, to whom I trust the following pages will bear more than a passing interest. To the pioneers they will restore the fast fading recollections of events in which their experiences were to a large extent very similar to my own. One by one our comrades are dropping from sight, passing to that new "Eldorado," whose streets are paved with gold, and where the hot blasts of sandy deserts, and the difficulties and dangers of the pioneer's life are unknown. This work, which has been a labor of love, was undertaken after solicitation of those whose judgment I respect. While written entirely from memory, I have endeavored to record simply facts and events as they occurred, and for my narrative lay no claim to literary merit. Whatever its defects I crave the indulgence of my pioneer comrades, and a generous public.

I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to R. Guy McClellan, author of "Republicanism in America,"

also to John Bigelow, author of the "Life of John Charles Fremont," in addition to other recorded data. I have written with the hope of pleasing as well as instructing the younger portion of the present generation who desire, and should become, familiar with the struggles, and circumstances, attending the acquisition and development of the great State in which we all feel so laudable a pride, and where over every school building there now floats the emblem of freedom, equality and fraternity.

To wrest an extensive domain from semi-barbarism; to reveal its unlimited treasures; to open up new avenues of commerce; to form a progressive, enlightened and liberal government; to herald the advent of new social and religious conditions; these made a commendable field for noble endeavor. Living in the glorious advantages their labors secured to us; who shall say their duties were not well performed by the founders of our grand commonwealth. They brought civilization, beauty, and unrivaled attractions to a vast country of unbounded possibilities; a land of mighty monarchs of the forests, whose topmost branches pierce the clouds, the wonder of all beholders, a land of giant mountains, which, from their aerial heights, pour down to the thirsty valleys below their crystal floods, beautifying all the landscape with fruit, flower and vine, and creating panorama after panorama of unsurpassed terrestrial beauty.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hon. D. A. Shaw ..... *Frontispiece*

ADJOINING PAGE

Gen. John C. Fremont 48
The Squaw Man's House and Wife 62
Indian Attack on E. J. Baldwin's Racine Party near Salt Lake, in 1853 74
In the High Sierras 126
Public Library, Redlands, Cal. 190
Santa Barbara Mission 207
Yosemite Valley, California 232

CONTENTS.

Page

CHAPTER I—
El Dorado—The Journey 17

CHAPTER II—
On the Platte 27

CHAPTER III—
Still Among Indians 36

CHAPTER IV—
Pack Saddles and Perils 46

CHAPTER V—
Another Stage 57

CHAPTER VI—
Salt Lake 68

CHAPTER VII—
A Second Overland Journey 72

CHAPTER VIII—
The Mormons 80

CHAPTER IX—
Travel Resumed 89

CHAPTER X—
Historical Incidents 96

CHAPTER XI—
Pilot's Peak and Beyond 100

CHAPTER XII—
Hunter and Trapper 120

CHAPTER XIII—
To the Mines 124

CHAPTER XIV—
The Mines—Pandemonium 131

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XV— Page

Judge Lynch 139

CHAPTER XVI—

Mining Experience 145

CHAPTER XVII—

Battle Over Land Claims 150

CHAPTER XVIII—

Captain Sutter—The Gold Discovery 157

CHAPTER XIX—

Floods and Fires 167

CHAPTER XX—

Foes, Fruits and Progress 174

CHAPTER XXI—

Legends and Early History 194

CHAPTER XXII—

Later History 208

CHAPTER XXIII—

The State 231

CHAPTER XXIV—

Remarkable Adventures and Heroism of California Pioneers, a Quarter of a Century Before the Discovery of Gold 237

CHAPTER XXV—

The Daring Adventures of Bill Bent and Other Historic Characters in New Mexico and California 249

CHAPTER XXVI—

Additional Personal Narrative 268

CHAPTER XXVII—

An Account of the Sufferings of a Party of Argonauts who were compelled to Abandon their Vessel "The Dolphin" on the Peninsula of Lower California, and make their Way on Foot to San Diego.....299

NOTABLE PLACES.

	Page
Fremont's Peak	32
Pilot's Peak	97
Willow Springs	39
The Burning Desert	92
Ragtown	117
Hangtown	131
Lake Tahoe	233

NOTABLE EVENTS.

Page

Conflicts Over Land Claims.....152

Convention to Form Constitution.....224

Courts and Punishment Improvised 140

Gold Discovered 158

Amount of Gold Taken 164

Crossing the Platte 28

Postoffice Experiences 137

NOTABLE PERSONS.

Page

Blackbird 238
Bill Bent 238
Kit Carson 34, 60, 76, 98
Captain Donner 113
General J. C. Fremont 42, 47, 211
Mrs. Fremont 49
J. H. Hardy 23, 33, 35
W. B. Ide 214
Dr. Kirkbridge 43
Little Bow 240
J. S. Smith 237
Wm. Sublette 121
Captain Sutter 157

CHAPTER I.

ELDORADO—THE JOURNEY.

The present generation, and especially the sons and daughters of the Golden West, take a commendable interest in reading the accounts of the circumstances and conditions attending the early history and the experiences of pioneer life in California, after the discovery of gold in 1848. The admission of the State into the Union Sept. 9, 1850, one week after the arrival of the writer, was a memorable day, and will be duly celebrated by all who participated in the stirring scenes of those early times. It is estimated that 40,000 immigrants arrived here overland and by way of the Isthmus of Panama in 1849, and 30,000 in 1850. As to the kind of men, (but very few women came those years), who composed the greater part of the immigrants and remained to develop the resources of the Golden State, a late writer says. "To this land of golden promise in the early times came the bravest and best men of the older states. The pioneers were the adventurous and daring spirits of the old home, who, ill-content to stay and vegetate amid the familiar scenes of their birth, took heart of hope, and through weeks and months of peril and fatigue toiled across the waterless and savage-peopled wastes to the land afar. They lit

their campfires of buffalo chips and sage brush and tossed in uneasy dreams at night with their guns for pillows. The reveille that awoke them was often the crack of rifles in the hands of savages. For days, weeks and months they thirsted and hungered amid the alkali deserts and the rocky canyons, and when they reached this land of promise there was little left them but that dower of splendid manhood, brains and brawn. No better, braver, truer men ever went up against double-shotted guns in battle than were most of the gallant, hardy young men who peopled California fifty years ago, and the wealth they dug from the earth and washed from the auriferous streams was but the fair reward of valor. The State these men founded has been developed by their sons until in the bright galaxy of stars on the nation's flag there gleams no brighter emblem than that of California.

"Beautiful California, the sunny land of giant woods and giant mountains, and valleys that are fat with plenty! California, the brilliant and beautiful land of handsome and charming women, who have helped to make the whole world brighter and better. California, whose golden gardens reek with the odors of the orange blooms, and whose flowers garland with magnificence the vales from foothill to seacoast."

Though leaving home with all its endearments, on a journey that could not occupy less than two years in time, to encounter the dangers incident to such an undertaking, encountering sickness with no kind and loving hand to administer to their wants, all these considerations were overborne by that wild enthusiasm that found utterance in such extravagant song as that of which the following is a well-remembered stanza:

I soon shall be in 'Frisco,
And then I'll look all round,
And when I see the gold lumps there,
I'll pick 'em off the ground
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket full of rocks bring home,
So brother don't you cry.
O, California,
That's the land for me,
I'm bound for San Francisco
With my wash bowl on my knee

Ministers of the gospel raised their voices against the dangers of gold and prophesied troublous woes upon the country, and these started in the first ship as missionaries to San Francisco, where they were often discovered afterwards in the mines with overalls and rubber boots or at the gambling table, where the pastor would sometimes meet one of his own church members. Physicians, lawyers and judges would obtain a good supply of balls and powder and start off to the land of gold to the tune of

"O! Susanna, don't you cry."

On the appearance of grass upon the plains the march began. The prairie schooners from Missouri and Arkansas, drawn principally by oxen or mules, and lighter wagons from the Northwest, formed a continuous line of march by every route leading to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. In wagons, on horses, on mules, with pack animals, hand carts and wheelbarrows, men, women and children trudged along on foot. Harrassed by Indians, the day was passed in toil and the night in standing guard.

Through inexperience and haste the animals' strength, with only grass for food, began to fail, and before the pass was reached the loss of stock became

serious, and large quantities of supplies, especially in '49, had to be abandoned. These losses became a disastrous matter before the end of January was reached.

Along the valley of the Humboldt, across the wide sandy plains, covered with sage brush and alkali, under a burning sun, the long journey was slowly performed. Many trains, to avoid the 45-mile desert between the sink of the Humboldt and Carson river, took what was known as Lassen's cut-off, but which proved to be much farther and more difficult. A large number that were in the rear were caught in the snows of the Sierras, and relief parties were sent from Sutter's Fort to their assistance. After having slept in the open air for months on the ground, the rainy season in the mines had to be provided for. Some gained shelter for themselves by building canvas or log cabins. Others, neglecting to so provide for themselves, in their haste to secure and work their mining claims, became dependent for shelter and food upon the more thoughtful and provident at great expense. My first winter in the mines was spent in a canvas tent, where snow fell at considerable depth on Rancheria creek, in Amador county. Many suffered from scurvy and other ailments in consequence of improper food. The late Dr. Stillman, who conducted a hospital in Sacramento in '49 and '50, in his interesting book, "Seeking the Golden Fleece," estimates that "in less than one year at least 10,000 of the young men who started on their long journey with cheers and songs were sleeping their last sleep beneath the wild flowers."

Fruit and vegetables were impossible to obtain. All our flour, butter and cheese were brought from Chili,

South America. Later, when a few apples commenced to arrive from Oregon, they sold readily for $1 apiece. It was the memory of these hard experiences endured by the early immigrants that formed the basis of the organization of the Society of Pioneers, of whose experiences those who have entered the state at a later period have no adequate conception.

Among those coming at an early date was a class who might have regarded themselves as pioneers, principally from Sydney, Australia, and other foreign countries, and known as a dangerous and rowdy element, but they soon disappeared before the advancing civilization without leaving posterity or any evidence of industrial enterprise.

Most of the great enterprises that have placed California in the front rank of the states of the Union were originated and carried to completion by pioneer brains and money. They were, and are today, the mental and financial forces that control our great railroad systems, our extensive commerce, our manufactures, and largely the banking business. Two of the greatest educational institutions of the world have been established and endowed, at a cost of $40,000,000, by pioneers who endured the hardships of the early immigrants. With few exceptions the most important and responsible positions in public life in the state, on the bench, at the bar, in the United States senate, are and have been filled by Pioneers or Sons of the Golden West. With one or two exceptions every governor of California has been a pioneer.

Two years after the discovery of gold by Marshall while digging a mill race at Coloma, on the American river, I, like thousands of other young men, had the

California gold fever and "had it bad." The imagination, especially of those of an adventurous spirit, was stimulated by the most extravagant and exaggerated accounts of the gold mines. It was even reported that nuggets of pure gold worth thousands of dollars had been found with handles attached to them, making an independent fortune for the lucky finder. Uniting the very limited capital at my command—saved from teaching school in winter at $12 a month, and working in summer—I, with four other young fellows, left my father's home at Marengo, Ill., on April 19, 1850, with two covered wagons and eight horses, with such a supply of provisions, medicines and the like as might be required for a journey of five or six months.

The parting with father, mother and sisters was for the moment a sad one. The gift of that bible and the tearful benediction and prayer for the safe return of an only son can never be effaced from memory, and often in times of temptation, when far from home and social restrains, those memories prevented the son's feet from straying into forbidden paths. The novelty of camping out and cooking soon wore off. Every member of the company performed the duties of cook and dishwasher in turn one week at a time. After crossing the Mississippi river we were compelled to remain at Tipton, Cedar county, Iowa, nearly three weeks until the grass should start, as the prairie fires had consumed the greater part and settlers were often twenty or thirty miles apart.

We soon ascertained that the house at Tipton at which we were stopping was the headquarters of a gang of horse thieves, and we were compelled to stand guard over our horses at night. On one occasion the

thieves came near getting away with two of our best horses during a very dark night, but the guard, having awakened from sleep, discharged his revolver, which caused the thieves to disappear in the darkness.

We encountered many driving storms and swollen streams. As there were no bridges we sometimes had to construct our own.

After arriving at Council Bluffs—then a military post on the east bank of the Missouri—and going into camp on the river bottom, we were joined by other companies of overland emigrants from Illinois and Wisconsin, and organized a company for mutual protection while passing through the various Indian tribes. We were to be known under the name of "Wild Rovers," with J. H. Hardy of Wisconsin as captain. A schedule of by-laws was adopted and signed by each member of the company. The manner of leaving camp in the morning and corralling and standing guard every night was provided for and ever after adhered to, until the company was compelled to break up into smaller bands on account of shortness of feed for stock.

The Indians would sometimes attempt to stampede our horses when picketed out at night by shaking buffalo robes as near as safety to themselves would permit, and in one or two instances succeeded, but, fortunately, after considerable delay, the stock was all recovered. Whenever there was an appearance of danger the train was corralled in the form of a circle, or semi-circle, and fires for cooking were made inside, while a strong guard was placed with the horses until a certain hour in the night, then they were tied to the

wagons inside the circle until morning, when they were again put out to graze.

After two days travel from the Missouri river we reached the Elkhorn, at that time a wide, turbulent stream overflowing its banks, occasioned by the heavy spring rains. Our only means of crossing was to stretch a rope from bank to bank and use our wagon beds for boats to transport our effects. This means of crossing streams we had anticipated from the start, and had our wagon beds made water tight, with the necessary amount of rope for all emergencies. We camped on the east bank of the stream and received a friendly visit from some of our Pawnee brothers and sisters, who were being "civilized" and "Christianized" at a near-by mission. They were in their native costume of red blankets, buckskin breeches and moccasins, and spoke but little English. We distributed some presents among them, for which they seemed much pleased. They had not yet learned to swear as a friendly salutation at meeting and parting, as had the natives further up on the Platte, who had caught it from the ox and mule drivers. With a friendly shake of the hand it would be, "Whoa, haw, G— d— you; haw, gee."

After our breakfast that morning, which as usual consisted of coffee, pancakes and bacon, we had our first experience in crossing a large stream relying on our own resources. Our train consisted of twenty wagons, with an average of three men and the same number of horses to each wagon. A young man, one of our best swimmers, was detailed to take a small cord in his teeth made fast to a strong rope and swim to the opposite side. Fortunately either bank at that

time was fringed with trees, to one of which the rope was attached, and by the use of our wagon beds for our effects, and swimming our stock, we crossed without accident or loss. From here we commenced our long journey up the north bank of the Platte. The Loup fork and other tributaries being difficult to ford on account of the treacherous quicksand bottoms, compelled us to go several miles out of our course to find safe crossings. The distance from the Missouri to Fort Laramie, the first government post, was 700 miles; to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, 1000. Indians were occasionally seen, but proved friendly. Five days out from the Elkhorn we were joined by a chief, who presented to our captain a "recommend" written by some trader or immigrant, stating that he was a good Indian, and if anything was stolen he would recover and return it.

In some cases the "recommend" would read: "This is a bad Indian; he will steal anything he can lay his hands on. Look out for him" Of course he was never the wiser for what it contained. This particular chief wore a discarded black coat and a tall, battered, plug hat, relics, no doubt, of a dead or "busted" '49er.

In the first rush to the gold mines of California the previous year, many died from cholera and other causes, and much clothing and other property were thrown away and appropirated by the Indians. This chief traveled with us two days and was useful in various ways, helping to select suitable camp grounds, gathering dried buffalo chips, etc. It was our first knowledge and experience in that kind of fuel for cooking purposes. That, with willow twigs and sage

brush, was all the fuel we had for many weeks, in fact until we reached the Black Hills in what is now Wyoming.

Upon the leave-taking of our "good Indian" we gave him numerous little presents, with which he was much pleased, and, mounting his pony, he was soon lost to view in the distance. In all my experience with Indians I have found kindness and good treatment as much appreciated as by the more civilized, and I have sometimes thought even more so.

Only a single tree was seen between the Elkhorn and Laramie, and that stood about 100 miles below the latter place, on the north bank of the Platte, near the water's edge. On my next overland trip in '53 I noticed that the "lone tree" had been cut down by some vandal who had not the fear of future punishment before his eyes. While in camp at this point I had a thrilling experience in crossing the Platte with a life-preserver, in an attempt to interview immigrants on the south side, many of whom were reported sick and dying with the cholera.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PLATTE.

The main Platte river below Laramie is formed by the two principal branches, the North and South Forks, the Sweetwater, and some smaller streams that issue from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. In the spring and early summer a large volume of water finds its way to the Missouri from the melting of snow upon the high range, and from the heavy rains that fall at that season of the year. Some of the severest thunder storms that I have ever witnessed were encountered as we approached the higher altitudes. Whenever these occurred our train was halted and every man sought shelter in our covered wagons from the driving rain, which was often accompanied with hail. The blinding flashes of lightning and near peals of thunder were at times most appalling.

To favor our animals as much as possible, no man was permitted to ride unless he was sick. The average distance traveled each day was about fifteen miles, except where wide stretches of desert or alkali plains were met with. Then a longer distance was traveled to reach grass and water, in some cases thirty or forty miles, and in one instance ninety miles.

The Platte water was unfit for use unless strained

or filtered, on account of the floating sand, which made it impossible to see the bottom even in the shallowest places. The river bed was simply moving sand, and new channels of uncertain depth were constantly being formed by the rapidly flowing water. Long streaks of sand or little islands appeared at one time, and again almost entirely disappeared, making a very dangerous stream to cross. At the "lone tree" it was perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide. While we were camped at that point there was also a company of immigrants in camp on the opposite side of the river. Up to this time, having had no communication with those who came by way of Fort Kearney, we were anxious to learn their condition, with reference to reports of many dying with the cholera on that route.

It fell to my lot to cross the river and interview them, but first I donned a life-preserver, as the crossing was dangerous, both from the wide, rapid channels and the quicksands, in which both men and animals had sometimes lost their lives. We were told of a man who, while out hunting with a well-trained horse, shot some game on a small island while on the main bank of the river, and throwing his bridle over a willow bush went to recover it. On his return, near the shore, he sank in the quicksand and was unable to extricate himself. Realizing his danger, as a last resort he whistled and called to his horse, which seemed instinctively to realize that some danger threatened. The horse pulled himself loose from the bush, went quickly to the aid of his master, and was induced to place himself in such a position that the man was able to grasp his tail. By that means the rider was extricated from his perilous position. I cannot vouch for the

truth of this, though horses sometimes show remarkable intelligence. As an illustration I relate the following: Later on, when traveling down the Humboldt, my only remaining pony was stolen by the Indians when I became separated from my company. After I had searched and waited a day the horse either broke loose or stole away from the Indians and returned to me, after I had abandoned the search. I was alone at the time in a most desolate region, and her appearance and show of affection was like that of meeting a near and tried friend. She seemed as glad to return as I was to welcome her.

But to return to the crossing of the Platte. After wading and swimming, avoiding the quicksands as much as possible, when I got within about 100 yards of the opposite side, I found the most difficult and dangerous portion to cross, and was undecided for a time whether to attempt it or return. A large volume of water had cut a deep, wide channel that extended to a high, precipitous bank. I decided not to return without accomplishing my object, and swam to the bank, but was carried some distance down the stream and found the bank very difficult to ascend. The water was deep and the current rapid as it cut into the yielding earth. A man who had noticed my crossing came to my relief, and after getting the information that I desired I returned to camp, chilled and weary. The wife of the man who came to my aid had just died from the cholera, and he was left to pursue his journey bereft of the society of his loving wife. We witnessed many sad scenes upon our route, many dying on both lines of travel. Some, discouraged by the loss of father, mother or children, would turn and

make their weary way back to the States to their old homes and friends. Many were ill prepared for so long a journey, and by careless and imprudent driving and management their teams would give out or die, when they would take what they could carry on their backs and travel on foot. Women, especially, from Missouri and Arkansas, would be seen attempting the journey on foot. I have seen men trundling wheelbarrows with all their earthly goods, others with an ox or cow "packed" as the only means of conveyance. Women, under the most adverse and trying circumstances, exhibited far more patience, fortitude and resignation to the inevitable than men. In sickness especially, their care and sympathy was almost indispensable. Their help and encouragement were always greatly prized.

In consequence of the large amount of travel on the plains, game had become somewhat scarce. A few buffalo, antelope and mountain sheep were now and then seen, and occasionally one would be killed by the hunters of our party; so we were quite well supplied with meat. That of the antelope is very similar to venison. Nothing is finer than the steak of a young buffalo, and to preserve what we were unable to consume fresh we cut it into long strips and "jerked," or dried it over a slow fire on sticks, in the same manner as our "foremothers" dried pumpkin for family use. Prepared in that way it was very palatable and nutritious and could be kept a long time.

Before leaving the Pawnee country and entering that of the Sioux, one of our boys, while hunting, had gone farther into the hills in pursuit of game than was safe, and was unable to reach camp before nightfall.

Hungry, thirsty and tired, he reacehd the Platte bottom as darkness was coming on, with no camp or train in sight. He saw, however, at no great distance a cluster of Indian tepees or wigwams. He approached and made known his wants by signs. The chief Indian motioned for his rifle, which was handed to him, and after discharging it left it still in his possession. The boy's wants were supplied with the best they had to give. After a good night's rest, with a buffalo robe for his bed, his rifle was returned to him and he was permitted to go, grateful for favors received. In good time he overtook the train, none the worse for his experience.

For the most part, the landscape for 600 or 700 miles on the main Platte was very monotonous, the valley proper varying in width from one to two miles. As we ascended to the higher regions near the base of the Rocky Mountain range many curious and fantastic formations were seen. Among the most picturesque and unique were Castle and Chimney rocks, a few miles from the line of travel below Laramie. One resembled an immense castle, with its walls and towering domes, and the other a column of an immense height, round and perfect as though built by human hands.

Acres of fallen, petrified forest, seen before reaching the Black Hills, formed a most interesting and curious sight, the broken trunks lying thick upon the ground, from one to two feet in diameter, solid as granite and of various lengths. They presented a remarkable feature of nature.

One of the grandest sights and one not soon to be forgotten, was presented as the lofty, snowy range of the Wind River mountains, lying north of the South

Pass, came into view. They were probably 300 miles distant, but through the clear, rarified atmosphere appeared much nearer.

Fremont's Peak, the tallest of the group, presented the appearance of a vast body of snow reaching to the clouds. In the bright sunlight of the early morning to us "Wild Rovers" it was a very inspiring sight. On the top of the tallest peak, Fremont (after whom it was named), with his mountain guides, raised, in 1843, the Stars and Stripes and reported finding a bumble bee on the extreme summit, benumbed with cold, endeavoring evidently to pass from one side to the other of the range.

Traveling at the rate of fifteen miles a day makes a journey somewhat monotonous, but the trip overland was occasionally broken by some exciting episode. One occurred after leaving "Lone Tree," 100 miles below Fort Laramie. About 500 miles out from Missouri we were joined by two men and two women with one emigrant wagon. They had asked permission of Captain Hardy to camp with us as a protection against the Indians, which was granted. It was soon apparaent that a feud of some kind existed in their household, apparently with "two women in it," until finally, upon leaving camp one morning after a little altercation between the two men, one was shot, and at the time it was supposed he had received his death wound. The shooter at once mounted one of his horses and attempted to escape, whereupon our train was immediately corralled and a number of our men started in pursuit of the supposed murderer. After a chase of several miles, when he was about to be overtaken, he jumped from his horse and secreted himself among the willows upon a

small island in the river. After considerable parleying he consented to give himself up if he could have a fair trial, which was promised, although many had declared for shooting or hanging him at once. Our physician (who afterwards died with the cholera) extracted the bullet from the injured man by making an incision in the pit of the stomach, where it had lodged, but his recovery was considered doubtful. However, general consent was had to give the man a trial, as promised by his captors. Captain Hardy was selected as judge, a jury impaneled, and I was chosen to defend the prisioner (my maiden case more than ten years before I was admitted to the bar). A Mr. Coleman of Michigan stood for the people. I secured both the women as witnesses for my client, who put up a strong case against the supposed dying man, and I so far won the suit that the verdict of the jury was that the prisoner be taken to Fort Laramie and delivered up to the military authorities to be sent home for trial. This was done. Upon arriving at the Fort we found a party who had known my client in Christian county, Illinois, and who declared him to be a notorious horse-thief and counterfeiter. The wounded man was still alive, and we decided to leave the whole outfit at the fort. While being taken back to the States the prisoner made his escape before reaching Fort Leavenworth. Three years later I met both men at Hangtown, where they were partners in running a blacksmith shop. My client expressed much gratitude for saving his life. On arriving at Fort Laramie in 1853, I inquired of the commanding officer what had become of the women. He stated that they both married soldiers, and were then at Fort Leavenworth.

While at Laramie we met Kit Carson, the noted hunter, trapper, Indian fighter and chief guide to Gen. John C. Fremont in his explorations in the Far West. Three years later I traveled with him for several months, of which I will speak hereafter. Most of his life had been spent in the Indian country, and at that time his home was at Taos, N. M. A book entitled the "Prairie Flower" had been published, giving an exaggerated and highly colored account of his life and exploits, embodying more of the features of a novel than a truthful narrative. Being of a modest, retiring disposition, and not seeking notoriety, he was not at all pleased with the publication. He was best and widest known of all the old mountaineers, many of whom, from Lewis and Clarke to Bridger and Shambo, will always have an honorable place in the history of the frontier life that has led American civilization.

We found the Sioux tribe of Indians in many respects to be far superior to the Pawnees. Intellectually and physically they were the finest body of Indians we met with on the plains. They were more cleanly in their habits and possessed large bands of horses and a few cattle, and showed more evidences of some of the better habits of civilization than any other tribe. Occasionally a white man was seen among them with a numerous family. It was a noticeable fact that the Indians nearest the borders of our western settlements acquired the worst vices of the whites and retrograded instead of advancing by the contact. Only under these conditions is it strictly true that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." The Sioux were brave, adventurous and reserved, neither manifesting nor encouraging familiarity. The males dressed in their native costumes, but

the red blankets furnished by the government were conspicuous among the women. On one occasion a large party mounted on ponies, apparently returning from a hunt, was seen approaching in the distance, and as they came near they made some hostile demonstrations by whooping and flourishing their bows and arrows. They rode to the head of our train and, dismounting, seized the leaders by their bridles, thereby stopping the entire train. Captain Hardy, with a few others, went forward and after a short parley with them, they spread a blanket upon the ground and we placed some food and a few presents upon it, such as we had brought with us expressly to distribute among the Indians, for in such emergencies we believed it better to conciliate them by friendly treatment than to make them enemies, as others had sometimes done. After leaving Laramie to enter the Black Hills, feed became scarce, in consequence of the large number of trains preceding us, and we were compelled to break up into smaller parties. Ours consisted of ten men and four wagons. The only physician, Dr. Kirkbride, was one of our number. The only feed to be obtained for our stock was bunch or buffalo grass, and that, at times, only at long intervals. Not infrequently we found it necessary to leave our wagons by the roadside and take our animals one or two miles to find grazing.

CHAPTER III.

STILL AMONG INDIANS.

In parting company with our companions, with whom we had traveled nearly one-third of our journey, friendly ties were severed, possibly a few to be renewed after many months when our destination should be reached at the "diggins," but the majority, taking different routes and "cutoffs" after reaching the western slope of the Rockies, were seen no more.

Many died from sickness on the forepart of the trip, and before the end was reached many others succumbed to fatigue, worn down by the hardships they endured. Some belated emigrants who were caught in the snows of the Sierras perished before relief could reach them. A few were killed by the Indians.

The Utes were found more crafty and treacherous than any other tribe we had encountered. These Indians occupied the region around Salt Lake and a large portion of what is now the State of Utah. They had imbibed to some extent the spirit of some of the Mormon leaders toward those not of their faith. The Blackfeet, Arapahoe, Snake and Crow Indians were friendly. Whenever they went upon the warpath they felt at least that they had grievances to redress. There were those among the various tribes who, like their

more enlightened and civilized brothers, would steal horses and commit other crimes. Against such we had constantly to be on our guard.

A peculiar characteristic of Indian life was their improvidence. They were often driven to such an extremity for food that they ate every kind of insect and every creeping thing however repulsive. Snails, lizards, ants and even lice I have often seen eaten with apparent relish. Worms, grasshoppers and young wasps taken "fresh" from the comb were considered a great luxury. This was especially true of the Digger Indians, and can be witnessed even in California at the present time. Since the passing of the buffalo and other game, which, previous to the large emigration to Oregon and California, were so abundant, their condition has been pitiable in the extreme. In certain localities where only acorns and pine nuts can be obtained these, for a portion of the year, form their only food. At other seasons they live on seeds and roots.

While on the Platte an invitation was given and accepted to dine with a friendly Indian who had recovered some stolen property. A feast of honor, a dog feast, was being prepared upon our arrival. The dog was in a large pot over the fire in the middle of the lodge, and after we were seated upon buffalo robes it was immediately served up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh had something the flavor of mutton. One of the party feeling something move behind him, looked around and found he had take his seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Not wishing to be nice in such matters and let his prejudices interfere with the hospitality extended by the host, he silently continued his meal.

Our stay of two days at the hospitable quarters at Fort Laramie had broken the monotony of our journey and somewhat improved the condition of our animals, which were worn down by long continued travel on sandy roads, and the growing scarcity of the grass, which formed their entire sustenance. Immediately upon entering the Black Hills we found a better supply of fuel, consisting of scrubby pine and sage brush. The country for 150 miles from Fort Laramie to Willow Springs was broken by ridges and narrow valleys. Here water could be obtained only at long intervals. The north fork of the Platte was not visible from our route for that entire distance. The third day out, a young man and I were riding on horseback a mile or two in advance of the train, and after passing over a dividing ridge we came suddenly upon a party of about a dozen Cheyenne Indians returning from a hunt, all mounted upon ponies. They were armed mainly with bows and arrows, having only two or three guns. They quickly gathered around and halted us. After a short conference among themselves they inquired by signs our destination. We laughingly told them as well as we could in their sign language that we were looking for Indians and wanted to settle in their country, and also at the same time that we belonged to a train of wagons not far in our rear. This they no doubt believed, as we had no guns, only our revolvers. After a further confab among themselves, whether hostile or friendly to us we could not understand, one Indian galloped his pony to the top of the ridge over which we had just passed apparently to verify our statement. Fortunately our wagons were no great distance away, and when he re-

turned they hastily "how-howed," shaked hands and rode quietly off. Had our train not been in sight we might have been at least deprived of our horses and whatever else they could have appropriated.

Upon arriving at Willow Springs, a noted camping ground for emigrants, where ordinarily there was plenty of grass and water, we found an excellent spring of cold water, but the feed had been entirely consumed. We reached here after an unusually long day's travel in a cold rain-storm as night was approaching. We were now at an altitude of 6,000 feet, near the base of the snowy range of the Rocky Mountains. The necessity of providing for our animals was the first consideration, and two of our men were sent to search for grass, which they succeeded in finding about one mile from our camp.

We had no means of building a fire, and our usual meal of coffee, pan-cakes and bacon was omitted. After corralling our wagons near the spring, our party was divided, part accompanying the stock to the grazing ground to stand guard, and the others to remain with the wagons. I was one whose lot it was to help guard the stock. Each one of our company was provided with a full suit of rubber, which we found a great protection from the frequent rains and in night watches. As Indians had been seen watching our progress during the day, our captain was apprehensive that we might have trouble with them before morning, as the dark and stormy night was favorable to their approach. His fears were not unfounded, for about 12 o'clock they crept as near as possible without being discovered, and by shaking a buffalo robe stampeded all our horses except a few that were picketed or fettered.

Fortunately for us the runaways went in the direction of our wagons, and by early morning they were all gathered in without loss. A few discharges from our revolvers had the tendency to frighten away the Indians.

From this point to Independence Rock, where the Sweetwater river joins the north fork of the Platte a distance of fifty miles, the country had a desolate appearance. No game was seen, except now and then a half-starved jackrabbit flitting through the stunted sage brush. On these bare and dreary plains that interesting rodent, the prairie dog, finds a congenial home. They live in towns laid out with considerable regularity with well traveled streets and avenues, and it is a curious and funny sight when approaching one of their little cities to see them playing and gamboling like so many kittens, and upon any unusual noise, instead of disappearing, those in their houses or burrows will instantly appear, and all will stand perfectly erect and still, gazing at the intruder. They are about the size of the common gray squirrel, and are not easily frightened. Several attempts were made by our boys to capture one, but without avail. Several were shot but they would either fall into their holes, or be dragged in by their comrades. These little towns abound along the Platte, and extend to the Sweetwater river. In riding after buffalo and other game, great caution was necessary to avoid these underground burrowings, as they might prove serious both to man and beast.

This is the region of extensive alkali beds and poisonous grass. In certain places the ground was covered with a white crustation of saleratus, caused by the

evaporation of water strongly impregnated with alkali. It was sometimes used by emigrants for bread making and found to be a good substitute for the article of commerce.

The grass that grew around certain springs of water proved fatal to horses and cattle, evidently containing some mineral poison. Remedies were sometimes promptly administered that saved the lives of the poisoned animals, but in a short time they became perfectly hairless. We were fortunate at the commencement of our journey in securing a printed Mormon guide-book, which enabled us to avoid many mistakes that fell to the lot of those less favored. The Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, had preceded us to Salt Lake two years before, and the guide-book was intended for those of like faith who were to follow.

Our three days' journey from Willow Spring to Independence Rock was uneventful, save as it convinced us that a change in our mode of travel was necessary, owing to heavy, sandy roads and scarcity of feed. Our animals were becoming so thin and weak as to cause some anxiety. We had already been traveling in "sections," and it now became evident that we must divide into still smaller parties.

Associated with our camping ground at Independence Rock are memories of thrilling adventures and pioneer experiences. The lines of travel to Oregon and California converged at this point, that from Missouri and Arkansas, by way of Forts Independence and Kearney, and that from the Northwest, via Council Bluffs and the north bank of the Platte. One hundred miles further west, after leaving the South Pass

they diverged, the Oregon route going to the right and that to Salt Lake and California to the left.

Gen. John C. Fremont, one of the most heroic figures in the past generation in the history of frontier life and in the field of explorations, had some of his most notable experiences in this locality, while in the employ of the government as topographical engineer and botanist, in the year 1843-4. He ascended the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains visible from this point, 13,570 feet above the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and since known as Fremont's Peak, on the highest point of which the bee was caught and pressed between the leaves of his journal. Rock Independence is isolated and of granite formation, 500 or 600 yards in length and 40 in height. Everywhere within six or eight feet of the ground, where the surface is sufficiently smooth, and in some places 60 or 80 feet above, the rock is inscribed with the names of travelers. Many of these are famous in the history of this country, and some are well known to science. Names of traders, missionaries among the savages, and emigrants, including those of our own party, can be seen there, some partially obliterated, but the greater portion impervious to the storms that beat against them. That of General Fremont and the large cross he imprinted upon the smooth surface of this remarkable rock were written with tar and melted rubber.

The surrounding country was bare of vegetation, not a tree was in sight except in the distance along the slopes or in the canyons of the mountains.

The great evaporation on the sandy soil of this elevated plain and the alkali or saline efflorescences which whitened the ground and shone like lakes glistening

in the sun, made a soil wholly unfit for cultivation and gave it a most leprous appearance.

Soon after reaching Independence Rock early in the afternoon, a party was formed, including our physician, Dr. Kirkbride, to visit the famous Devil's Gate, about five miles distant. Our "guide book" described it as a place where the Sweetwater cuts through a granite rock. The length of the pass is 300 or 400 yards and the width 35 yards. The walls of rock are vertical and 400 feet high, and the stream in the gate is almost entirely choked with the masses of rock which have fallen from above, and through which the water rushes with a deafening roar. It is certainly a wonderful freak of nature and well repaid the visit.

Very soon after the return of the party, Dr. Kirkbride was taken suddenly and violently ill with the cholera. He administered his own remedies and gave directions to an attendant until he became unconscious, but died before morning, about eight hours after his attack. This was the only death that occurred in our train. Our facilities for burial were very limited, but we did the best our circumstances permitted and reverently and sorrowfully committed his body to a shallow grave, with a blanket and buffalo robe for a winding sheet. Dr. Kirkbride was about 30 years of age, and by his kindly, helpful ways had endeared himself to all of our party. He had joined us on the lower Platte, and we knew nothing of his family or address, only that he was from Iowa, so we had no means of advising his friends of his death. As I passed that way three years later I looked for his grave, but was unable to identify the spot where we had laid him.

We had now been two and a half months on our jour-

ney to the land of gold, and it was less than half accomplished. Five hundred miles lay between us and the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake, and nearly 1,500 before reaching our destination. After carefully considering the situation, it was decided to leave our wagons and construct pack-saddles, making the burden as light as possible for our animals. Their weakened condition and the increasing heaviness of the roads and shortness of feed seemed to make this an absolute necessity.

If a house or barn, or a bridge, was to be built, we had men who could have gone to work intelligently, but a pack-saddle—"that was a horse of another color." But "where there is a will there is a way," and necessity was our "mother of invention." Most of the boys had never seen a pack-saddle. A couple of us had watched Kit Carson mending his at Laramie and we had to take the initiative. Every one was ready to do his part

As we would have no further use for our wagons we decided, after due deliberation, to cut the spokes from the wheels for saddles, and pack our cooking utensils and sufficient provisions to supply our needs to the Mormon settlement. Our wagons were made of the best material expressly for the trip, and we little expected to be compelled to use them for such a purpose, or to leave them for fuel either for Indians or emigrants coming after us whose necessities might not be as great as our own.

Two crosses, two feet in length and about fifteen inches apart, with a board beneath the lower extremities to rest upon either side of the animals' backs, and the upper projections upon which to hang our blankets, frying pans, coffee pots, etc., was what we evolved

from our limited knowledge and common sense to constitute a pack-saddle. Of course we were to ride "shank's horses" in the future, as we had mainly in the past. In fact, we had simply become human walking machines.

Many things that brought to our minds sweet thoughts of home, mother, sisters and sweethearts had to be left with our wrecked vehicles, even guns, clothing, boots, shoes and books, but the little Bibles and keepsakes—never! Then it was goodby Independence Rock, and "Ho, for Salt Lake;" "Now for a gay old time;" "You bet," were the cheerful exclamations as we took up our line of march.

There was no murmuring, shirking or complaining during all the journey that tried men's (and women's) souls, or wishing we had done this, or had done that There was plenty of other "sand" in our little company besides that through which we plodded day after day.

CHAPTER IV.

PACK SADDLES AND PERILS.

Before bidding a final adieu to the locality around which cluster some of the most eventful incidents in overland immigration to the Pacific Coast, I will refer briefly to one or two incidents that make this particular portion of the route especially memorable.

The fact that during the decade from 1840 to 1850 not less than 75,000 emigrants, at a conservative estimate, passed this point is worthy of note.

Previous to reaching this point different routes were followed, thereby providing better facilities for grazing, but at the upper crossing of the Platte, notably in the great emigration of '49-'50, the feed became exhausted long before the later travelers reached this part of the journey.

We witnessed many sorrowful evidences of the sicknesses and misfortunes of those of the previous year, in the numerous graves, the bones of dead animals, and remnants of discarded property. History does not furnish a parallel to the excitement and terrible experiences of many of those of the 50,000 who rushed to the mines of California in 1849-50. Knowing the hardships of the emigrants of the preceding year we regarded ourselves as having comparatively

little of which to complain. Probably no part of the journey presented a more discouraging aspect than around Independence Rock, where many were compelled to leave both animals and wagons, and travel with what they could carry upon their backs. I have referred to Gen. J. C. Fremont's explorations as United States topographical engineer in the years 1843-4 in this region. The following incident not only illustrates the indifference to danger in the discharge of duty that characterized frontier men, but shows somewhat the character of the high altitudes as one approaches the head waters of the streams that take their rise in the Rocky Mountains.

At the junction of the Sweetwater and North Platte the waters pass between perpendicular rocks from 300 to 500 feet high, forming a narrow' dark canyon seven or eight miles long, with numerous falls and dangerous rapids.

In pursuance of his instructions to make a thorough survey of the Platte river, General Fremont entered the canyon with a rubber boat with five men, his instruments for taking observations, blankets, books, papers and journal of his expedition, etc. After passing several dangerous falls in safety, he writes in his narrative:

"To go back was impossible. Before us the cataract was a sheet of foam and shut up in the chasm of the rocks, which in some places seemed to meet overhead. The roar of the waters was deafening. We pushed off again, but after making a little distance the force of the current became too great for the men on shore and two of them let go of the rope attached to the stern of the boat. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on and was jerked head foremost into the river from a

rock about twelve feet high, and down the boat shot like an arrow—Basil following us in the rapid current and exerting all his strength to keep in midchannel, his head only seen occasionally, like a black spot in the white foam. He owed his life to his skill as a swimmer, and I determined to take all on board and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees, with short paddles in our hands, and again commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock and shot past fall after fall; becoming familiar with the danger and singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along, when suddenly the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall, which hurled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim and my first feeling was to assist them and save some of our effects, but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy and I landed on a pile of rocks. Looking around I saw Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the rocks, lay the boat bottomside up, and Lambert was in the act of saving Descoteaux, whom he had grasped by the hair and who could not swim. Each man showed courage and generosity in this danger. For a hundred yards below, the current was covered with floating books boxes, bales and blankets, and so strong was the stream that even our heavy instruments in cases kept on the surface, and the sextant circle and the long black box of the telescope were in view at once. All our books, almost every record of the journey and registers

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT

(From an old print)

of astronomical and barometrical observations had been lost in a moment."

A part of the articles mentioned above were recovered, but the greater portion were not. General Fremont had on his expeditions, a mountain howitzer and from forty to fifty men well armed, as a defense against the Indians. In crossing the Sierra Nevada in '44 he was compelled to leave the howitzer in the snow, where one-half of his stock and a number of his men lost their lives. The last food eaten before reaching Sutter's fort on that occasion was pea soup, dog and mule meat.

I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with General Fremont, who was familiarly known as the "Great Path-finder;" also with some of his most noted mountaineer guides, of whom I shall speak later on.

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Fremont and daughter are at present residing in Los Angeles In 1856, when her husband ran for president of the United States, her name was familiar in every home in the land as "our Jessie Benton Fremont." She is a woman greatly beloved by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. She wrote the life of her distinguished husband and has done much other literary work. Her father, the Hon. Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, was for thirty years a leading member of the United States Senate and at one time was urged for the Democratic presidential nomination. Mrs Fremont, in her quiet home, is always glad to welcome any of the old friends of the General.

Our first day at packing was one not easily forgotten. It proved interesting and tried the patience of both man and beast. Our girths, or cinches, were of

the simplest and most primitive kind, and anyone that ever had experience in packing, knows the difficulty of keeping the saddle in place, even with the best Spanish hair cinches. Ours would as often be on the withers, hips or underneath the animals, as in the proper place. The result of this state of things was severe friction causing badly galled and sore backs. By a little experience, patience and determination, those difficulties were in time overcome.

Being no longer impeded in our journey by our wagons, we were enabled to make much better progress and obtain feed for our stock at much less sacrifice of time and trouble. The change proved a decided advantage to our animals, which had become thin and weak. They, being our main dependence, received the very best care possible. We fully realized that it was far better to walk without carrying blankets, cooking utensils and "grub," as many others had done—especially those who had started with ox or cow teams—than to assume those burdens. We became accustomed to that sort of thing in the mines later on, when it was the almost universal custom.

We had no tents or covering of any kind, except in good weather the blue sky and in foul weather the clouds. This was our condition for many months; not even a tree for shelter. When we encountered cold, driving storms, not alone of rain, but of sleet and snow we aimed to camp where fuel could be obtained and kept our fires replenished during the night, and while exposing one side, dried the other, while joke and song passed around.

Sometimes a sudden storm would come down the mountain range, when, after a wearisome day's march,

all would be in a profound sleep, and the rain pattering in our faces or our water soaked blankets would awaken us. Under those conditions a fire was out of the question, and we had to make the best of the circumstances. Nevertheless, we continued in the best of health and spirits.

From this time until our arrival in the Salt Lake Valley we ceased to stand guard, as the only Indians we met with were friendly Snakes and Crows.

As we approached the South Pass, through which all the travel to the Pacific Coast had to go, we entered a gradually ascending wooded canyon, crossing and recrossing many times tributaries to the Sweetwater river caused by the melting snows and numerous springs above. The many cascades and waterfalls made most delightful music to our ears, weary and duststained as we were, and was in striking contrast to what we had experienced ever since we began our journey. From the elevated open spaces we could look back upon the bare and barren plains below.

The change to the cold, sparkling mountain water and green patches of the wholesome and nutritious grass was a most grateful one to our animals as well as to ourselves.

Two days' travel up the gradual and not very precipitous side of the Rockies brought us to the pass, which we reached on July 3. A light snow storm prevailed during the day. This depression in the mountains which separates the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific is about twenty miles wide from north to south, and, with some slight elevations, it presents the appearance of a level plain with towering mountains covered with perpetual snow on both sides. There are no trees

and scarcely any vegetation. It has an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea. After arriving at the summit about five miles travel brought us to Pacific Springs, the first waters reached on the western slope, where we camped for the night, with scant feed for our stock, but full of patriotic zeal for the morrow's celebration

We were early awakened by one of our party firing his revolver and he was soon followed by others. Then came three cheers for the flag, three short speeches and the singing of "America" and "From Greenland's Icy Mountain," after which we partook of our usual morning repast, already provided by our faithful and experienced cook.

A large number of trains were camped in the vicinity of Pacific Springs, principally from Arkansas and Missouri, and long lines of "prairie schooners" could be seen drawn mainly by oxen and mules. Often three or four pair were attached to one wagon, for the animals were worn down with hunger and fatigue. It was a case of the "survival of the fittest."

A few were taking the old Oregon trail by way of Fort Hall, but a larger number were going by way of "Sublett's Cut-off" to Salt Lake and California. This was said to be a saving of distance over the older Mormon route, besides offering interesting features that had an attraction for a certain class of travelers. These were such natural curiosities as the Steamboat and Soda Springs, the former constantly puffing like a Mississippi steamer, and the latter bubbling and sparkling as it issued from a crevice in a rock, with the appearance and taste of soda.

The Sublett's Cut-off route crosses Bear river (which empties into the Great Salt Lake) nearer its

source than did the Mormon route by way of Fort Bridger, and was said to be less dangerous in crossing. Bear river is some 400 miles long, takes its rise in the melting snows of the Wind River mountains to the north of the South Pass, and as it approaches Salt Lake ,it runs through wooded canyons in the Wasatch range, and is very rapid and turbulent.

Those destined for Oregon traveled the same trail over which Fremont passed in 1844, and later the early pioneers, to whom the government offered 640 acres of land to settle in the then almost unknown region. The perils from hostile Indians and lurking dangers did not deter them from the undertaking. They organized companies and with their wives and children, cattle and horses, farming implements, seeds and fruit trees (packed in moss and by great care kept alive), they started on the long journey. From such an adventurous and sturdy class, and from such small beginnings Oregon has grown into one of the leading commercial as well as agricultural States of the Union. The first apples I saw in California came to San Francisco from Oregon by boat in 1850, and retailed readily at $1 each. The present generation, the sons and daughters of the Golden West, should never fail to honor the memory of those who endured the toil and sacrifice to make homes for themselves and their children, to extend American civilization and to plant the educational and religious institutions, that make for

When a boy I was fond of reading accounts of freedom and righteousness on the shores of the Pacific travelers to distant lands, especially among the native tribes, and among the most interesting and instructive narrations was that of Lewis and Clarke, who were sent

out by the government to explore the vast territory purchased by President Jefferson from Napoleon in 1803 for $15,000,000, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. These adventurous travelers and explorers worked up the Missouri in small boats for 2,600 miles; then, on wild horses, which they had caught, they crossed through the mountains to the streams flowing into the Columbia, which they followed to the sea. On the way they met many an Indian tribe that had never seen a white man. Two rivers preserve upon our maps the names of these explorers, being two principal branches that form the Columbia.

From our camping grounds at Pacific Springs the great elevation gave a magnificent view of the surrounding country for a long distance. The mountain range to the north, with Fremont's Peak rising over 6,000 feet above the summit of that pass, and the mountains to the south covered with perpetual snow, the Cascades to the northwest, through which "rolls the Columbia to the Pacific," to the southwest the blue summits of the Wasatch range bordering the valley of the great Salt Lake, the broad expanse of plain and river, made a picture that would satisfy the most ardent lover of the grand and picturesque in nature. John C. Calhoun crossed the Alleghanies on horseback, and upon arriving at the summit and viewing the magnificent panorama spread out before him turned to his colored servant and exclaimed: "If any man ever tells you there is no God, tell him he is a liar." But the Alleghanies are mole-hills compared to those I have mentioned as seen from Pacific Springs. The view far surpasses anything seen east of the Mississippi river.

Sleeping in the open air in these high altitudes, in clear weather, with the highly rarified atmosphere, the heavens luminous with its myriads of brilliant stars, produced a feeling of exhilaration never experienced under other conditions. We even imagined the man in the moon took off his hat to us. With the thoughts of home as we lay in our blankets, and of our mothers' parting benediction, and the long time before we could hear from them or they from us, there came thoughts of the Heavenly Father who watches over all, and in reverent silence we would repeat "Our Father who art in Heaven," and that sweet prayer of innocent childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

After resting and refreshing ourselves until the morning of the 5th we decided to follow the Mormon route by way of Green river, Fort Bridger and Echo canyon.

By washing our horses' backs whenever the packs were removed they became much improved, and after the needed rest we were ready to resume our journey.

Our meat supply, even of jerked buffalo, had for some days been exhausted. Our only food, except now and then a rabbit, brought down by a revolver, was flour, coffee, sugar and a remnant of hard tack, that had bid defiance to time and weather. Ten miles brought us to the Little Sandy, one of the tributaries of Green river, which unites with the Grand to form the Colorado, that flows into the Gulf of California. The Little Sandy takes its name from the sandy soil through which it runs, being a small stream of clear water with strong current. It was bordered with low bushes and willows, among which were verdant spots of fine grass. We remained here for the rest of the

day, with no loss to ourselves or animals, as we found by consulting our Mormon guide that a day's travel lay between this place and the Big Sandy, which would be our next camping ground.

The distribution of the large number of trains at Pacific Springs over the three routes I have mentioned, was of great benefit to all concerned. There had been a marked abatement of illness among the emigrants after leaving the Platte bottoms, and no case of cholera occurred after crossing the Rocky Mountains, so far as I know. Previous to this time it had been a gradual ascent for the 1,000 miles traveled, and we had to contend with sandy roads, driving storms and sickness. From now as we entered the Great Basin extending over 1,000 miles, reaching from the Rockies to the Sierra Nevada it was a gentle descent, greatly appreciated by our faithful beasts.

Leaving the Little Sandy on July 6, much refreshed, we pursued our way over an open, sandy plain twenty miles to the Big Sandy. It was "Little Sandy, Big Sandy, sandy plains and sandy roads," but the traveling was good, and we made camp on the bank of a stream of beautiful, clear water and plenty of fuel of dried willows. We had seen the last of the buffalo chips. After a bath in the Sandy, we enjoyed a good night's sleep in the pure atmosphere under a star-lit sky.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER STAGE.

On the morning of July 7 we arose greatly refreshed after our bath of the previous night in the clear waters of the Big Sandy and a sound sleep in the cool, open air. The country around was glowing and bright, and all the mountain peaks were gleaming like silver. The view was truly magnificent, and, indeed, we needed something to repay us for the long, toilsome journey of more than a thousand miles.

We left camp at an early hour, and, after traveling a short distance, we met a party of Arapahoe Indians who informed us they belonged to a party who had just come into the valley from the mountains to the eastward, where they had been hunting and gathering a supply of food. We soon came in sight of their village, which was built of crude and hastily constructed shacks, composed largely of green willows, which grew in abundance along the margin of the stream. As we approached the village, suddenly a single horseman came riding toward us at full speed, followed by another, and another in rapid succession. All came whooping and charging down upon us armed with bows and arrows and a few guns and lances. Some of them were entirely naked, and others were partly dressed, with

painted faces, as was their custom when prepared for war. Thinking probably we were the vanguards of a larger train, they evidently desired to make a demonstration of their numbers and prowess. It looked for a time as though our little party would be gobbled up by a hostile and overpowering savage foe. They circled around us, flourishing their weapons, while we maintained a quiet indifference to their presence, merely saluting as we led our little pack train along the road. We displayed no arms ourselves, and when they noticed our dust-stained appearance and the dilapidated condition of our animals, they seemed to comprehend that we were not "foemen worthy of their steel." The whole calvalcade rode with us to their village, which we soon reached. Captain Hardy, who still remained with us, and made one of our party of ten, had retained a few trinkets from our abandoned stores at Independence Rock, where our wagons had been left. These were displayed, and apparently greatly pleased the few squaws and children in the village. The trinkets were quickly exchanged for some jerked meat and a quarter of fresh antelope.

As all Indians are not good Indians, even if they have a "recommend," and as we were near the boundaries of the Shoshones, Arapahoes, Snakes, Crows and Utes, who were often on the war-path, we were glad to put distance between ourselves and our late "friends." The latter tribe, in their experience and association with the "destroying angels" of the Mormon prophet, in addition to their native cunning and cruelty, had learned from their white "Christian brother" the higher art of murder when no provocation existed. Speaking of these "recommends," I am re-

minded of the following incident related by a fellow miner, long ago in California: "When I was working with my father," said he, "mining on Foster's bar, in Yuba county, in 1851-2, an Indian brought into camp a 'recommend' that read: 'Lancicus is a good Indian when he behaves himself, and when he don't behave, kick him.' This good Indian had a pretty considerable jag on, and one drink of Foster's bar "lightning straight" made him ripe for a fight, and in less time than it takes to tell it a miner drew a bead on him that made his 'recommend' good as wheat." While hitherto we had no very serious trouble with redskins, nevertheless, we were constantly on our guard.

Two days from the Big Sandy, over a level plain, along the base of the Snowy range, brought us to the banks of the Green river. A large number of emigrants were here encamped for the double purpose of recruiting their animals and making the passage of the river. It was interesting to note that the stock was about equally divided between horses, mules and oxen. With the exception of getting footsore, oxen appeared to stand the journey about as well as horses or mules, while all were eaten in emergencies. Oxen, even when they died from hunger and fatigue, were preferred, except by the Indians, who had no choice.

Green river at this crossing is about 150 yards wide, with a swift current and considerable depth. There being no trees on the bank to which ropes could be attached, the only method of crossing was in a small boat that had been constructed by some of the earlier emigrants. The packs and contents of wagons were transported by that means at considerable risk and

sometimes at serious loss, as the boat was somewhat an "uncertain quantity" in the rapid current, going quite a little distance down before making the opposite shore. One animal would be taken in tow by the boat, and others, driven in his wake, were compelled to swim. Several lives, both of men and animals, had been lost previous to our arrival. We made the passage of the river with our packs and the animals in safety. A short distance below the crossing the river enters a narrow gorge between high, perpendicular rocks, through a spur of the mountains, and the precipitous fall of the water among the rocks can be heard a long distance.

It was here on the Green river that Kit Carson, when on one of his hunting and trapping expeditions, had a controversy with a French mountaineer by the name of Descateaux, who denounced the American government in insulting language. It was about the time of the close of the war with Mexico, when an immense territory was being ceded to the United States. Carson was a patriotic American and always stood ready to resent an insult to the flag. He at once challenged the Frenchman to combat, and with their rifles they at once mounted their ponies, and, riding about twenty paces apart, wheeled and fired. Carson's shot broke the left arm and plowed along the ribs of the bully. The quarrel was settled, the flag vindicated and friendship renewed. Carson was true and faithful in his friendship, modest in his demeanor but fearless and foremost in times of danger.

Our next objective point, as mentioned in our guide book, was Fort Bridger, fifty miles distant from Green river. Before starting, however, the third morning after our arrival (we had to wait our turn before we

could be ferried across) Captain Hardy suggested to me that we purchase the boat and allow the remainder of our outfit to go forward while we would remain a couple of days, as he expressed it, "and make a nice little stake." To this I assented, and a bargain was soon closed. The price paid was $50. The ownership of the boat had descended, not "from father to son," but by purchase from the one who first constructed it in regular succession to the present ownership.

I would give something to know what ever became of that unique relic of emigration of fifty years ago. If it was replaced by something more modern and turned adrift from the place where it so faithfully served its day and generation could it have made the passage of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and reached the waters of the Gulf of California or was it wrecked by the way, as so many of those were whom it served and helped to reach the land of gold in '49 and '50?

The boys bade us goodbye, and started on their journey, while we took up the paddles and commenced our self-assumed task. At the end of two days' hard work we sold our boat. After taking account of stock and of profit and loss we found ourselves $50 ahead. Shouldering our blankets and the small amount of "grub" we had retained for our own use, we started to overtake our comrades. As we could travel twice the distance usually made by pack animals, we expected to reach them on the fourth day. We found them, however, at Fort Bridger awaiting our arrival. We were congratulated on the result of our little business enterprise. Dividing the result of our labor gave $5.00 to each man.

James Bridger, after whom the fort was named, was one of the oldest and most noted hunters and trappers in the Rocky Mountain region. He looked the ideal mountainer. He had married a native wife and had great influence among the different tribes. He was loyal to the interests of Americans, and contributed not a little to their safety in passing through their country.

The fort was a small adobe structure of three or four rooms, and only by a stretch of the imagination could it be called a fort. It was private property and in no wise connected with the government.

A party of Crow Indians was camped here, among them a "squaw man" with a numerous family. He informed me that his oldest son was attending school at St. Louis, and was making good progress in his studies. He appeared to be a man of intelligence, and apparently of good habits.

A southern route up the Arkansas river and crossing the mountains near its headwaters, joined the emigrant road to Salt Lake and California at this place. It was traveled mainly by pack trains, and to a limited extent by "prairie schooners" freighted for Salt Lake.

We left this fertile spot July 12 with some reluctance. The excellent grazing at no great distance, with pure mountain water, made it a little paradise in contrast with most of the country over which we had passed. Some unpleasant rumors had reached us of trouble with Indians along our route. Before reaching the fertile canyons in the Wasatch range, surrounding the valley of the Great Salt Lake, we traversed a sterile country, destitute of game (except a few jackrabbits), and having but little fuel

THE SQUAW MAN'S HOUSE AND WIFE

grass or water. The Indians occupying this region might properly be called "root diggers." Roots, seeds, grass and every living animal thing, lizard, insect or worm, they ate. Grasshoppers, which I have seen the Diggers of California eat with so much relish, would have been a godsend to them. Nearly approaching the animal creation, their sole employment was to obtain food.

A great portion of the country then occupied by these Indians once abounded in game. We had found the buffalo ranging about on the Eastern slope, and these vast Western plains were once dotted with bands of antelope, but so rapidly had they disappeared within a few years that now, as we journeyed along, an occasional buffalo skull and the decayed bones of antelope were all that remained to indicate the abundance of animal life that once existed.

A curious incident occurred one day. Our route lay along the end of a spur of the mountain extending out into the plain. Here we saw a small column of smoke ascending from a depression. Carefully approaching the place, a solitary Indian was seen standing on the bank of a little creek. He was perfectly nude and was gazing thoughtfully at a little fire on which stood an earthen pot gently simmering. It was filled with the ground squirrels that abound in the locality. He was a fine, stalwart looking fellow, perhaps 22 or 23. More squirrels and his bow and arrows lay near the fire. Evidently greatly alarmed, he yet made no effort to run away, and offered us some of his squirrels. His bow and arrows were fine specimens of Indian skill, the arrows tipped with polished stone.

The Ute Indians were treacherous, and would attack

small parties even when smoking the "pipe of peace" with them. Their principal weapons were bows and arrows. They had a few guns, but the lack of ammunition prevented their use to any great extent. A small party having selected an encampment some distance from the traveled route in order to obtain food for their stock, were attacked by quite a large force of Indians. One of the party related the circumstances as follows: "I was standing near some sage bushes when I heard a rustling among them, and going in the direction of the noise, saw an Indian creeping along, who, seeing that he was discovered, let fly an arrow that just grazed my ear. He then gave a whoop and ran, but tumbled down before he could draw another arrow from his quiver. One of the boys coming to my aid and having a hatchet in his hand, rushed forward and buried it in his skull, killing him instantly. The whoop of the now dead Indian brought the whole force, and a shower of arrows fell among us. I was the first to answer with a rifle shot which brought one of the foremost savages off his horse to the ground. In the meantime my companions were using their rifles to good effect. We were able to get behind a row of willows that afforded us some protection from the arrows of our assailants, which were in most cases turned aside by the branches. After firing the second volley of rifle shots the smoke cleared away and I could see we had made more than one savage bite the dust. I had my eye on an old man who leaped from his pony and took in his arms one of his wounded companions who had been shot through the leg. Placing him on a horse, he mounted his own led the other and rode away. I could easily

have shot him, but when I saw that, I could not find it in my heart to do so, but let the old chief carry off his wounded comrade in safety. As we emerged from our shelter, all that could be seen of them were five dead ones, weltering in their blood, bows and arrows and a few scattered feathers and tomahawks lying on the ground."

Our long experience among the different Indian tribes had taught us that it was better and safer to have their good will by friendly treatment, giving a few beads or other comparatively worthless trinkets, rather than make them enemies by any act of unkindness. There were noted exceptions to this rule both among the white as well as red men, when evil was sometimes returned for kindness. Human nature is about the same the world over.

As we approached Echo canyon, leading directly to the Mormon settlement, we found feed and water more abundant and this continued its entire length. The descent was gradual and in no place through the range was the road very rough or abrupt and there was but little timber. Many singular and curious formations were observed, the most noted of which were Witches' Monument and Pulpit rock. All of these have since become subjects of illustrations.

The lower portion of the canyon broadens into a valley of considerable width and was already occupied by a number of Mormon families, with patches of grain and vegetables and some live stock. It was a most welcome sight to us, and brought vividly to mind our own prairie homes in the "far west." The first habitation at which we arrived, and to which we were especially attracted by a number of children

playing around, was a small structure built of sun-dried brick. We halted our little cavalcade and made the excuse that we wanted a drink of water in order to interview the tenants, although a clear mountain stream ran near by. The matron, a neat, comely looking woman, appeared at the door, and after we had made our request known, asked if we would not prefer a drink of buttermilk, saying she had just been churning. To this we all cheerfully assented. It was indeed an unexpected treat. We offered her compensation for her kindness, but it was refused with "You are quite welcome." From that day whenever I heard polygamous or Mormon women denounced by "gentile" writers or speakers, I have never failed to remember that kindly act of the first Mormon woman we met. Well did Jesus the Christ say: "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name shall not lose his reward."

The good woman inquired where we were from and spoke cheering words as we took our leave. We had not gone far when a better and more extended view of the valley and farm houses came in sight, and Captain Hardy, who was in front, commenced to sing that familiar song, in which we all heartily joined:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew"—

A few miles farther on we came in sight of the city of "God's Anointed," His "Latter Day Saints." In the distance the broad expanse of water, which we knew to be the Great Salt Lake, dotted with islands, made a picture of beauty that compensated us for much

of the hardships we had endured. Upon entering the town we inquired for a good camping ground, and were informed that three miles distant, on the bottoms of the "River Jordan," good feed could be found, to which place we proceeded and made camp just as the last golden rays of the setting sun were gilding the peaks of the mountains to the east of the valley.

Our stock of provisions, with which he had left Independence Rock a month before, was exhausted, but we could obtain here whatever we desired, including milk, excellent butter and fresh vegetables. We spread our blankets under a cottonwood tree and slept the sleep of the (just) "gentiles," by which name all were known outside of the Mormon church.

Here we remained three weeks, recruiting our thin and jaded animals and laying in a fresh supply of provisions before taking the "fool's cut-off" across the northern part of the Great American desert. On that cut-off one of our party was shot to death with arrows while searching for water in the Humboldt mountains, the account of which I will describe in due time

CHAPTER VI.

SALT LAKE.

It is not my purpose to write a detailed account of my second overland trip in 1853. The same route was followed as in 1850 as far as Salt Lake. I will mention some of the most memorable events of that trip farther on.

Prior to 1843 the existence of the great Salt Lake was practically unknown. Vague rumors of a large inland sea on the confines of the great American desert had reached the frontier settlements from reports of French voyagers and trappers, but not until General (then Captain) Fremont visited this remote and unknown region was the question of its existence set at rest.

I quote from Fremont's journal the interesting and instructive account of his discovery and approach to the lake, in the year above mentioned, contained in the official report he subsequently made to the Secretary of the Interior. Fremont and his party had followed the course of Bear river from near its source in the Wind River mountains, a distance of 400 miles. "The night previous to reaching its outlet we camped near several families of 'root diggers,' living among the rushes, who appeared very busy with weirs or nets

rudely made of canes and rushes for the purpose of catching fish. They were very much startled at our approach, but their fears were soon calmed, and finding they had some roots, I sent some men with goods to trade with them.

"They were almost entirely naked, looking very poor and miserable, as if their lives had been spent in the rushes where they were, beyond which they seemed to have very little knowledge of anything. My men purchased a small quantity of roots and meat, which they indicated was bear meat. Leaving the encampment early, we directed our course for a high peninsular 'butte' across a low, shrubby plain. Before us was evidently the bed of a lake, being a salt marsh, perfectly level and bare, with here and there a pool of water, and having the appearance of a level seashore at low tide. We proceeded in the direction of the 'butte,' still several miles distant, as it would probably afford a good view of the lake. We finally succeeded in reaching it without much difficulty, and, ascending to the summit, immediately at our feet beheld the object of our anxious search, the waters of the inland sea, stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of our exploration, and as we looked eagerly over the lake in the first emotions of excited pleasure I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm when from the heights of the Andes they saw for the first time the great western ocean. It was certainly a magnificent object and a noble terminus to this part of our expedition, and to travelers so long shut up among mountain ranges a sudden view over the expanse of silent waters had in it something

sublime. Several large islands raised their high, rocky heads out of the waves, but whether or not they were timbered was still left to our imagination, as the distance was too great to determine if the dark hues upon them were woodland or naked rock. During the day the clouds had gathered black over the mountains to the westward, and while we were looking, a storm burst down with sudden fury upon the lake and entirely hid the islands from view. So far as we could see along the shores there was not a solitary tree and but little appearance of grass. Carson, Bernier and Basil Lajeunesse were selected for a boat expedition to the islands the following day, the first attempted on this inland sea. Around our fire tonight were many speculations on what the morrow would bring forth, and in our hazy conjectures we fancied that we should find all of the large islands a tangled wilderness of trees, teaming with game of every description, which the foot of a white man had never violated. A perilous voyage was made in the rubber boat to a large island, where our party remained all night, the rough condition of the lake preventing our return before the following morning. Out of drift wood we made ourselves pleasant little lodges and lay down for the first time in a long journey in perfect security, no one thinking about his arms. The wind rose during the night and the waves beat heavily against the shore, making our island tremble. I had not expected in our inland journey to hear the roar of an ocean surf, and the strangeness of our situation and the excitement we felt in the associated interest of the place made this one of the most interesting nights I made during our long expedition."

A thorough exploration of the lake and surroundings were made by Captain Fremont, which is now of government record.

I merely quote the above to emphasize the interesting fact that from so recent a wild and unknown region a great city and State has arisen. From like conditions all the other rich and populous States lying between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean have grown. This unparalleled change is hardly realized by the present generation. To me it seems but yesterday that my five months' journey was made over an unbroken wilderness now crossed by different lines of railroads and teeming with industrial enterprises, prosperous towns and cities and enjoying all the advantages of a high civilization.

CHAPTER VII.

A SECOND OVERLAND JOURNEY.

I will now proceed to give a few incidents in connection with my overland journey in 1853. Having made a few thousand dollars during the years of '51-2 in the mines and on a stock ranch which I had purchased on the Consumnes river, 20 miles from Sacramento City, I determined to return to the States and purchase a band of American horses, as they were in demand at high figures for transporting goods of all kinds to the mines from Sacramento, Marysville, Stockton and other points. I was also feeling a little homesick about that time, as the "settlers and miners" ticket, on which I was a candidate for the Legislature, was defeated by the stealing of the ballot boxes and the burning of the city on the night of the election, November 2, 1852, by thugs, "shoulder strikers," and followers of the notorious Judge Terry, who killed Brodrick and was himself killed at Lathrop a few years ago for threatening and insulting Chief Justice Field. The next day after the nominating convention I was assessed $500 for election expenses, which I cheerfully paid with ten octagonal "slugs" (which were at that time the "coin of the realm") and thought I was getting off cheap.

I purchased my ticket by way of Central America, paying $300 for my passage to New York, going from San Juan Del Sur to Virgen bay, across Lake Nicaragua and down the San Juan river, along which the proposed canal is to be constructed, to Greytown thence to Cuba, where a short time was pleasantly spent in visiting old Morro Castle and other interesting places in and around Havana. These were of greater interest perhaps, as I had acquired something of a knowledge of the Spanish language, although several business houses and one hotel were conducted by Americans. A few years later I spent several weeks in New Granada, South America, where Spanish was the only language spoken by the natives.

Leaving the tropical climate of Havana the last of December, in three days I arrived in New York with the mercury several degrees below zero, without experiencing any particular inconvenience from the cold although I had spent two and one-half years in a warm climate. My habits were good and my health perfect. I soon left for Chicago, going to my father's home 60 miles west from there, where I purchased my horses during the winter and prepared to take them across the plains to California the following season.

I had two stout, but light weight, covered wagons built and reached my destination with them without the loss of an animal, making the return journey in little less than five months. A large company was organized at Council Bluffs, as in '50, of which I was chosen to act as captain, being the only one among the number who had been the overland route. The experiences were similar to those of former years, except that there were fewer emigrants, and as we had a better

knowldge of the country and the conditions to be met we were much less liable to misfortune or disaster.

The journey to Salt Lake was devoid of any unusual experiences. Not anticipating or fearing any trouble from the Indians, whom we had conciliated whenever any hostile indications were apparent, and as feed was becoming scarce we divided up the train into smaller companies before reaching the Mormon settlement.

A number of families from Racine, Wis., had constituted a part of our train, but traveled by themselves after leaving Salt Lake. Not very long after leaving that place this party was attacked by the Indians, who were thought to have been instigated by some of the Mormon officials.

We followed the usual emigrant route around the northern end of the lake by a little settlement at the crossing of Bear river, where the city of Ogden now is and thence to the headwaters of the Humboldt and down the river to where it sinks into the earth. Then across a 45-mile desert to Carson valley and over the Sierra Nevada to Sacramento.

Before reaching the summit of the Sierras, the snow through which our road lay on either side was higher than the top of our wagon bows. While in Carson valley Captain Smith of the Sacramento horse market offered me $1200 for one pair of horses, for which I had paid $300. The offer was refused.

To further illustrate the times and conditions of those days I will relate a characteristic incident. My friend Captain Smith, who had come over the mountains for the purpose of buying horses of poor emigrants (a business of which I had once been guilty myself) was out in search of a stray animal. Follow-

ing a narrow trail among the pines of the foothills of the Sierras he observed a huge grizzly bear coming directly towards him in the same footpath. It was a mutual recognition and unpleasantly near, especially from the standpoint of Captain Smith. Both stopped at the same instant. Mr. Bear raising himself in a perpendicular attitude upon his haunches. After gazing at each other with more or less admiration (probably less) for a couple of minutes, the grizzly dropped upon all fours, turned tail to and quietly took his back track, occasionally looking around as he retired. When fairly out of sight the Captain remarked that he, too, took his back track and "did not stand upon the order of his going."

After reaching the Upper Humboldt river I again came in contact with the celebrated Kit Carson, who, with his wife and several Spaniards in his employ were on their way to California from Taos, N. M., with 400 sheep intended for that market. They were of the coarse wool variety and only suitable for mutton.

On one occasion while camped near a party of emigrants a number of horses were stolen from the latter by the Indians. The company included several women and children, and their condition at once elicited the sympathy of "Kit," as he was familiarly called. Taking three of his men, he soon struck the Indians' trail and followed it until nightfall, when upon ascending a low elevation, he discovered the Indians in camp but a short distance away. Their fires were burning briskly, and one of the stolen animals was already killed, with which they were preparing to regale themselves. The party consisted of about 20 braves. Kit and his men concealed themselves until they began

their feast. Not apprehending danger near, they had carelessly laid aside their arms. At a given signal from Kit, with savage yells and a rapid discharge of their guns they rushed upon them, when "Lo, the poor Indian," fell over himself and each other in making his escape, and those who were not killed or wounded disappeared in the darkness. The animals were quickly loosened and rushed in the direction of the emigrant camp, where they arrived at daylight. All the stock returned, save one, to the great joy of the owners, enabled them to pursue their journey. The services of Carson had been rendered many times in similar cases. The Indians in this instance would not have known whether they were attacked by four men or 400, most likely they imagined the latter.

We traveled and camped together along the alkali plains bordering the Humboldt, across the sandy 45-mile desert to Carson river and valley (both named in honor of Kit), until reaching a delightful spot about 30 miles up the eastern slope of the Sierras, with plenty of grass and cold mountain water. Here we remained three weeks, recruiting our animals. During our stay in this little Eden, one of Carson's Spaniards and myself crossed the mountains to Hangtown (now Placerville), about 75 miles, for a supply of provisions.

The December following I met Carson for the last time, he having disposed of his sheep at $12 per head. I bade him good-by, as he started on the return trip to his home in New Mexico by way of Los Angeles and Yuma. Carson was as companionable and honorable as he was brave, and of a modest and retiring disposition.

At the breaking out of the Civil War he was com-

missioned Colonel and remained in the employ of the government until his death, which sad event occurred at Fort Lyons, Colo., where he was in command. As one writer remarked, when his death was announced: "To one who knew him, no formal eulogy is needed upon the man who was the most perfect specimen of a hunter, a scout and a skillful, loyal soldier that ever wore moccasins or filled the stirrups of a trooper." I have knowledge of the death of only three other noted guides, hunters and trappers whom I have mentioned in these papers. All were among the most trusted of Fremont's men during his explorations. Godey died a few years ago at Bakersfield, Cal. The circumstances of the death of two others were related by Carson himself. At the time hostilities commenced in California and just before the raising of the Bear flag, Fremont and his party were on their way to make some explorations in Oregon, and were camped on Klamath lake, near its southern boundary. Carson says: "Colonel Fremont remained up and kept a large fire burning until after midnight; the rest of us were tired out, and all went to sleep. This was the only night in all our travels—except the one night on the island in the Salt lake—that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack now that we had 16 in the party, the Colonel didn't like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together and we were awakened at the same time by the sound of blows of the ax that killed our men. At first I didn't know it was that; but I called to Basil (Basil was, like Fremont, a scientist), who was on that side, 'What's the matter there? What's the fuss about?' He never answered, for he was dead

then, poor fellow, and he never knew what killed him —his head had been cut in, in his sleep. The other groaned as he died. The Delawares (we had four with us) were sleeping at that fire, and they sprang up as the Klamaths charged them. One of them caught up a gun, which was unloaded, but although he could not do execution, he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier and didn't give up until he died bravely.

"As soon as I had called out, I saw there were Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out: 'Indians!' There were no orders given; things went on too fast, and the Colonel had men with him that didn't need to be told to do their duty. The Colonel and I, Maxwell, Godey and Stepp jumped together—we six—and ran to the assistance of our Delawares. I don't know who fired and who didn't, but I think it was Stepp's shot that killed the Klamath chief, for it was at the crack of Stepp's gun that he fell. He had an English half-ax slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were 40 arrows left in his quiver—the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them from the way he was armed and judging by his cap. When the Klamaths saw him fall they ran, but we lay, every man with his rifle cocked, until daylight, expecting another attack. In the morning we found by the tracks that from 15 to 20 of the Klamaths had attacked us. They had killed three of our men and wounded one of the Delawares, who scalped the chief, whom we left where he fell. Our dead men we carried on mules; but after going about 10 miles we found it impossible to get them any further through the thick timber, and finding a secret place we buried them under logs and

chips, having no way to dig a grave. It was only a few days before this fight that some of these same Indians had come into our camp, and although we had only meat for two days and felt sure that we should have to eat mules for 10 or 15 days to come, the Colonel divided with them and even had a mule unpacked to give them some tobacco and knives."

Two days later, as the party retraced their way into California in response to orders from Washington that reached them by Lieutenant Gillespie, they came to a village of more than a hundred Klamath warriors. In the encounter which followed, Carson's life was continually exposed. As they galloped up he was in the advance, when he observed an Indian fixing his arrow to let fly at him. Carson leveled his rifle, but it snapped, and in an instant the arrow would have pierced him had not Fremont, seeing the danger, dashed his horse on the Indian and knocked him down. "I owe my life," said Carson, "to those two—the Colonel and his horse, 'Sacramento.'" Sacramento was a noble California horse which Captain Sutter gave to Colonel Fremont in 1844, and which twice made the distance between Kentucky and the Sacramento valley, where he earned his name by swimming the river after which he was called, at the close of a long day's journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORMONS.

A short account of the conditions existing at Salt Lake in 1849-50 and the settlement of the valley by the Mormons may prove interesting to my readers. Under the leadership of Brigham Young they had preceded our arrival three years, and during that period, by their industry, economy and thrift, had converted much of the land into pleasant homes and were already producing more than was required for their own consumption. Their buildings, it is true, were cheaply constructed, mainly of adobe or dried brick, while their method of living in many respects was very primitive. A spirit of content and happiness appeared to be universal among all classes so far as could be observed. While little attention was paid to ornamentation, every home seem to be surrounded with an abundant supply of the substantial things of life, such as smaller fruits, vegetables and other farm products.

Pure mountain water for domestic and irrigating purposes was brought several miles in open ditches. Prices were not exorbitant and we were enabled to purchase flour, coffee, sugar, etc., to supply our needs at reasonable rates. Flour was being manufactured in

the valley, but groceries, dry goods, hardware, machinery and everything used or consumed, not produced by the settlers, was hauled from St. Louis, principally by mule and ox teams, a distance of nearly 1,500 miles. The same conditions continued more than 20 years, or until the completion of the Union Pacific railroad, in 1869. Utah, like a large portion of all that interior region was quite destitute of forest trees, and the inconvenience to farmers and others from this cause was very great. In the vicinity of Salt Lake City no trees grow except those that have been planted, and the nearest fuel supply of wood to the city is from 15 to 20 miles distant. Gas and coal which are found in abundance in Utah, are chiefly used at present.

Viewed without prejudice, and in the light of subsequent events, the immigration of the Mormons to Utah was one of the greatest events of history. During the winter of 1846-47 a body of 6,000 Mormons was temporarily located upon the banks of the Missouri river above Council Bluffs, since known as their "winter quarters." They had been unable to live peaceably with their neighbors in Missouri and Illinois (probably both being to blame), and were preparing to travel west to find a place where they could live in peace. With Brigham Young as their leader, (recognized as "prophet, priest and God's anointed," and who claimed to have had a vision of the "promised land" in the far west, where a great temple would be erected and where they would await the second coming of Christ), they started across the almost trackless plains to brave the Indians, the wild animals, the desert and the storms. The vanguard of the emigration,

composed of 143 men, entered the valley July 24, which Brigham said he had seen in his vision. Then the leader and part of his followers went back after another company of emigrants.

This time they brought fifteen hundred of both sexes and all ages. There was praying and singing every evening, and Sundays were devoted to fasting and prayer. They wrote messages to those who were to follow and placed them in the end of split sticks, or penciled directions upon bleached buffalo bones by the wayside. In our overland trip we followed their example. Useful instruction in that way was often given to those in the rear, also cheering messages that were greatly prized.

Much proselyting had been done by Mormon missionaries in foreign countries, with the result that thousands of ignorant foreigners arrived, anxious to reach the new "Zion," but without any knowledge of the awful dangers of the journey. Many had no teams or wagons, but putting all their earthly possessions in hand carts started on their long perilous journey. And what was stranger still, mothers actually walked from the Missouri river over the plains and mountains carrying nursing infants in their arms. Little children trudged along, weak and faint from hunger. Sickness thinned their ranks, winter came upon them, and they were only saved by the timely arrival of help from those who had preceded them. They had left a trail easily followed by the graves of the fallen; but there were enough left to found a commonwealth. They found a waste of sage brush and sand, and changed it to fields of waving grain, fruit and flowers. They took a barren, sterile country, inhabited only by savage In-

dians, living upon roots and insects, and made it a modern state, blessed with all the institutions of civilization.

President Eliot, of Harvard College, speaking in the Mormon tabernacle, likened the Mormon migrations to those of the Pilgrim Fathers. For this he was greatly abused by those of other sects. But it would seem that the comparison was not unjust to either Mormons or Pilgrims. The Puritans carried civilization to the "rock-bound coast" of Massachusetts. The Mormons carried civilization across an unknown wilderness to a barren, sage-brush desert, and established it there. Granted that the Mormons were cruel and unjust in many instances; the Puritans burned and hung witches, and beat and otherwise cruelly treated innocent women, to satisfy a brutal superstition. Both Puritan and Mormon only followed the example and teaching of religious fanaticism of all ages, a travesty on the pure and loving precepts of Jesus, that brought to earth the new commandment that "ye love one another." The world for a thousand years was ruled by the cruel, iron hand of ecclesiastical despotism more destructive than war or pestilence. The Mormons, as was done in the dark ages, attempted to establish a theocratic government where the church should dominate the civil power, and this has always resulted in the destruction of human rights and freedom of conscience.

It was the purpose of the president of the Mormon church to be absolved from all allegiance to the United States, and to establish a religious oligarchy independent of any civil government, to be known as the state of "Deseret." It was at that time Mexican terri-

tory, and was ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, in 1848, together with what are now the states of Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico. Arizona and California. Salt Lake City was laid out soon after their arrival, twelve miles from the lake. The streets crossed each other at right angles; the principal ones 130 feet wide, and a small stream of pure water constantly running down the gutter on either side.

Salt Lake City today is one of the most beautiful on the continent. Before the arrival of the "gentiles" and their participation in the municipality, it was morally a clean city. It was strictly temperate and there was no slum element. It is true, they took Solomon and others of the patriarchs as examples in polygamy, and King David, (109 Psalm), in making the "wives of their enemies widows and their children orphans," and other illustrious Biblical examples in upholding the faith of the "Latter Day Saints."

In visiting Mormon families at different times and conversing with plural wives, where five or six constituted the family circle, I invariably found them more zealous in upholding polygamy than the men. They regarded it as a religious duty, and believed it would "add to their crown of rejoicing in heaven."

I never observed the least indication of jealousy or want of harmony. The sealing of the "spiritual" wife was done only by the free and voluntary consent of the first wife, followed by the solemn ceremonies of the church.

The "Mormon rebellion," as a fact of history, stamps its leader or leaders at that time as capable of committing the most serious of crimes while professing to

act by divine inspiration and a direct revelation from God.

A small band was organized called the "Mormon Legion," and by the Gentiles the "Destroying Angels," that explicitly obeyed the orders of Brigham Young, no matter what their character. The Mountain Meadows massacre, where 132 emigrants, men, women and children, were cruely butchered in 1858, in Southern Utah, was subsequently proved to have been by order of Brigham Young and his "apostles!" The teams, wagons and other property of the murdered emigrants were confiscated for the benefit of the church of the Latter Day Saints. I believe the rank and file of the Mormons are as honest, sincere and reliable as the average members of any other sect, but in their religious zeal they were deceived by the leaders or "twelve apostles."

In 1857 they rebelled against the authority of the United States, and President Buchanan sent an army, under the command of General Albert Sidney Johnston to bring them to terms. They arrived at Fort Bridger and went into quarters to await the arrival of the commissary stores and meat supplies, then in their rear between the South Pass and Green river.

The following are some of the experiences of the "army of invasion," as related by an officer who belonged to one of the regiments at the time:

"We arrived at Fort Bridger on the 23d day of November, while part of the supply train accompanying the expedition, numbering at least 160 wagons, was behind, delayed by heavy snows, entirely separated from the command and forced to encamp about one mile from each other on the Big and Little Sandy rivers.

While encamped there a party of Mormons, under command of Orson Pratt of the so-called "Mormon Legion," assisted by one Fowler Wells, another formidable leader of the Mormon church militant, dashed in and surrounded the trains in the dark hours of the night, completely surprising the entire party, not one escaping to give the alarm.

"After taking the arms and equipments from the men they gave them a very limited amount of provisions to last them through to Leavenworth, Kansas, allowing them at the rate of five head of cattle for twenty men, and then started them off in the wilderness to reach that place—about 1,000 miles distant—with no weapons other than their pocket knives with which to protect themselves against the Indians or to procure game when their limited supply of provisions should become exhausted. After accomplishing this soldierly, humane and Christian act, the Mormons set fire to the train, burning up everything they could not carry away, and retreated, driving the stock with them, while those left to starve turned their faces eastward. There were 230 souls in that despoiled party, only eight of whom ever reached the border settlements. The knife of the savage and starvation finished the cruel work begun by the merciful Mormons. The survivors reached Leavenworth in June, 1858, bringing the sad intelligence of the fate of their comrades. The loss of these trains necessarily cut short the supplies at Bridger. The troops were put on short rations, and, to add to their horror, the beef cattle accompanying the expedition had nearly all frozen to death, leaving but a few head in camp. At Black's Fork the command lost over 300 head in one night, the

horses and mules dying in about an equal ratio. Before reaching Bridger the dragoons were compelled to leave their saddles, which they buried in the snow, the horses being unable to carry them. The animals were obliged to exist on sage brush for two-thirds of the time, and then, to obtain this fibrous shrub, they were compelled to remove snow several feet deep. The men had no other fuel; no water, only as they melted snow, for three weeks before reaching Bridger.

"When the news arrived at the camp that the trains had been destroyed the troops immediately began to forage for anything that was palatable, well knowing that no supplies could reach them until late in the spring. The snow was then on an average from six to seven feet deep, and the game had mostly left the hills. The rations were immediately reduced to one-half, but even this pittance failed on February 28th, when one-quarter rations per man were issued, being the last of all our stores.

"Two 100-pound sacks of flour were secured by Major Canby, who gave for them $300 in gold. They were placed in his tent, which stood where the old flagstaff now stands, and he supposed his treasure secure. But that night a party of men belonging to Company I, First Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Marshall, made a raid on the tent, pulling out the pins and throwing the tent over the astonished major, but procuring the flour, with which they escaped in the darkness, and succeeded in hiding it about a mile from camp in the sage brush. All was confusion. The long roll was beaten, the troops turned out and answered to their names, no one being absent. The next day at guard mount the major commenced a personal search

among the tents for his flour. He found in one tent two men who were cooking a piece of mule meat; in another he found five men cutting up the frozen skin of an ox, preparatory to making soup of it, the other ingredient to the savory mess being a little flour. Overcome by the sight of so much wretchedness, the major sat down and cried at his inability to assist them. He asked the men if they could obtain nothing better to eat, and was answered in the negative. The mules and horses were either killed and eaten by the men or died of cold and hunger. But the men did not murmur. Some days a stray creature would be slain by the hunters, and there would be rejoicing in the camp once more. In September, 1858, a large train arrived with supplies, causing great joy among the troops."

The army commenced again to move, causing the stampede of a large number of Mormons towards the Colorado and Mexico. Finally peace commissioners were appointed, the war ended and the Mormons returned to their city, and the army was ordered back to the States.

The state of Utah has wonderful mineral, manufacturing and agricultural resources. It has an altitude of 4,500 feet above sea level, with a mild and exceptionally healthy climate. Three rivers of considerable magnitude, the Bear, Webber and Jordan, besides many smaller streams, empty their waters into the Great Salt Lake, which has no visible outlet. Several hundred feet up the sides of the mountains, surrounding the valley, a shore line is plainly seen, and numerous marine shells and other evidences that a vast inland sea once covered all this region.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVEL RESUMED.

The river Jordan, on which "we boys" made our camp, is from ten to fifteen yards wide, and is a beautiful stream of clear, fresh water, from which we supplied ourselves with plenty of trout and other varieties of fish. It rises in Utah lake, a large body of fresh water forty miles to the south.

Our three weeks in camp were pleasantly and profitably spent. Our animals were greatly improved and we were in condition to undertake the most difficult part of our journey, which would require about two months to complete.

A grave problem now presented itself in regard to the best, safest and most expeditious route. Opinions differed. The best-known and most traveled one was around the north end of the lake, across Bear river, thence to Goose creek, a tributary of the Columbia, and to the sources of the Humboldt, following down that stream, which seemed to promise both feed and water. Another, of which but little knowledge could be obtained, and was but little traveled, except occasionally by mountaineers, known as a "cut-off," went by the south end of the lake, across the upper portion of the Great American desert to Walker's lake, and thence to

Carson valley, there intercepting the old emigrant road.

After obtaining all the information possible, and having only pack animals, we decided to take the cut-off, thereby, as we were told, saving both time and distance. In the meantime others who were camped in our vicinity came to a like decision, and organized a small company, hiring two of Fremont's old guides, who happened to be stopping in the valley, to conduct them across the desert to what was known as Pilot's Peak, the blue top of which could be seen 150 miles in the distance. Crossing without a guide was considered very dangerous, as the trail from various causes was liable to be quickly obliterated, and travelers deceived and led astray by the deceptive mirage, whereby many lives have been lost on the hot desert.

Brigham Young said all of those who took the cut-off would go to h—. But it was claimed, and believed, that his motive was to preserve the feed for the Mormon travel to the mines in California. It was now the middle of August, and we were anxious to be filling our pockets with the gold nuggets in the "diggings." The party to whom I have referred preceded us by one day, with Shambo and companion for guides.

The following morning, after their departure, we gathered up our traps, packed our animals and bid good-bye to the few friends we had made and our pleasant temporary home under the cottonwood trees, and soon struck the trail of those who had left the day before. Our first halt, at noon, was on the shore of the lake. The day was warm and we could not resist the desire for a plunge in its clear, cool waters, which we greatly enjoyed. On account of the saline density of the water we were enabled to float without danger

of sinking. In diving we would rise to the surface without the least effort. The water was perfectly transparent, and any object at the depth of ten or twenty feet was greatly magnified. Shortly after leaving the water one finds himself like Lot's wife, a pillar of salt. There were crude salt works near by, where we were informed that the water yielded 20 per cent. pure salt.

After leaving the lake our route lay along the valley between the mountain spurs and we camped for the night on a little stream, with plenty of feed for our horses, having made twenty-five miles travel. The distance from Salt Lake City to the edge of the desert is seventy miles. The last night before reaching there we camped near the summit of a low mountain range, and during the night a heavy thunder storm came up and, having no shelter, our blankets became thoroughly saturated. As we were without fire we made the best of the situation the balance of the night by exercising to keep warm. Upon reaching the summit the next morning the wide, dreary expanse of the great desert lay before us, and Pilot's Peak, our objective point and to which our pack trail led, was plainly distinguished far to the westward. To the north and south was a limitless expanse, without tree or shrub, broken here and there by sand ridges and bare, rocky promontories, like islands rising out of the sea. A vast ,trackless plain, with occasionally extensive salt beds caused by the sun's rays. Not a very cheering outlook, but we had always tried to look upon the bright side, believing every cloud had a "silver lining."

We passed down the western slope and reached the edge of the desert at noon. We unpacked and hobbled

our animals, and after finishing the last "home-made bread" purchased of a good Mormon sister, we lay down for a little rest and sleep, of which we had been deprived the previous night.

In preparation for what we had before us, a distance which was said to be ninety miles over the hot, burning sands, without feed or water, we gathered little bundles of bunch grass to fasten to our pack saddles for our horses when stopping to rest, and also filled our canteens and two or three rubber bags bought for the occasion. Several of the boys who had clung to their yellow oil cloth overalls all the way from Independence Rock, tied up the bottoms of the legs and filled them with water. Without such preparations as we could and did make, we would have shared the fate of some others, and never reached Pilot's Rock.

We left our noon camp at 2 p. m. Experience had taught us that a moderate gait at the beginning of a long day's journey was the wisest course to pursue. Adopting that plan we traveled until 10 o'clock, making about twenty-five miles. Coming to a low rocky ridge partly covered with sand, we halted for an hour's rest, unpacked our animals and gave them a little feed and water. While trying to keep up courage, the stillness and desolation surrounding one on a night travel in the heart of a great desert produces a feeling of awe and sadness hard to shake off, especially when compelled to make ninety miles in a day and night, on foot, with pack animals. It was a bright moonlight night, and we had little fear of losing the trail. About one hour after midnight we met the returning guides on their way to Salt Lake. They were mounted on mules and riding quite leisurely.

After about six hours, or 5 o'clock in the morning, we again halted an hour for refrshment and rest, well knowing that the most difficult task still lay before us There was no feed to be obtained, and our morning repast consisted of what we had prepared at our last camp on the edge of the desert, and water from our canteens, but little remaining for our poor animals. It may not be generally known, but nevertheless is a fact, that a man can undergo more fatigue and hardship and last longer under the most trying conditions than the "lower animals."

About 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning the deceptive mirage began to get in its work. Some of the boys declared they could see little lakes, or ponds, of water but a short distance away. The ripples they said could be plainly seen along the pebbly shore, also trees with their green foliage. Finally the optical illusion became so real and apparently so near, that two of the boys rushed off where they were positve they would find water, but they had not preceded far before the scene changed, and nothing was visible but shimmering, moving sand. About 11 o'clock we noticed at no great distance, possibly a mile to the right, what appeared to be a small camp of emigrant wagons, but whether we were again deceived we could not tell. A small party with pack and riding animals being near us at the time, a couple on horseback rode out to investigate. On their return they reported finding a number of wagons with their covers quite intact and the bleached bones of human beings and animals scattered about. We had been told at Salt Lake of an emigrant train that had started to cross the desert against repeated warnings in '49 the year previous, which was never heard of after

This, no doubt, was the lost train. Getting bewildered on that trackless "Sahara," they wandered about seeking water until their teams gave out, when men, woman and children sadly and miserably perished. The same terrible fate befell many who attempted the still more southern route, across Death Valley, which was significantly and appropriately named. We were now taking some of the medicine that had resulted so disastrously to so many others. Few can conceive the horrors of such a journey, and the desperate straits to which the crazed travelers were reduced to. In some instances blood would be drawn from the arms as the tongue became parched and swollen, to relieve the frantic desire for water. Hundreds were following in our wake, some with wagons, which subsequently had to be abandoned. Among the fatalities was the death of two young men from Ohio, who died of thirst and heat. In all such cases the bodies were left exposed to the elements, as by no possibility could they be given decent interment.

Our third and last stop was made before reaching the "haven of rest" to which we were anxiously looking. Our feed and water, except a little we had carefully preserved in our canteens, was exhausted. One of our party, less prudent than the others, or being unable to control his thirst, had emptied his canteen, came to me and asked if I could spare a little from mine. I passed it to him, and upon giving it a shake on its return found it empty. I was tolerably dry about that time myself. I had been carrying a pebble in my mouth to prevent the excessive thirst with which all more or less were suffering. At least six hours lay between us and any hope of relief. And to aggravate the

conditions a light breeze came down the desert from the north, passing over salty crustations, the inhaling of which parched the tongue like leather.

The last ten or twelve miles were a dead level, hard and smooth as a pavement and hot as a furnace; it was every man for himself in the struggle to reach water, and we were scattered along several miles. As it happened I was in the lead, and three or four miles before reaching the foot of the peak I left my ponies and pulled out for water. They stopped at once and stood with drooping heads. I had gone perhaps a mile, when in the distance I noticed a mule and rider approaching. As soon as we met a canteen of good fresh water was passed to me. How few prize God's good gifts of nature until deprived of them. The rider had been sent out by those who had preceded us with the guides, knowing that much suffering would be experienced by those who followed. The young man supplied those in need until his canteens were emptied. Other relief parties were sent out with instructions that no compensation under any circumstances should be taken. I returned at once for my ponies and succeeded in reaching a good camping place at the foot of Pilot's Peak with plenty of grass and good spring water. All had filed in by 5 o'clock p. m., some with swollen tongues, but all in fine spirits. We had been twenty-seven hours on the desert; traveling time twenty-four. Here we remained two days and three nights, when another forty mile stretch of the same kind was encountered, making this the only little oasis in traveling 130 miles.

CHAPTER X.

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

I may be excused for departing from my own narrative or personal experience, now and then, to give interesting historical incidents from Fremont, Carson, or other trappers and mountaineers whom I have met. The following account will show the origin and what led to the naming of "Pilot's Peak," and the first time the route over which we have just passed, was traveled by white men. October, 1844, found Fremont, Carson, Maxwell and Walker, with others belonging to an exploring expedition, encamped on the shores of the great Salt Lake, facing that unknown coutnry of which the edge had scarcely been entered, and described by the few Indians as being entirely without grass or water to support any party that dare enter it. Still, to them, it was not entirely an unknown country, as at one time its eastern edge or shore was occasionally visited by wandering tribes of Indians, but now only a single family lived at that point to represent the vanished aborigines. They were so abjectly poor that they could not show one little well of pure water, but had to quench their thirst from a brackish pool.

Two days after the expedition left Salt Lake they reached the summit of a low range of mountains.

(The same point where our little party first beheld the desert.) The first view that met their astonished gaze was a vast, bare plain of dry clay and sand, through which a few plants struggled hard to grow. Afar off in the dim distance uninviting peaks of what seemed to be treeless mountains rose to a great height. A little apart from the main range a rather lofty peak appeared more promising than the others. Toward this they wended their way. Four of their men were sent on ahead, their guide being a naked Indian. A mule bore water enough to last four days. This little expedition was projected on the Indian guide's asertion that in a little distance he could show them a place where grass grew and water ran plentifully. This was meant as a scouting party, before the bulk of the expedition was irretrievably committed to that route. A column of smoke was to ascend from the summit of the mountain if they succeeded in finding water. As no signal was given, Fremont began to fear some ill had happened to his men, and to find out the worst at once the gallant explorer went ahead with the whole party, not waiting for daylight. In the morning one of the scouts was met on his return journey. The Indian had proved a sad failure, and he was sent to the right-about; the men, however, with more sense or more courage, kept on their "winding way," and after resting through the night continued their tramp. After traveling in all some ninety miles, they reached their refuge, which was duly welcomed.

The lofty peak of the mountain by which they so happily steered their course was named by them "Pilot Peak." It was always referred to when they re-

called their first venturesome launch into the great desert. Traveling thus for a few days they made a brief halt and divided the party into two divisions. One section was commanded by Walker (after whom Walker's lake was named), a mountaineer of great skill and knowing as much as any one of the route they were now pursuing, while Fremont's branch, under the leadership of the indomitable "Kit," started south to make a bee line through the center of the desert, his section including ten persons, Delaware Indians and whites.

A curious trait of Indian disposition was afforded Kit and his friends a few days thereafter. Walker's lake, at which they arrived, was frequented at certain seasons of the year by the Indians for the purpose of taking fish, with which the lake abounded. It happened that some dozen Indians suddenly appeared in sight. They were progressing like a file of geese, one almost stepping in the tracks of the preceding, their heads bowed and their eyes cast down. The whites and Indians passed close to each other without giving the least sign that they had been observed.

On one occasion Kit and his friends had need for all their courage and experience in the ways of the thieving red men. On one of their hunting and trapping expeditions in 1847, while camping on Humboldt river, a company of emigrants had several horses run off in the night by the prowling savages. Four of the emigrants went in pursuit of the Indians to recover the stolen stock. When word came to Carson's camp of the loss of the animals, he, with Maxwell, Owen and two Delaware Indians, took up the trail and dashed off to the rescue. And well it was they had taken such a hasty departure, for after a rapid ride of several miles

they reached a small valley in the foothills where the savages had entrapped the inexperienced emigrants. Some had pushed on with the stolen animals, while others had remained in ambush until the white men had passed. As soon as they realized their dangerous condition, they entrenched themselves among the rocks and trees as best they could, and being well armed, were making a gallant defense. The Indians, however, were gradually closing in upon them by skulking from one rock and tree to another. Dogs were barking, and women and children shouting when Kit and his followers dashed in with loud, ringing shouts, dealing death with their well-aimed rifles and making a number of "good Indians." The village was soon cleared of the remaining bucks, women and children, the animals recovered and brought back to camp, to the great joy and relief of those dependent upon their teams to pursue their journey.

CHAPTER XI.

PILOT'S PEAK AND BEYOND.

Our three nights at Pilot's Peak were a welcome rest, gratefully enjoyed by man and beast. I mention nights instead of days because, as there was no tree or other shelter as a protection from the burning rays of the sun, the nights, which were comparatively cool and pleasant, were the only time during the twenty-four hours we could obtain needed sleep and strength to pursue our journey. While we were there in camp hundreds who had followed in our rear came straggling in, many in far worse condition than ourselves. Some had dropped by the way, to be rescued later by a relief party, or to leave their bones to bleach on the desert sands.

One very peculiar and curious phenomenon well worthy of mention occurred when looking back over the route by which the "pilgrims" were coming. It was not properly a mirage or optical illusion, as the appearance was real, but caused, no doubt, by the refraction of the sun's rays upon the heated sands of the desert. Men on foot and horseback, and animals with packs, could be seen apparently hundreds of feet in the air, all traveling as on terra firma. A wide expanse of sky could be seen below them. It was a novel spectacle, which we watched for hours.

On the third day after our arrival at Peak Springs, at 5 o'clock p. m., we again packed our faithful animals, to which we gave the best care possible, if for no other reason than for self-interest, as they were regarded as the most important and indispensable members of our family. After going two or three miles leisurely along the base of the mountain, where numerous springs and good grass abounded, we struck out over another forty-mile desert, which we regarded as a play spell compared with what we had already experienced. Night travel was preferred for making long distances, on account of the heat during the day. As we were then at an elevation of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above sea level, the moon and stars in that saline and rarefied atmosphere shone with peculiar brilliance, and at that time, with nearly a full moon, it was almost as light as day. As before, we provided refreshments for our horses and made one halt only during the night, and reached a camping ground at 8 o'clock in the morning, where was a limited supply of feed and a little brackish water. We remained here until evening and again packed our horses and continued our journey about ten miles, where better accommodations were found.

To the limit of vision, in every direction, the whole region presented a barren and desolate appearance. Isolated, rocky peaks and broken ridges rose at long intervals out of the plain, but no tree or vegetable growth, except the ever-present and hated sage-brush (only when it was needed for fuel) was to be seen. For the 130 miles of desert travel not a living creature or sign of animal life had been seen.

To the west, the direction our route lay, possibly

150 miles distant, the top of a mountain range could be indistinctly seen, which we subsequently learned was the Humboldt range. The same monotonous conditions of camping and traveling continued for the next two or three days, finding only small patches of a poor quality of grass and equally bad water.

Arriving at a range of hills, or low mountains, which the condition of the atmosphere had prevented our seeing distinctly at a long distance, we decided to enter a narrow, rocky gorge, and take our chances for a successful outcome on the opposite side, as the distance apparently was not very great, instead of looking for a more feasible crossing elsewhere, as others probably had done. It is worthy of remark here that very little evidence of travel could be seen at this time. The few who had preceeded us on the "fools' cut-off" had paid but little regard to a definite route, they, like ourselves, only aiming now to keep a westerly course and look for grass and water, as their only hope. A dim pack trail at this point was the only evidence that we were not the sole human beings on that desolate, treeless and almost waterless region.

We filed in to the gorge with Captain Hardy in the lead. As we advanced it became more narrow and difficult, if not dangerous. The only available pack trail led along the precipitous side of the gulch, perhaps 100 feet above the bottom. In passing the point of a projecting rock, the trail being very narrow, one of the horses, losing his balance by a misstep or the pack striking the point of rock, he rolled and struggled to the bottom of the gorge. With the exception of smashing a long-used coffee pot and frying pan—very necessary articles for our housekeeping—and a few bruises on

the frightened animal, no serious damage was done. By a zigzag course he was gotten again upon the trail. We finally emerged from the opposite side, less than one mile from the point of entrance.

Five days' travel without special incident brought us to the Humboldt range of mountains. The eastern slope rose abruptly from the plain to high, towering peaks. Their course was north and south, and so far as we could observe, no depression or pass appeared by which even a pack train could reach the opposite side. No trees or verdure of any kind was visible. We had some difficulty in fixing our camp, as the necessary factors of grass and water appeared to be wanting.

Tired and hungry, with badly jaded animals, we finally discovered an insignificant pool, or spring, that seeped from a crevice in the rocks, affording little enough water for ourselves and stock. Here we camped for the night after a somewhat frugal supper, as we were beginning to see the "bottom of the meal tub." The thin pasture and hungry condition of our faithful animals made it a necessity to change their position during the night. One of the company, while discharging that duty, observed, some distance along the base of the mountains, an Indian camp fire, the first evidence of Indians since leaving the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

In the morning the question arose, shall we travel north or south to find a passage over the mountains? We were satisfied that Walker's lake lay to the south, as it had been represented to us that it was on our route leading directly to Carson valley. We had had no anticipation of encountering either the Humboldt mountains or the Humboldt river. The time had near-

ly arrived when we expected to reach California, viz. three weeks after leaving Salt Lake City. No trace of a packer or other emigrants had been seen for several days. We were alone in an unknown country, with no guide to our destination but the points of the compass indicated by the sun and stars.

It was finally, and unanimously, agreed that the wisest course was to follow the range to the south, until an opening was discovered by which we could continue our westerly course. Making about our usual day's travel of twenty miles, we rested for the night with but little change from the previous one, keeping careful guard over our horses, as Indians had been seen on the mountain side watching us from a distance, which was indicative of an unfriendly disposition. The uncertainty of our position and the time that might be required to reach California, and the fact that our provisions also were nearly exhausted, decided us to go on short rations rather than none at all later on. So it was determined that one good-sized pancake, a small slice of bacon, and a pint of coffee should constitute a "square meal" until further orders.

While stopping for our noon rest on the following day, I climbed the mountain side, possibly one-half mile, to get a view of the surrounding country. I noticed the glittering appearance of what seemed to be boulders. My curiosity was aroused, and on closer examination I discovered that they were large blocks of mica, from which I was enabled to remove perfectly transparent sheets from ten to fifteen inches square. I have no knowledge whether that locality has ever since been visited by civilized man.

The mountain side had a volcanic appearance, and

the libaility to a seismic disturbance was confirmed by numerous hot springs, reached during the afternoon march. A number of miles before they were reached a large volume of steam was seen arising in the direction we were traveling and the wonder increased to learn the cause. Upon approaching the spot, we discovered a large number of bubbling, boiling hot springs distributed over from one to two acres of ground. They were indeed a remarkable curiosity. They were in the form of natural wells, from five to six feet across, and ten to twenty feet deep, the water perfectly clear and strongly impregnated with sulphur. While they came to the surface, there was no overflow.

On the third day of our march to the south we arrived opposite what was evidently a feasible passage through the mountains, which was a welcome sight. Turning squarely to the right we ascended by a not very difficult passage several miles to the summit of the pass and went into camp for the night. There was plenty of fuel but no water. Our canteens supplied our present needs, and the animals would not suffer until morning, when we were hopeful water would be found at no great distance.

At daybreak two of the boys started to prospect, taking canteens and one of the horses. About a mile from camp they discovered a spring, and while stooping in the act of filling their canteens they were fired upon by a party of Indians that had undoubtedly passed the night in that vicinity and saw the boys as they approached the spring. One of them immediately mounted his horse and attempted to make his escape, whereupon a shower of arrows was discharged at him. While the attention of the savages was directed to the horse

and rider the other young man succeeded in evading them, although himself wounded. Upon his return to camp with the sad news, everything possible was done to learn the fate of his comrade, that our situation would permit. But no trace of him was found. Both horse and rider were undoubtedly taken by the savages. The one that returned reported the last he saw of the other, several arrows were sticking in his back. When all hope of finding him was given up, we moved several miles and found an excellent camping place on the opposite side of the mountain by a stream of clear water, and plenty of grass. We gave it the name of "Grass creek."

As we had traveled sixty or seventy miles out of our direct course, we determined the following morning to go for a time in the opposite direction along the base of the mountains, where we would be likely to find plenty of feed and water. Accordingly we took up our line of march, and before the day was passed, as we were slowly jogging along through a belt of undergrowth bordering upon a small stream (for want of "grub" and our late misfortune we were neither very strong or cheerful), we heard the distant sound of human voices. As we advanced it became more distinct, and very soon we realized that we were near the main traveled emigrant road, and the voices were the old familiar sounds of drivers of overland ox-teams. We were soon cheered by the welcome sight of covered wagons drawn by horses, mules and oxen, passing along the dusty way. We followed in the same direction, but as the shadows were falling we made camp and interviewed some emigrants with reference to our locality. To our great disappointment we learned that

we were on the Humboldt river, 150 miles above the sink, near what was known in the guide book as the Big Meadows. In other words, 400 miles lay between us and the gold diggings of California. Our "sand" had not yet run out, and it was necessary to make a new deal to replenish our exhausted provisions.

The following morning after our arrival on the old immigrant road, consultation was had with reference to a new supply of provisions. No "pilgrims" camping in the immediate vicinity had any article of food to dispose of. They were all "short," so it was decided that one should take a horse unencumbered by a pack, and proceed in advance until something in the line of food could be obtained from any one who might have a surplus. I was selected for that purpose, and taking the needed amount of money, and one of my ponies, Kittie by name, I mounted upon my pack saddle and blankets and left the others to follow at their usual gait. While resting at noon I interviewed a Pike county Missourian, who "allowed" he could spare a "right smart piece of bacon." I asked him the price. "I reckon about two bits a pound; it's a doggone long ways to haul it stranger." I replied that I would be willing to pay twice that amount rather than not have it. "Wouldn't take a cent more, stranger, not a cent more. Didn't cost me more than two bits to haul it here; wouldn't take a cent more." He "allowed" the piece of side weighed 10 pounds, and I much preferred taking it at that rather than weighing it, had we the means of doing so. I added still further to my store by buying a few pounds of pinole (parched corn meal) during the afternoon. I stopped for the night in the vicinity of several immigrant trains, and while in camp found

a man from northern Illinois, from whom I purchased 15 pounds of flour at $1 per pound, and I think he would have asked more had he believed I would pay it. The two purchases illustrated the difference in human nature. I remained at that place until noon the following day, watching and expecting my comrades to reach me at any moment. I had left them only the previous morning. They did not put in an appearance, however, and I moved a few miles further on in order to obtain feed for my pony.

I posted notices by the roadside so that in the event they should pass when my attention was directed elsewhere they would not fail to know my whereabouts. That night I turned my little wall-eyed Kittie upon an island in the Humboldt river, separated from the main land by a small rivulet. The island was not large, was covered with willows and had but little grass. The unparalleled immigration of '49 and '50 made it difficult to obtain sufficient food while traveling through that alkali, sage brush region to keep the stock alive. So reduced in flesh did the animals become that it required two to make a shadow. In fact, many horses were left to bleach by the wayside.

Upon looking for my pony in the morning she was nowhere to be found. I searched along the river and among the foothills until 2 o'clock p. m. and gave her up for lost. Alone—for there was no train or living object in sight—my chief dependence gone, it was not a very pleasing prospect to contemplate; nevertheless, I tried to make the best of the situation, hoping and believing it would be all right "by and by." I sat down beside my packs and saddle, and waited for something to "turn up." My only course was to strike some emi-

grant to take my traps 100 miles down to the sink in the Humboldt, where I hoped to find my partners, if I did not do so before reaching there. I was weary with my tramp, there was no shade, and the mid-day sun shone with a fierce heat. With the exception of the great desert, the Humboldt country is by far the most forbidding and desolate region of the entire route from the Missouri river to the Sierra Nevada mountains. The water of the river is colored with alkali drained from the extensive hills on either side, and has a sweetish, slippery taste, very unwholesome for man or beast. There was not a tree to break the monotony of the landscape, where rain seldom falls.

After passing an hour in "happy" contemplation of my present surroundings, looking back along the road over which I had come, I noticed in the distance two packers, each riding a horse and leading another. As they came nearer I discovered a loose animal trailing behind them, and soon saw it was my lost black pony with the watch-eyes. She appeared to be looking for something. Upon inquiry, I was informed they first discovered her about three miles back, coming at a pretty fast gait from a canyon in the foothills, and she had followed close to them since. As she came up to me she gave a little whinny, saying, so far as horse language could be understood, "I am glad to be back," or "aren't you glad I come?" She was no doubt spirited away during the night by strolling Indians, and by some means had made her escape. I began to feel much concern at the non-appearance of my partners, believing there had been some unusual cause of delay, or that a misfortune of some kind had befallen them.

Emigrants coming along the road could give no information concerning them.

Traveling a few miles after recovering my pony, I encamped for the night, having to go some distance from the road to find feed and water. During the following forenoon I purchased a small amount of beef ribs from a man who was dressing a dead animal by the roadside, but whether it had been killed or had died a natural death I did not know, as no questions were asked. I roasted it by a small fire of dried sage brush, and what I did not eat I placed in my pack for future use. As I again started along the road after my feast of "spare-ribs" I noticed a single pedestrian coming at no great distance. When he came near I was surprised to see Orin Moody, one of our party. He was without coat, vest, blanket or any incumbrance whatever. He said he was sick and looked it. He was the individual who took my last drop of water on the desert. The first thing he said, after mutual greetings was, "For heaven's sake, have you anything to eat? I haven't had a bite in 24 hours. I took from my pack the remnants of my roast spare-ribs and an "emigrant biscuit"—a cold pancake—and passed them to him. He sat by the roadside and eagerly devoured them. Upon inquiring what had become of the rest of our company, he replied he did not know. He became lost from them the previous morning, having started to walk along before the others were ready to leave with the pack animals. Upon realizing his situation, and giving up all hope of joining the company, his only safety depending upon overtaking me. He had become exhausted and ill by his long, rapid walking, and was

overcome by heat and hunger. He declared he could walk no further.

I arranged my pack behind the saddle, and helped him to mount my pony. After traveling a few miles his condition compelled us to stop at the first convenient spot. I spread my blankets and he lay down in the partial shade of a few willows in a state of perfect collapse. He begged me to go and leave him to his fate. I replied that whatever was to come we would share it together, no matter what the "fate" might be. Unfortunately, I had nothing to administer for his relief, the nature of his trouble requiring medical treatment, and as he could neither ride on horseback nor walk, I determined, if possible, to get a chance for him to ride in an emigrant wagon. Before noon such an opportunity was secured, the driver of the wagon consenting without compensation to permit him to ride to the Sink, 75 miles. We assisted him to the wagon, when a pair of blankets were given him to lie upon. After several days of uneventful travel I arrived at the Sink. The only incident of interest was my being awakened one dark night by the tramp and voices of a band of prowling Indians. My pony was picketed only a rope's length from where I lay. The stillness was not broken by either of us, so we were fortunately not discovered.

It might be as appropriate here as elsewhere, possibly, to relate the secret of our continued separation. A few miles from our encampment the morning I left the company to obtain a fresh supply of provisions, the road forked at the crossing of the river, unobserved either by myself or Mr. Moody. As I afterwards learned, the pack animals had gone to the left, and had crossed the stream, which was shallow and narrow at

that point, while I had kept to the right. None of us had observed the point of separation. Dust and other cause often prevented our taking close observation of surrounding objects.

The result was, we were traveling two or three miles apart on opposite sides of the river. Upon arriving at the Sink we were separated by the shallow lake filled with willows and rushes. I never saw nor heard of either of my partners until I returned to the States in 1852. I crossed the Sierra Nevada from Carson valley by the Hangtown trail, not knowing of any other, while they, leaving the valley farther to the north, crossed to Georgetown, in the northern mines.

Upon my arrival where the waters of the Humboldt river disappear by evaporation and sinking in the ground, I was facing a 45-mile desert, the most difficult and disastrous to cross of any other 45 miles between the Missouri river and the Sierra Nevada, excepting possibly, the Great Desert west of Salt Lake. From this noted locality two routes led over the mountains into California. One to the south, across the desert I have mentioned, to Carson river and valley; the other going west via Truckee river, entering the mountains near the present town of Reno. Whichever route was selected by the "pilgrims," they invariably wished they had taken the other. The one by way of Carson was the most difficult, so far as the desert was concerned. On the Truckee route the greatest obstacle was encountered in crossing the Sierras. The latter was taken by Captain Donner and his party in 1846. Their terrible suffering and misfortunes constitute one of the saddest experiences of all the overland emigration to California. I will mention a few incidents to show the hard-

ships to which pioneers were subject in the early days coming not as carpetbaggers, but to found homes and bring American civilization to a far distant and comparatively unknown region.

Captain Donner and party, from Illinois, were well fitted out with teams, a large number of cattle, provisions and everything necesary for comfort during their long journey. At Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater, east of the Rockies, they engaged a guide who pretended to be familiar with the country through which they were to pass, but led them over roundabout, difficult ways, either from ignorance or a criminal purpose, which was the cause of all their misfortunes. Before reaching Utah Valley on one "cut-off," 30 days were consumed in traveling 40 miles. In crossing the Great Desert, over which we passed, a large number of their cattle perished. There was also much suffering among the women and children. To add to their misfortunes, the Indians were very hostile, killing and stampeding their stock at every opportunity. They continued their journey until October before reaching the Sink of the Humboldt, the savages being in swarms about them, shooting their cattle and terrifying the women. They reached the Sink by a night drive, arriving at midnight. The next morning they drove their cattle out to graze, and, the guard having left them a short time, the Indians killed 21, leaving two men with families, a single ox each. One of these men left this camp, taking his little boy in his arms and his wife carried an infant. Thus they began their weary march across the desolate plain that intervenes between the Sink and the mountains, which at the time they arrived were covered deep with winter snows. The scene was

sufficient to appall the stoutest heart. The party had broken up into small squads and death seemed inevitable. They followed up the Truckee, struggling against the most adverse conditions, impeded by the deep snow, cold and hunger, until November, utterly disheartened and all hope gone. They then began to construct rude huts during a terrible snow storm, in order to prolong life as long as possible. The women bore the hardships with heroic fortitude.

By the beginning of December the snow was eight feet deep, and death from starvation began to reduce their numbers. A few of the stronger ones, led by a Mr. Eddy, determined to try to cross the mountains for relief, leaving their agonized wives and children. On the seventh day, after struggling through the deep snows, Eddy, upon relieving his pack of all useless articles, found about a pound of bear's meat (he had killed a grizzly a few days before he left camp), and a note in which his wife expressed the hope that it might, if the worst came, as she feared it would, "be the means of saving his precious life." The note was full of tenderness, beyond words to express, and more than ever did the husband realize the value of the treasure of a thoughtful, devoted wife in times of trial and deadly peril, so many times exemplified on the plains when the hearts and patience of men would fail.

After the loss of one-half of the little relief party, the others reached Sutter's fort in the Sacramento valley, and with some provisions and assistance, they returned to "Starved Camp," to find that 36 had died of starvation, and 44 were still living, having prolonged life by subsisting upon the bodies of those who had died. No pen can describe the horror of the scene that

met the gaze of husband and father, as he entered the huts buried deep under the snow. In some instances only by repeated calls could the inhabitants be located, when the poor, starved and half-frozen specters would crawl out to the surface. Upon reaching Captain Donner's cabin, he was found in a dying condition, but no entreaties, not even of her husband, could induce his wife to leave him and go with the rescuing party. She remained in devotion to her husband and perished with him, proving the strength of woman's love beyond all price. The rescuers were able to take only a part of those in the camp. The others were obliged to remain until their return.

Mrs. Reed's two little girls gave out after going some two miles. The mother was informed that these two children must return to camp. At first she refused to advance further, desiring to return with them. At last, learning that the leader of the relief party was a Mason, she exacted a promise upon his honor as a member of that fraternity that he would return for her two children and consented to go on. One of them, a little heroine of eight, said to her mother, "Well, kiss me good-bye. I shall never see you again, but I shall die willingly if I can believe you will live to see papa. Tell him good-bye for his poor little Patty." The scene was heartrending. Mother and children clung to each other until torn apart. Mrs. Reed, after much suffering, joined her husband, whom she found temporarily prostrated, but through her presence and care he was soon able to return. Happily he found little Patty and her brother alive, though they had been subjected to terrible sufferings.

Bad as were the scenes at the mountain camp on the

first visit of the rescuers, it was ten-fold worse when the second party arrived. Upon every hand were to be seen traces of meals upon human flesh. The wife and children of the heroic Eddy had all died from starvation. Three little daughters of Captain Donner were saved, two of whom I became acquainted with after they arrived at womanhood, while residing at Cook's Bar on the Consumnes river. The elder of the two girls was a handsome black-eyed brunette, and became Mrs. Wilder, the wife of a successful miner and rancher. One of Jacob Donner's and three of George Donner's children were rescued in an emaciated and almost dying condition, and carried over the mountains in the arms of strong men. An infamous wretch by the name of Clark went back with Reed, ostensibly to aid the emigrants, but really to rob them. He stole a quantity of goods and two guns, which he carried away, and left a little child to perish. Donner Lake one of the finest bodies of water in the high Sierras, was named in honor of Captain Donner, the leader of this unfortunate party.

Upon my arrival at the Sink, I found Mr. Moody in a much improved condition. We were unable to get any trace of the balance of our company, and determined, late in the afternoon of the second day after my arrival, to start for Carson river, 45 miles distant I packed my pony and we started at 5 o'clock p. m., and made the distance, by constant walking, in 13 hours, arriving at "Ragtown," two or three miles before reaching Carson river, at 8 o'clock in the morning. The last 15 miles of the road was a loose, yielding sand.

This had been a most disastrous piece of road to those who had preceded us. The sand was of suffi-

cient depth to cover the wagon fellies as the jaded and worn-out animals labored under the stimulant of the brad and lash to draw their burdens. "It was the last straw that broke the camel's back." The last 10 miles we could walk almost the entire distance upon the bodies of dead and dying animals, horses, mules and oxen, by the score, still attached to the wagons, lying in and along the roadside, in harness and yoke. Drivers, with women and children, had abandoned all to seek water and save their own lives. The stock with sufficient strength left to travel in some instances were detached from wagons and urged along, loose, before them. The ground was strewn with guns, ox chains and every kind of thing that had been abandoned. And to this day that sandy plain is covered with the bleached bones of the faithful beasts that perished on that fatal desert. By exercising due care and caution,I passed over the ground in safety with my train in 1853, with all the evidences of the terrible losses in '49 and '50 still visible.

"Ragtown" was so named from a party of Californians who came over the mountains with a pack train of provisions to supply "hard-up" emigrants, as a money making scheme. This was the first "white man's town" (except the Mormon city) upon which we had had an opportunity to feast our eyes and cheer our drooping souls since leaving the frontier settlements of Iowa five months before. A number of tents had been erected to be used as a store, sleeping and cooking rooms. I could not answer for Moody, for he was always both hungry and dry—with a big D—but for myself, I "squandered" four bits for thin soup, served in a tin cup, and $1 each for two biscuits. (It was the best

place for catching suckers that I have ever seen.) As we were uncertain whether our company was in the rear or in advance of us, Mr. Moody decided to remain at Ragtown for a few days, still hoping to join them, and more especially as he could secure a "job" as "second cook" in making beef soup and biscuit.

By economy and small purchases I had managed to preserve a portion of my provisions, which I left with Moody in the event of the "boys" putting in an appearance, reserving a small portion to last me over the mountains. I only remained a couple of hours at Ragtown, when I pushed on to the river where better feed and water could be obtained. Here I camped alone for the night. I gave my comrade my vest and an extra pair of socks I had "hung onto," as a parting gift, as he had neither, and my coat would do me very well without a vest.

My next and last meeting place with Moody, was in January, 1853, at "Dave Hammer's tavern," in Marengo, Ill., where we took dinner together. He had made his "pile" in the mines, returned to his old home in Vermont, where he purchased a fine farm, married and settled down. He wore eye-glasses, sported a gold watch, wore a nugget ring and a fine suit of clothes, getting all he wanted to eat and plenty of water to drink.

Carson river and valley, where I made my camp after crossing the 45-mile desert, were for many years before the discovery of gold and the advent of civilizing influences along with white settlers, the paradise of hunters and trappers. The river abounded in muskrat and beaver, the pelts of which found ready market at old Fort Hall and other trading posts of the Hudson Bay

Bay Company. The contiguous Sierra range, with its summits covered with eternal snows, overlooking the valley, was the home of the grizzly bear, mountain lion, deer and other smaller game. Buffalo and antelope roamed over the vast plains and valleys extending eastward from the Sierra Nevada, across the Rockies to the bottoms of the Platte and Arkansas rivers, altogether making this the ideal place of the intrepid and hardy mountaineer.

CHAPTER XII.

HUNTER AND TRAPPER.

As early as 1830 such noted hunters and trappers as Carson, Fitzgerald, Walker, Bent, and, a little later, Bridger, Sublett, Peg-leg Smith, old Bill Williams and others of lesser note had made their headquarters on the banks of the Carson river and grazed their ponies upon the luscious bunch and buffalo grasses that covered the valley and foothills. Here they fought the thieving and hostile redskins, who would rob their traps and steal their horses. On one occasion, a paryt of 30 Indians robbed the trappers at night, driving off a number of their horses. Bridger, with five of his men took up the trail and found the Indians in a wooded canyon with the horses tied to saplings, with the exception of one which they had killed and on which they were preparing to feast, all being grouped about a roaring fire, and thoughtless of danger. Bridger and his men approached to within 50 yards without being discovered and poured in a murderous fire with rifle and pistol, killing 11, the others fleeing in dismay. Cutting their horses loose they returned in safety to camp, having taught the redskins a lesson not soon forgotten.

In the spring of 1832, Carson, thinking he could do better traping on his own account, took two men and leaving the party on Carson river, went higher up into the mountains, thus avoiding Indian troubles and se-

curing a number of beavers. He had good success, and carrying his furs to Taos, sold them to the traders there and joined a Captain Lee, who was an army officer and went to Green river, where they met another party of trappers. An Indian, who had been with the other company, had, the night before Captain Lee's arrival, stolen six of their best horses and fled. Having obtained Lee's permission to go in pursuit, Carson got a young Ute warrior to accompany him, and the two set off on the trail of the horse thief. He had a good start and was rapidly making his way towards California. After going about one hundred miles the horse of the Ute gave out and Carson pushed on alone, overtaking the Indian about thirty miles further on. As soon as he saw Carson he dismounted and sought cover behind some rocks. Carson determined to risk a shot while riding towards him at full speed (the Indian was armed with a rifle) and by good luck his ball pierced the Indian's heart. The stock was taken back to camp, which the young Ute had already reached. Meeting Bridger and Fitzpatrick, who had been to Fort Hall to dispose of their furs, they returned together to their old quarters in Carson valley.

Next to Carson, probably no mountaineer gained more notoriety for exciting experiences in frontier life, as an Indian fighter, than William Sublette. "Sublette's cut-off," between the South Pass and Salt Lake, on which were the Soda and Steamboat springs, received its name from this brave trapper. He brought the first wagon that had ever crossed the Rocky mountains through the South Pass in 1830, and his trail was followed ever after by all making their way to the Pacific Slope.

On one occasion, while trapping on Carson river, Sublette had gone out alone to look for some horses that had strayed, and came across two Indians on foot driving them off. One of them had just succeeded in catching a horse as Sublette came up, and, mounting it, he hurried the others off as rapidly as possible. Sublette made chase after the one who was still on foot, and who was endeavoring to reach the mountains. He soon overtook the Indian, who turned and drew his knife, which Sublette by a sweep of his tomahawk sent flying into the air. He then grappled with the savage, intending to throw him. The Indian proved strong and active, however, and was a match for Sublette. In the midst of their struggle Sublette saw the other Indian coming swiftly up, rifle in hand. He saw that he must kill both of the savages to save his own life. Holding the one close to him and between himself and the mounted Indian, he succeeded in drawing one of his pistols as the redskin on horseback dashed up. The trapper fired and the Indian dropped from his horse. With the butt of his pistol he beat the other about the head and face until he fell to the ground insensible. Cleaving his skull with his tomahawk, he scalped him, and mounting his haltered horse rode some distance, then entered the stream which led to his camp, thus destroying all trace of his course.

The Utes, upon finding the dead bodies, supposed they had been killed by their enemies, the Diggers, with whom they were constantly at war. After dancing around them furiosuly for two or three days, they started out to obtain revenge for their dead braves from the poor Diggers.

Sublette once performed an act of heroism seldom

if ever equaled. A party of trappers had been surrounded by hundreds of Indians, and had cut their way through, fighting, and retreating, day and night, and nearly perished for want of food, water and sleep. Time after time they were surrounded, but continued to break through the encircling lines until at last they reached a place of safety. The last shot from the savages proved an unlucky one for Sublette. A solid ounce ball from an Indian rifle struck him in the ankle, and tore through the flesh and bone. It was a terrible wound, even had there been a surgeon to amputate and dress it. What then must it have been when no medical or surgical assistance could be had! But the leg must be amputated or the man would die. It was done. Taking a beaver knife, the edge was hacked into a saw while another was sharpened to its keenest edge, and with these rude implements Sublette amputated his own leg. The plates of beaver traps were heated red-hot and applied to the raw and bleeding stump, charring the veins and arteries and stopping the flow of blood. Thus the trapper was saved. Going back to St. Louis as soon as his condition would permit, he submitted to another operation to make a smoother job and a better stump, and soon afterwards was back again on the plains and in the mountains, hunting, trapping, and fighting Indians the same as before.

Thus Carson river and valley have been made ever memorable by the numerous tragedies and heroic deeds enacted by the brave, adventurous mountaineers, hunters and trappers of those early days, whose achievements and deeds of daring read like the most sensational romance.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO THE MINES.

The following day, after my arrival at Carsan, I again packed my ever-faithful pony, now my only companion, and journeyed some 15 miles up the valley to a Mormon trading post, known as "Reese's station." It was located at the base of the mountain near where the trail leaves the valley to cross over to Hangtown (now Placerville), 100 miles, hence to Sacramento valley and city, 40 miles. Comparatively few wagons reached this point, the trail being used chiefly for pack trains.

The emigration had so divided up that the Lassen, Truckee and Georgetown routes had taken a large portion of the travel. They were all in about the condition that nature formed them, in many places very difficult of passage, being steep and rough. A few years later the one over which I traveled was made a very passable road for stage coaches and other vehicles.

I camped a mile from "Reese's" by a mountain stream of crystal water, and found a little grass for my pony. After a feast of fried bacon and pancakes, I spread my blankets and lay down to rest and sleep, thinking of my mountain climb on the morrow. I made an early start the following morning, feeling much

elated over being so near my journey's end the goal of my ambition—the mines of California. I was in good health and spirits, and after all, what is more to be desired—but not always appreciated—in the great rush for gold or fame? But the most important lessons are often learned later in life. I had no use for a canteen that day, as we traveled up a wooded stream of beautiful mountain water, crossing it many times. The little roaring cascades often met with in shady places made sweet music to the ear, after months of weary travel over burning alkali plains and sandy deserts.

At noon we emerged into an open space and left the course of the babbling brook. It was a lovely spot for our mid-day rest. The air was cool and delightfully invigorating, with glimpses through the scattered pines of the valley we had left in the early morning. The ascent had been gradual, a distance of six or seven miles. After an hour's stop we pursued our upward march. As we advanced the forest became more dense and the trees larger and the traveling comparatively good.

As night approached and the shadows lengthened behind us I began to look for a suitable place to pass the night. Just at that time I happened to notice in the dusty road a fresh track going in the direction we were traveling, and, giving it closer inspection, I was satisfied that it was the track of a grizzly bear of an enormous size. I confess to a little chill creeping up my back. I had not yet become familiar with the habits of bears of that particular species. However, I could neither turn to the right or left, nor retreat. I had to follow right after Mr. Bear, even if I should overtake him. As it began to grow dusk we came to a small

pond of water, formed by a cienega, about which grew sufficient grass for my pony. It was closely surrounded by the forest of mountain pines. There I unpacked and camped, gathering plenty of dry material for a fire, as I had resolved to keep it replenished during the night. I felt a degree of loneliness and depression that I had not previously experienced during the entire journey. I had never feared the Indians, but to sleep where a grizzly was liable to come into camp at any moment for his supper was not a very pleasant reflection, and the more I thought about it, as the darkness increased in the gloomy depths of the surrounding forest the more likely it seemed to happen. I spread my blankets and made my bed beside a big pine log occasionally rising to replenish my fire. I heard, or thought I heard, the crackling of dry twigs during the night, and the approach of footsteps, but the morning found me and the pony in our normal condition, and with a better appetite for my breakfast than I enjoyed for my supper.

After another day's travel towards the summit of the Sierras, much of the way over a rough and precipitous road, through heavy forests of pine, we camped near large bodies of snow. The day had been mild, but the night was cold and cheerless. The stars shone with their usual brilliancy through the clear atmosphere of this high altitude, and the mountain peaks could be seen standing out bare and white like huge sentinels above the lower surrounding forests. There is something, an undefinable feeling that all men experience, I believe, when alone in the solitude of a mountain camp: an awe and loneliness, that hardly can be expressed. What if I be taken suddenly ill or at-

tacked by wild beasts. Thoughts of home, friends and far-away scenes came trooping into the mind. The vastness and grandeur of the surroundings lead the thoughts to God and of one's insignificance as a factor in the universe.

With such thoughts and feelings I lay upon my blankets, rising occasionally to replenish my fire, until, overcome for want of rest after the fatiguing walk of the day, I fell asleep. On awakening, the rays of the morning sun were glittering through the open spaces between the green foliage of the aromatic mountain monarchs. The unpleasant fancies of the night, like the thin fabrics of a dream, had entirely disappeared.

Two or three hours after again commencing our journey, when stopping for a short rest, I looked back over the road we had traveled and noticed a single horseman coming in my direction, leading a pack animal. As he drew near, I recognized Mr. Coleman, my opponent as attorney in the shooting affair on the Platte. Our meeting was most timely and cordial. We had not met for over three months. Neither of us had seen a human being since leaving Carson valley. We traveled and messed together until we arrived at the mines on the American river. Upon arriving at the summit the same day of our meeting, we found that the main traveled road turned to the left along the ridge, and a plain pack trail leading directly down the slope which we felt assured would intersect the principal thoroughfare at no great distance, and accordingly we decided to save time by taking what proved to be another "fool's cut-off."

Going about a mile down the bare declivity, we came to a small lake, made by the melting snows, surrounded

by a grove of young pines just below the timber line. Here we camped for the night. Making an early start in the morning we continued our course, following a little stream that flowed from the lake, soon reaching the head of a rocky, thickly wooded canyon, where all trace of our trail suddenly disappeared; it very likely having been made by Indians, prospectors or bears.

In making the descent into the canyon we were compelled to steady our animals down the smooth and shelving declivity of rocks, their feet long since having become well worn and shoeless. Looking back we declared if we were obliged to retrace our steps they could not make the ascent up the steep incline. We continued down the stream that was constantly becoming enlarged by melting snows and flowing springs. We learned later that this was the source of the American river, on which gold was discovered in 1848.

After continuing a short distance further down the canyon to where the sides began to be steep and high and trending to the north, we decided our wisest and safest course was to turn due south, the direction in which we knew the main course of travel lay. Accordingly, with much difficulty on leaving the stream we climbed to the more elevated open pine timber and made our camp for the night just as the sun was disappearing in the west. We had filled our canteens before leaving the canyon, but no water and but little grass could be had for our horses that night. The following morning we pursued a southerly course, traveling through a forest of magnificent pine and redwood of wonderful size and height, and as straight as the mast of a ship.

Shortly before noon we reached the main road that we should have taken at the summit, and at nightfall arrived at Leek Springs, 25 miles above Placerville, where a trading post and a place of entertainment was kept by Americans. Here we obtained a meal such as "our mothers used to cook." We were now in California, and one more day's travel would complete our five months' overland journey "across the plains seeking the golden fleece." Having passed successfully through its many perils and hardships, now what of the future? Time alone would tell.

Leaving the springs at an early hour by a gradual descent over a comparatively good wagon road, 20 miles brought us to Johnson's ranch, which consisted of a double log and shake house, kept as a trading post chiefly to supply the miners with tools and provisions. It also had, in addition, a dining room and sleeping accommodations, which latter consisted of bunks arranged against the wall one above another. Although desirous of obtaining a square meal and sleeping again in a white man's house, I had to forego that pleasure, as upon taking account of my financial resources I found $3 constituted my entire capital, besides my pony, pack saddle, blankets, coffee pot, and frying pan. Consequently I submitted to the inevitable, prepared my supper in the usual way, and spread my blankets for a bed under a friendly pine tree. Several miners from the south fork of the American river, about one mile distant, also passed the night there. Among them was one who claimed to have made a rich strike on a certain "bar," and exhibited several gold specimens, one of the value of three ounces, or about $50. For a

small sum he would conduct any one to the spot, saying he would return to it in the morning.

After consideration, I concluded it was my opportunity. Believing I would have no further need for my pony, and that in any event she would "eat her head off" in a few days, I accepted an offer of $21 for her, throwing in the pack saddle I made at Independence Rock. It was like parting with old and tried friends, but such was the "irony of fate." My cash capital was thereby increased to $24. I contributed $2, with two or three other "tenderfeet," to the coffers of the enterprising miner to show us where our fortunes could be made. I purchased a few articles of provisions, among others a small-sized onion, for which I paid $1, being told that onions were an antidote for the scurvy, with which many were said to be afflicted and some of them dying. With a further investment in pick, pan and shovel I shouldered my entire outfit and started for the "diggings" six miles up the south fork of the American river.

I never learned whether the nuggets displayed by the "honest miner" were genuine or spurious. We never saw him after reaching the "bar." However after thoroughly prospecting it for two days without success, barely getting the "color," we shouldered our traps and left to seek our fortunes elsewhere. My comrade, Mr. Coleman, proceeded from Johnson's ranch directly to Hangtown, and when I saw him for the last time, a few days later, he was engaged as "carpenter" in the construction of a canvas and shake house at $10 per day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MINES—PANDEMONIUM.

After my first unsuccessful venture at mining I returned to Johnson's ranch and completed my unfinished journey to Hangtown. This place was so named from its having been the scene of a triple hanging in '49 of three desperados who had exhausted the patience of the better class by their many crimes.

Until the summer of 1850 this was one of the richest placer mines in the state. The town consisted mainly of one narrow street, following a zigzag course along the gulch. The buildings were of cheap material and of rude structure, many of them merely miners' cabins of cotton cloth or shakes split from pine blocks. Piles of dirt and tailings from the abandoned claims filled much of the space btween the hills, forming the narrow gulch. A few Americans were at work with pick, pan and rocker besides quite a number of Chinamen. The town contained about one thousand inhabitants. The population, like all mining towns at that time, was of a mixed class, good, bad and indifferent, representing nearly every nationality on the globe and some of the worst elements of them all. Every species of gambling was in full blast, from faro and three-card monte down the list to the thimble and strap game.

The latter consisted of doubling a strap of leather and rolling it in a round form, and the operator offering to bet two, four, or six ounces that no man could so place a stick in the loop in the center of the strap that it would be caught as the strap was unrolled by the sharper. Six ounces, or one hundred dollars, were often won or lost on both of the last two simple "dead open and shut games."

Night was the time for the gamblers' and other low resorts, all of which were run on the high pressure principle. This was true, not alone in the mining towns, but in all cities as well. San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville were wide open towns, where tens of thousands of dollars were won or lost nightly.

Miners gathered from all the surrounding camps into Hangtown after the day's work was over, either to bet their dust or witness the exciting scenes in the gambling rooms. "Coon Holler," Diamond Springs, Mud Springs, Shingle Springs, Dogtown, Fiddletown, Yuba Dam, Dead Men's Gulch and the South Fork were all represented around the gaming tables at night.

Personally, I never took any part or lot in any game of chance save that of a spectator. Faro was the principal game played in all popular gambling houses, and a loud word was seldom spoken. A man might stake and lose his last dollar and silently disappear. Professional gamblers, as a rule, were fine-looking men gentlemen in appearance and manners. Laymen from "away back east" have been known to meet a former pastor at the gambling table dealing faro. Handsome and well-dressed women not infrequently had their tables of faro or monte in fashionable resorts and public gambling rooms both in the cities and mining towns

If a purse was to be made up for a sick or unfortunate miner or one disabled by some misfortune, the only sure and successful place to obtain contributions for his relief or to defray his expenses back to the "States" was in the gambling rooms. I have seen tens and twenties thrown into the hat until the requisite amount was made up. A glance at the applicant for charity—whose case would be presented by some responsible miner—was sufficient, without a question being asked.

Another class, known as the desperado, preyed not alone upon the miner, but upon all classes alike. Not gold simply, but life, was too often demanded to satisfy their thirst for blood and notoriety. The border ruffian from Texas, and escaped convicts from Sydney, known as 'Sydney ducks," were among the worst of this class.

When cards were unlucky and theft impossible, the desperado did not hesitate to live upon the proceeds of another obtained by sin and shame. If wishing to make a raise by more desperate means, he was always careful to get "the drop" on his victim. His "best hold," however, was in bluffing the verdant pilgrim just from the East, known on the plains as the "greenhorn" and in the mountains as the "tenderfoot." The cowardly desperado would pull his revolvers around to the front so the handles could be seen, ruffle his hair, and, with fierce looks and terrible oaths, placing himself in front of his victim, would address him about as follows: "Seen yer before, young feller! Can't call yer name. Oh, yes, Jones. Lemme tell yer, Jones, this yere's a bad place, heap er bad men—bad man myself—saved yer life the other night. Don't tell me I lie!—(reaches for his pistol)—saved yer life—lend me a fiver. Ain't slept for a week—been drunk a month;

would just as lief kill a man as eat! Ugh!" Makes a motion to draw his revolvers. The frightened tenderfoot, anxious to escape from such a dangerous man, readily hands over the first coin he comes to, whether a $5 or $10, and insists that no change shall be offered back.

The banding together of these desperate criminals in San Francisco for plunder, led to the organization of the vigilance committee in 1856, in which Gen. W. T. Sherman, Judge Terry and other men of note were concerned. The murder of "James King of William" by Casey was the last act in the fearful drama preceding the vigilantes. King was the founder and editor of the Evening Bulletin, and was somewhat intemperate in his language in denouncing the murderous gangs that infested the city. He was a brave, honest man and good citizen.

Gold dust was the only circulating medium until 1851, when $16, or ounce pieces, and $50 octagonal "slugs" were coined by private parties. Twenty-five cents was the least amount paid for any article, however small. A single pie sold for $1, and other articles of luxury in the eating line in like proportion. Whenever a pencil, an egg, a drink or a cigar was purchased the buckskin bag of dust was presented, and what the seller could take with his thumb and finger went for two bits. Scales were used later.

The only mining implements in 1849-50 were the shovel, pick, pan and rocker, and long handle dipper used while sitting and rocking the "cradle" with the left hand, dipping water into the hopper in which the dirt was placed. This was followed by the "Long Tom" and sluice, into which the water was conveyed

by gravity while the miners stood upon either side and shoveled in the auriferous earth. Finally the hydraulic process was adopted, the most rapid and efficacious of all.

The first quartz lead discovered and worked was by Alvinza Hayward, on Rancheri creek in Amador county, near where I was placer mining at the time. I believe that after the lapse of 50 years it is still valuable.

The day after my arrival in Placerville, I left for Live Oak bar, on the South Fork, three miles due north, hoping to make a strike to replenish my nearly exhausted finances. Meeting with a small mining party whom I had known 'back in the States," I was welcomed as one of their number.

We remained there a couple of weeks, realizing only fair compensation for our labor, and then went 12 miles down the river to Coloma. This is where gold was first discovered on January 19, 1848, by James W. Marshall, who had contracted to build a sawmill for Gen. John A. Sutter. He had turned the waters of the river into the race in order to widen and deepen it, and when the water was turned off he noticed several yellow particles in the sand, and picked up a number of them, one weighing several pennyweights. The news of the discovery did not reach San Francisco until February, 1848. Then followed such an excitement as the world had never before seen. Its thrill went to the remotest corners of the earth, and caused among all classes the most intense excitement. The eyes and thoughts of all men turned to California as the land of promise, and suddenly all ways seemed to lead to her golden shores.

Here, within 100 yards of the old millrace, we built a

wingdam in the river for the purpose of turning its waters, hoping to strike it rich in the natural channel. The fact that only a small volume of water was flowing at that season of the year made the operation easy. Our anticipations were not realized, however, only a small amount of gold being obtained. We continued prospecting down the stream until "Mormon island" and "Nigger hill" were reached, near where the town of Folsom now is.

Returning to Placerville, I decided to go to Sacramento to learn if any letters had reached there from home. Accordingly, leaving my mining tools, I shouldered my blankets, starting on foot for the "city," reaching it the following day. I found it a busy "burg" of two or three thousand inhabitants. The buildings were mainly of canvas or other light material and very much scattered. As it was not steamer day when I arrived, I had but little difficulty in obtaining my mail and was rejoiced to learn that all were well and anxious for my return.

Previous to the acquisition of California by the United States in 1848, there was not a postoffice in the territory. The official documents to and from Mexico, as well as the correspondence of the missionaries, were taken by special carriers, and as there were no newspapers published or circulated in the country, there was but little need of postal facilities. The few foreigners in the country would send or receive an occasional letter by some trader or whaleship touching on the coast. As soon as the United States asserted authority over the territory the newspaper press commenced operations and postoffices were established in the country; but at this early day and for many years subsequent all

mail matter to the Pacific Coast had to cross the Isthmus of Panama, thence by steamer to San Francisco, from 24 to 30 days being occupied in the voyage from New York to San Francisco.

It generally required from sixty to ninety days from the date of writing a letter to the receipt of an answer by the Isthmus route. Postage on the half ounce in those days was 10 cents when the distance was over three hundred miles. The arrival of the semi-monthly steamer at San Francisco was an event celebrated by the firing of guns and the ringing of bells, and was the signal for a general rush of the inhabitants to the postoffice, where long lines of anxious letter seekers would take their position, "first come first served" being the rule, and woe betide the unfortunate wretch whose temerity caused him to attempt to break the restless, anxious, swaying line of the gray and blue shirt brigade, extending from the postoffice windows.

As the lengthening columns swayed and wriggled sometimes a half-mile in length, great anxiety and impatience were often manifested by persons wishing to get to the all-important window of the postoffice. Rugged miners who had not perhaps for a year heard a word from home, and anxious merchants whose fate depended upon their letters and invoices, seeing no hope of approaching the office for hours, would offer liberal sums to buy out some fortunate one in the line. From five to twenty dollars were average prices, but fifty and one hundred dollars were often paid for a good position near the window. The expression of countenance of those paying highest rates when forced to leave the window without a letter, was a study beyond description.

"Selling out" in line soon became a trade, and many an impecunious person pocketed his ten or twenty dollars three or four times a day by selling out and hitching on to the rear end of the line again. In some cases over anxious individuals would take their position at the window one or two days before the arrival of the expected steamer, and remain there, only leaving when forced to seek food and drink. Sometimes during their brief absence from their post the steamer's gun would fire and after a breakneck race of a few minutes they would be forced to attach themselves to the extreme end of a line a quarter or half a mile in length. Great relief was experienced some years later by the establishment of the "pony express," which carried letters from the Missouri river to San Francisco in twelve to fifteen days at 25 cents the half ounce.

CHAPTER XV.

JUDGE LYNCH.

The civil law was not adequate to all the exigencies arising under the conditions existing during the early history of California. Theft and murder were of rare occurrence among the miners, but whenever they did occur it was not a very difficult matter for the culprit to escape in the wild unsettled mountainous region, and, if caught, a rescue by his pals was almost sure to occur.

There existed no suitable safe place to hold a criminal during the pending of a trial. An old prison brig lying at the wharf in the river at Sacramento was the only place of confinement in all that portion of the state for a number of years.

Under the circumstances, Judge Lynch was appealed to in most cases, and the punishment was sure and made to fit the case. I witnessed but one instance of mob law while in the mines. A man was caught in the act of stealing a buckskin purse of gold dust from a miner's cabin. A meeting of the miners was called, a consultation was held, and by a unanimous verdict the thief was to receive fifty lashes on the bare back. The sentence was carried out by administering the punish-

ment with a rawhide while the culprit was tsrapped to a fallen pine tree. He was a man of strong nerve, and bore the cruel strokes with much fortitude. He was then ordered to leave the diggings and was told that if found there again he would receive even more severe treatment.

In 1854, while I was ranching on the Cosumnes river, 20 miles from Sacramento City, two cases of mob law occurred. In one instance a notoriously bad character by the name of Bill Lomax was charged with the murder of a Prussian, who had the day previous to the murder sold a number of cattle and was supposed to have the money. Fortunately, it had been deposited in a Placerville bank. He was assaulted in his cabin during the night with an axe, and, being a large, powerful man, made a desperate fight for his life. His body was found the following morning about twenty steps from his door. Seventeen wounds had been inflicted on him with the axe and a large knife. The weapons, besmeared with blood, were lying by his body. His hands were badly cut by having grasped the blade of the knife in the hands of his assailant. I was summoned upon the coroner's jury and careful inquiry pointed strongly to Lomax as the murderer.

Three men started in pursuit and traced him to Sacramento, where he was found in a saloon. They returned with him and word was immediately sent out to the ranchers and miners, who collected the following morning, chose judge and jury, heard the evidence, returned a verdict of guilty and gave him one hour to prepare for death by hanging. When the time expired a rope was placed around his neck and he was taken to a nearby live oak tree, and the rope was

thrown over a limb, and he was hauled up and left to die. The trial was had at the "Old Daily Adobe" hotel and ranch house, the proprietor of which at the time was a justice of the peace. A deputy sheriff was also present from Sacramento during the entire proceedings, but was not permitted to interfere.

On another occasion, near the same locality, two men were caught with stolen horses and mules, driving them to the horse market at Sacramento. As in the case above related a meeting was called of nearby ranchers and the miners of Cook's and Michigan bars, three miles above. A judge and jury were selected and the testimony of the owner of the stock was heard, proving his "brand," and that it had not been "vented" or a bill of sale given, as was customary in all cases of sale and transfer of property.

The prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to have one-half of their heads shaved, to be branded "R" on the right cheek, receive 100 lashes on the bare back, and if found in the county after three days, to be hung. One of them, a fine-looking man, well dressed and gentlemanly in appearance, begged to be hung instead of receiving the penalty prescribed by the jury. After being stripped to the waist they were lashed to a tree and an Indian employe was ordered to do the whipping with a braided rawhide riata, such as was used for lassoing stock. A committee was appointed to see that the lashes were properly laid on. One of the committee was a Presbyterian deacon of large property interests and a ranch owner.

After administering 50 lashes the committee decided to remit the balance, as the men were unable to bear the torture. It looked cruel and inhuman, and not all

eyes among the spectators were tearless. The piteous groans of the culprits 'broke the deacon all up," as the quivering flesh turned black under every stroke of the riata.

This method of administering punishment in those days was sanctioned by the best element in the country, and so far as I observed, the trials were conducted in as orderly a manner as usually prevails in more pretentious legal proceedings. From one to two hours was all the time needed to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused. If guilty the sentence was at once carried into execution without unnecessary delay. In some instances injustice may have been done, and so it sometimes occurs under legal forms prescribed by the statutes.

In the mineral portions of the state, more especially, "trial by the people" without judicial process continued until 1856. Then the climax was reached by the vigilantes in San Francisco, organized to clear the city of thugs and assassins, which the civil authorities failed or were unable to do. They dominated the state government for two months, Governor J. Neely Johnson in the meantime taking a vacation at a pleasant mountain resort.

Another instance of summary justice will still further illustrate the means by which the miners sought to protect their lives and property. Possibly a little less severity might have accomplished the desired end and object, but it was not so regarded at the time. I am sure there was no element of persecution or revenge present in the cases I have related, but the public welfare alone was considered.

Lynch law in California, at the time of which I am

writing, was, in fact, the only means of redress and protection from robbery and murder, and tended to prevent the crimes that would otherwise have been more frequent.

It is only justified when the civil law cannot be invoked or its officials utterly fail to enforce its demands and penalties. Such for a time was the condition existing in California. To a lawless element gathered from almost every nation, people and tongue in the wild world, the civil law had no terrors. In fact, the State had but recently emerged from a chaotic and half-civilized condition without any well established civil jurisprudence.

A sailor, a deserter from the ship "Ohio," attempted one night to rob a store at a mining camp on the American river. He had already secured two bags of gold dust, containing about $3,000, but not satisfied with that he grasped for a third, when the owner awoke and gave the alarm. After a hot pursuit, the thief was captured and bound to a tree until morning, when a jury of twelve miners were chosen to try the case. Of course he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged; but some opposition being raised to taking his life, a milder punishment was suggested, and it was finally determined that he should receive a hundred lashes on his bare back, have his ears cropped, and his head shaved, so that he might everywhere be recognized in the mining districts. This sentence gave general satisfaction. The thief was at once fastened by his hands to the branch of a tree, and the duly appointed officers proceeded to shave his head, while some of the sailors of the party manufactured a "cat-o'-nine-tails." His feet were then tied to the foot of a tree, and a doctor

cut off his ears, from the stumps of which he bled freely while receiving his flogging. He was then ordered to leave at once and when about a mile away, he stole a mule and rode to the Calaveras diggings, where the animal was claimed by the owner. He was thereupon tried for mule stealing, and sentenced to receive another flogging, but when he was stripped, his back was found so shockingly cut up that the miners had compassion on him and drove him from the district, where he was not likely to ever appear again.

CHAPTER XVI.

MINING EXPERIENCE.

About the first of January, 1851, I met some friends from Illinois, who had preceded me on the overland trip, and it was agreed that we become mining partners. At the same time we decided to leave that locality and try our fortune in Amador county—which joins Eldorado on the south—as we had heard favorable reports from that section. Accordingly we shouldered our "traps" and after a hard day's tramp over mountain spurs, across brush and wooded canyons, fording the upper Cosumnes river—better known as the "Macosma"—we arrived near nightfall at Drytown, a mining camp on Dry Creek in the aforesaid county. The inevitable saloon, gambling, and dance house, as in all mining towns, were prominent features of the place. The "shingle" of the man who neither used the "hoe," shovel, or rocker, but reaped a rich harvest nevertheless, was in evidence as elsewhere, bearing the "legend" "Si compra oro aqui"—gold dust bought here.

We looked out a suitable camping place under the friendly protection of a neighboring pine tree sufficiently distant from the disturbing revelry of the "madding crowd," cooked our evening meal and spread our blankets for the night's rest. Bright and

early the following morning found us prospecting Dry creek below the town. A sufficient amount of rain had not fallen up to that time to raise the streams, consequently a very small amount of water flowed in the creek.

Like most of the "placers" in all that mining region, we found the ground had been superficially worked the previous winter of '49. We located claims and not having packed our tools with us from our last mining camp purchased rockers and other necessary implements and began operations. In removing a pile of tailings deposited by a "forty-niner" my shovel uncovered a nugget of gold weighing half an ounce, or eight dollars. This was the largest specimen I found during my mining experience. We continued our labors at this place a couple of weeks without sufficient encouragement to remain longer, so again shouldering our blankets and cooking utensils we went about two miles farther south and staked claims on what was known as the "Rancharee." A small spring supplied water for our domestic use and standing water was observed along the otherwise dry bed of the stream. After selecting our camp we returned for our tools, which we carried upon our backs; in fact all our provisions were transported from Drytown, two miles away, in the same manner.

Up to this time we had no other shelter except what nature provided, as the weather had continued warm and dry. We were told that rain could be looked for at any time and that snow fell at that altitude sometimes to considerable depth, so we decided to provide some sort of winter quarters. Accordingly we purchased a heavy walled duck tent, constructed bunks

from pine poles for sleeping arrangements, and built a large stone fireplace in the rear end of our new dwelling. Our bunks were not as soft as feathers, or even as straw, but that objectionable feature was relieved by substituting a few pine boughs. Altogether our quarters were very comfortable.

It was now midwinter and owing to the lack of water and anticipating rain in the near future, the policy was adopted of prospecting with a pan and washing the dirt therefrom at some standing pool or nearby spring to test its value. If sufficient "color" was obtained to justify working, the dirt was carried out from the bed and sides of the creek by hand barrows made of dried rawhide attached to a couple of short poles, one man in front and one in the rear carrying the load. Five or six buckets of earth placed thereon constituted a load. It was deposited in long extended piles on the bank above what was supposed to be high water mark to await the coming of the rain. Mistakes were sometimes made in regard to "high water mark," and the labor of weeks would be swept away by the sudden rise of the rushing waters. In the manner I have described we carried out some three thousand buckets of earth before sufficient water could be had to use our cradles.

Before this work was fully accomplished, either from insufficient diet or overwork, my health became seriously impaired. No vegetable diet could be obtained. Our food consisted mainly of "frijoles" (beans), bacon and pancakes with occasionally a little fresh bear meat. Many cases of scorbutic diseases were prevalent and a large number proved fatal.

After varied experiences during the winter at min

ing and as a year had nearly elapsed since leaving my home in Illinois, I decided to again visit Sacramento City in anticipation of hearing from home and friends and to remain in the valley for a time with the view of improving my health. As no other means of reaching or returning from the mining camps existed except by pack train I was compelled to make the distance (fifty miles) again on foot. After descending to the valley of the Consumnes river which was reached on the first day, I remained over night at the hotel and ranch of "Billy" Wilson on the bank of that stream—a beautiful spot surrounded by large spreading live oaks, with quite an area under cultivation, the products being barley, corn and vegetables, and also a garden of many varieties of flowers. The hotel was a two-story wooden structure, conveniently arranged and comfortably furnished, with office, sitting room, dining and bed rooms. It was the nearest approach to civilization and home life I had met with since leaving the frontier of Iowa. The fortunate and enterprising proprietor had made a fortune at mining near Hangtown in '49, and, purchasing a portion of a Mexican grant, was now enjoying the delights of a home with an intelligent family, consisting of wife, sons and daughters. It was one of the beauty spots of all that section. I greatly appreciated my stay with such pleasant surroundings and left the following day with reluctance.

From the time of leaving the foothills the view to westward of rolling plains and rich valley lands along the river, with an occasional isolated spreading live oak, or a cluster of these beautiful trees, formed a most charming picture. Bands of antelope would be

seen at intervals in the distance, often numbering two or three hundred. Jack and cottontail rabbits were plentiful. At night and sometimes during the day the dismal howl of the coyote would be heard in the adjacent hills, and chickens were thus warned to roost high. These predatory animals were very bold and would often approach within a few steps of the door of a ranch house to obtain food. While in the mines a friend of mine out alone prospecting placed his grub bag under his head for a pillow when camping for the night. Sleeping soundly after a hard day's tramp he gradually became aroused from his slumber by something tugging at his pillow, and before he fully awoke, his head dropped to the ground. Supposing himself to be attacked by nothing less than a grizzly he sat up in his fright and uttered a scream something in the nature of a warwhoop, or as he expressed it, more "like the bellowing of a frightened calf." It was, however, so sudden and pronounced a cry that the bag was dropped, and a moment later a coyote set up a howl not far distant that sounded like a whole pack mixing their discordant notes together. My friend passed the remainder of the night guarding his grub bag.

I became so impressed with the beauty and apparent richness of the section bordering the Consumnes river that the following five years it became my home.

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OVER LAND CLAIMS.

On arriving at Sacramento I was not as fortunate as on my first visit. It being steamer day, five or six hours were required to reach the mail delivery window. The city, in the interim since my former visit, had greatly improved, and many settlers had located upon adjacent lands, although they were claimed under a Mexican grant. Nearly all the arable land in California was held by valid or spurious grants obtained from the Mexican government. The treaty ratified after the close of the war with that country, January 19, 1848, agreed to recognize as valid all claims that had been confirmed by the Central government of Mexico. That condition of affairs caused a great deal of friction between those claiming title to large grants of land, and others disputing their right and known as settlers or squatters. The policy of the American government was adverse to granting or donating large tracts of land for colonization. One hundred and sixty acres was the limit under the Homestead Act, except in the case of Oregon. For a limited time 640 acres were given to settlers who would brave the dangers and hardships to found homes in that remote region. It was unquestionably the intention of a large

majority of those arriving in California during the first years of the gold excitement to return to the States at the close of their mining experience. They were indifferent to the existence or conditions of land tenures. But as their hopes of gaining speedy wealth were not realized, and the climate and future possibilities of the State became more fully understood, they began seriously to consider the advisability of making California their permanent home.

It was soon learned that wherever an attempt was made to settle upon land, the settler was regarded as a trespasser and was notified to leave, or take the consequences. The reckless land-grabber, regardless of law or equity, possessed himself of all the real estate from which he could drive the occupant. If a land speculator, claiming everything in sight, wanted a few men to enforce his claim all he had to do was to go to the headquarters of roughs, "shoulder strikers" or "Sydney ducks," and for a few hundred dollars he could hire a gang of ruffians, who with ropes would drag down the tenement of an unoffending settler and with revolvers at his head, compel him to surrender his claim or his life.

A large majority of those desiring to settle and make permanent homes were men of intelligence and enterprise, who had perhaps made moderate fortunes at mining. They still had property interests "back in the States," and some of them, ready to make an honest dollar, determined, when they returned East to dispose of their property, and bring their families, to fit out trains and bring back emigrants to California at so much per head. It is chiefly from this class of pioneers that California owes much of her industrial

prosperity in commercial and agricultural lines, and from which her governors, senators, bankers and railroad builders have come.

At the time of which I write no obtainable evidence could be had either of the extent or genuineness of the grants claimed under Mexican authority, and men desiring to make homes on what they had a right to regard as public land refused to recognize individual claims to vast tracts until adjudicated by the lawful authorities. This led to serious trouble. What is known as the "squatter war" at Sacramento in 1850 was the result of these conflicting interests. Dr. Charles Robinson, afterwards governor of Kansas, and one of John Brown's warmest adherents in the border troubles, was the leader of the settlers, and was severly wounded during the fight. The settlers had erected buildings on some vacant lots in the outskirts of the city where some of them were torn down by a gang employed by the speculators. They (the settlers) at once armed themselves and fortified their remaining buildings. The city was declared under martial law. The settlers determined to hold their ground against all comers. They received reinforcements and a conflict seemed imminent. The Sheriff, with a small force ,attempted to storm the place and serve a writ of ejectment. The Common Council had passed an order imposing a heavy fine upon any one who should survey land within the city limits, except the City Surveyor himself. This was regarded as a high-handed outrage upon individual rights and had much to do with bringing about the collision. During the day the settlers left their quarters and marched through the town to the number of about fifty. They were in mili-

tary order and fully armed. Major Bigelow, with a small posse, rode up determined to disarm them. A conflict ensued, a volley was fired and the unarmed crowd scattered in all directions. The Mayor fell from his horse and was taken to a house on Second street, where his wounds were examined. He was shot in three places. One ball entered his right side, another shattered his right hand, and a third grazed his cheek. The Assessor, a Mr. Woodland, was killed by a ball passing through his body. He died in the street where he fell. The commander of the settlers had his horse shot under him. He charged, sword in hand, into the crowd, and was killed by a pistol shot. One other man was killed who had lately arrived overland. Quite a number were wounded, among others Dr. Robinson, who was found, after quiet was restored, in a house where he had been conveyed by his friends. He had received a bullet wound in the left side, but not of a very dangerous nature.

One of the rioters, an Irishman by the name of Caulfield, a most desperate character, attempted to flee from the city. He was pursued by the Sheriff, who laid hold of him, but as they were riding at breakneck speed, his hold slipped. Caulfield immediately attempted to discharge his rifle at the Sheriff, whereupon he knocked the ruffian off his horse with his pistol. He was then tied on his saddle, and with his hat gone, his arms behind him, his face covered with blood and dust, he was led down J street to the levee, where he was placed aboard the prison brig. The Sheriff attempted to arrest another member of the murderous gang by the name of Allen, who kept a drinking place two miles out beyond Sutter's Fort. The officer's

party remained outside while he entered and demanded Allen's surrender. The latter responded by leveling a double-barreled shotgun and firing the whole charge into the Sheriff's breast, killing him instantly. Several shots were then fired at Allen, wounding him severely, but he made his escape. The brave young Sheriff was followed to his grave by the bereaved wife and a large number of sympathizing friends. Upon the side of what was claimed to be the party of "law and order" were Lieutenant-Governor McDougal, J. R. Hardenberg, Col. Kewen, Eugene F. Gillespie and Sam Brannan—names familiar in the early annals of California. Identified with the settlers' interests were Gov. John Bigler, Judge Hastings, Senator Colby and John H. McKune, of the law firm of McKune & Crocker. Mr. McKune was subsequently District Judge of Sacramento county for eleven years. During a heated discussion with a Southern fire-eater upon the question of dividing the State, making one-half free and the other slave, the latter became so infuriated that he thrust a sword cane through McKune's body and for several weeks his life was despaired of. He was carefully nursed back to health again by his friends. While I was canvassing the county for the Legislature in 1852 he was my political asosciate. He was one of nature's noblemen and performed an important part in the organization of the Republican party in California in 1856. Judge Crocker was a brother of Charles Crocker, one of the builders of the Southern Pacific railway. Charley Crocker had a dry goods store on J street, between Third and Fourth, where, after my marriage and settlement on the Consumnes I did my trading. C. P. Huntington and

Mark Hopkins were running a hardware store on "K" street, and Leland Stanford was selling mining supplies in the mountains.

The difficulties arising from conflicting land interests induced the government, as early as 1852 to appoint a commission comprised of three members, of which the distinguished Governor Fitch of Michigan was at the head. This commission was empowered to examine and pass upon the Mexican land grant titles, subject to appeal to the United States Supreme Court at Washington. It met that same year at San Francisco and entered at once upon the discharge of its duties. The government appointed General Volney E. Howard, late District Judge at Los Angeles, as United States Land Agent. All claimants were required to appear and present their proof of title. Such grants as were shown to have been confirmed by the Central Government of Mexico and the conditions fulfilled were passed, and where the necessary proof was lacking were rejected. There were many of the latter, all of which were added to the public domain.

It was with the view of maintaining what they regarded as their right to settle on public lands that party political lines were ignored and instead of Whig and Democrat, "settlers' and miners' associations" were organized to oppose the grasping and remorseless land speculators. Sacramento county had such an organization, and for the two years or so of its existence I acted as its secretary. Among other duties devolving upon the secretary was that of appearing in the interests of the association before the Land Commission in San Francisco, and there presenting such evidence in its behalf as could be obtained, to aid the land agent in

defeating fraudulent claimants. Most of the mission grants were confirmed, but many others were rejected. A mournful instance of the distress caused by the remorselessness of the land thieves is that of General Sutter. Besides three leagues at the junction of the "Rio de los Plumas," or Feather river, with the Sacramento, he owned eleven leagues along the latter where Sacramento City was located. That is to say, he owned thirty-three miles of the river's length and a strip three miles in width. Being himself a generous, upright, unsuspecting man, he was swindled, defrauded, and otherwise robbed of all his possessions by sharpers and tricksters. He died poor at his home in Pennsylvania in 1883, after being dependent upon his friends and a small stipend paid him by the United States government.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN SUTTER—THE GOLD DISCOVERY.

Captain Sutter was formerly an officer in the Swiss guard of Charles X of France. After the revolution of 1830 in that country, he came to America and lived for a time in Missouri, emigrating to California in 1837. Soon afterwards he obtained the two grants of land from Mexico to which I have referred. His little adobe fort was built as a defense in the event of Indian troubles, but was never needed for that purpose, as he was a large employer of Indians, and always lived on the most peaceful terms with them. The fort was practically his home, where he lived and entertained his friends and guests. It stood alone, as it stands today, (well preserved), two miles from the city. General Bidwell, Sam Brannan and other pioneer "boys" who afterwards became millionaires and an honor to the State, were employed there before the discovery of gold. Fremont, Carson, Walker, a host of mountaineers and scientists, all alike found welcome and good cheer within those old adobe walls. It is a pleasant recollection that I passed this historic spot weekly for a number of years, going to and from Sacramento and sometimes partaking of its hospitality. I last visited it in September, 1900, at the time of the

State Fair. The old fort presents a newer and more imposing appearance than it did in 1850. All honor to the "native sons and daughters of the pioneers" who have thus preserved it.

It was in this little pioneer fort that the first announcement was made, on the 19th of January, 1848, that sent an echo throughout the world, and drew to California people from every part of the globe, producing in so short a time scenes of unparralleled excitement. From England, Germany, France, Russia, Spain, South America, and the Sandwich Islands came the gold hunters. In the far east, across the broad Pacific, the seal of national exclusiveness was broken and there came a peculiar people from ancient Cathay with their strange jargon, shaved crowns, and solitary cues behind. This was a race whose primeval order had never been disturbed by any other branch of the human family. They brought their kettles, rice, chop sticks, and heathen gods, and have ever since lived their life of exclusiveness and racial isolation. From Mexico came the miner, vaquero and desperado. Up from Chili and Peru came the speculator, gambler, and courtesan. Over the Rocky mountains came long lines of emigrant trains, making their tedious march over almost precipitous mountains crowned with eternal snows, and arid deserts of alkali, leaving behind them the new-made grave and the bleaching bones of famished beasts to tell the sad story of their weary journey and to mark the path for those who were to follow. The few vessels that could find sailors to take them from the coast spread the news wherever they touched. The inhabitants of unfrequented islands of the seas heard the welcome tidings of the land of gold.

Captain Sutter gave the following interesting account of how he received the news: "I was sitting one afternoon just after my siesta engaged in writing a letter to a friend in Switzerland, when I was interrupted by Mr. Marshall bursting hurriedly into my room. From the unusual agitation in his manner I imagined that something serious had occurred, and, as we involuntarily do in this part of the world, I at once glanced to see if my rifle was in its proper place. You should know that the mere appearance of Mr. Marshall at that moment in the fort was quite enough to surprise me, as he had but two days before left the place to make some alterations in the mill for sawing pine planks, which he had just run up for me some miles higher up the Americanos. When he had recovered himself a little he told me that, however great my surprise might be at his unexpected appearance, it would be much greater when I heard the intelligence he had come to bring me. 'Intelligence,' he added, 'which, if properly profited by, would put both of us in possession of unheard of wealth—millions and millions of dollars, in fact.' I frankly own when I heard this I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly, all my misgivings were at an end by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunderstruck, and asked him what all this meant, when he went on to say that according to my instructions, he had thrown the mill wheel out of gear to let the whole body of the water in the dam find a passage through the tail-race which was previously too narrow to allow the water to run off in sufficient quantity, whereby the wheel was prevented from efficiently performing its work. By this

alteration the narrow channel was considerably enlarged and a mass of sand and gravel was carried off by the force of the current. Early in the morning after this took place, he (Mr. Marshall) was walking along the left bank of the stream when he perceived something which he at first took for a piece of opal—a clean transparent stone very common here—glittering on one of the spots laid bare by the sudden crumbling away of the bank. He paid no attention to this; but while he was giving directions to the workmen, having observed several other glittering fragments, his curiosity was so far excited that he stooped down and picked one of them up. 'Do you know,' said Mr. Marshall to me, 'I positively debated within myself two or three times whether I should take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of these pieces and had decided not to do so when, further on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces now before you. I condescended to pick it up and to my astonishment, found that it was a thin scale of what appears to be pure gold.' He then gathered some twenty or thirty similar pieces which, on examination, convinced him that his suppositions were right. His first impression was that this gold had been lost or been buried there by some early Indian tribe—perhaps some of those mysterious inhabitants of the West of whom we have no account, but who dwelt on this continent centuries ago and built those cities and temples, the ruins of which are scattered about these solitary wilds. On proceeding, however, to examine the neighboring soil, he discovered that it was more or less auriferous. This at once decided

him. He mounted his horse and rode down to me as fast as it would carry him, with the news.

"At the conclusion of Mr. Marshall's account," continued Captain Sutter, "and when I had convinced myself from the specimens he had brought with him that it was not exaggerated, I felt as much excited as himself. I eagerly inquired if he had shown the gold to the work people at the mill, and was glad to hear that he had not spoken to a single person about it. We agreed, said the Captain smiling, not to mention the circumstances to anyone, and arranged to set off early the next day for the mill. On our arrival, just before sundown, we poked the sand about in various places, and before long succeeded in collecting between us, more than an ounce of gold mixed up with a good deal of sand. I stayed at Marshall's that night, and the next day we proceeded some little distance up the South Fork and found the gold existed along the whole course, not only in the bed of the main stream, where the water had subsided, but in every little dried up creek and ravine. Indeed I think it is more plentiful in these latter places, for I myself with nothing more than a small knife, picked out from a dry gorge a little way up the mountains, a solid lump of gold which weighed nearly an ounce and a half. On our return to the mill we were astonished by the work people coming up to us in a body and showing us small flakes of gold similar to those we had ourselves procured. Marshall tried to laugh the matter off with them and to persuade them that what they had found was only some shining mineral of trifling value, but one of the Indians who had worked at the gold mine in the neighborhood of La Paz, in Lower

California, cried out 'Oro! Oro!' We were disappointed enough at this discovery and supposed that the work-people had been watching our movements, although we thought we had taken every precaution against being observed by them. I heard afterwards that one of them, a Kentuckian, had dogged us about and that looking on the ground to see if he could discover what we were in search of he had lighted on some flakes of gold himself. The next day I rode back to the fort, organized a laboring party, set the carpenters to work on a few necessary matters, and the next day accompanied them to a point of the fork where they encamped for the night. By the following morning I had a party of fifty Indians fairly at work. The way we first managed was to shovel the soil into small buckets or into some of our famous Indian baskets; then wash all the light earth out, and pick away the stones. After this we dried the sand on pieces of canvas and with long reeds blew away all but the gold. I have now some rude machines in use and upwards of one hundred men employed, chiefly Indians, who are well fed and who are allowed whisky three times a day. The report soon spread. Some of the gold was sent to San Francisco and crowds of people flocked to the diggings. Added to this a large emigrant party of Mormons entered California across the mountains just as the affair was made known. They halted at once and set to work on a spot some thirty miles from here where a few of them still remain. There are fully eight hundred men at work altogether and probably three hundred more passing backwards and forwards between here and the mines. At first I imagined that the gold would soon be ex-

hausted by such crowds of seekers, but subsequent observations have convinced me that it will take many years to bring about such a result, even with ten times the present number of people employed.

"What surprises me," continued the Captain, "is that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men and that not one of them should have ever stumbled upon the treasure; that scores of keen-eyed trappers should have crossed this valley in every direction, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries and yet this gold should have never been discovered until now. I myself have passed the very spot above a hundred times during the last ten years, but was just as blind as the rest of them, so I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier."

The above, as an historical reminiscence, is interesting and instructive, as showing the small beginning from which the financial condition of the world was changed in such a remarkably short space of time by the unparalleled production of the precious metal. Soon came the first waves of the tide of emigration that was to flood the "placers" of the gold region. The first influx consisted of Mexicans of the province of Sonora, Chilians and Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands. These principally took possession of the Southern mines, on the tributaries of the San Joaquin. Some few that came by water stopped in San Francisco and secured town lots, which became very valuable in a short time; where they erected temporary stores and dwellings. This gave an impulse to the progress of that town and it advanced rapidly in size and population. Then came the emigration from the

Atlantic States and the whole territory felt the progressive and enterprising spirit of the gold-seekers The Americans generally took possession of the mines on the American, Yuba and Feather rivers and their tributaries. But as their numbers increased they pushed towards the Southern mines and frequent collisions with foreigners were the consequence. Finally a great number of the latter were compelled to leave the country, mainly in consequence of excessive taxation.

The following item appeared in the "Californian," published in San Francisco, August 14, 1848: "The publisher of this paper, while on a tour alone to the mining district, collected with the aid of a shovel pick and tin pan, from $44 to $128 a day—averaging $100. The gross amount collected up to date will probably exceed $600,000 of which amount our merchants have received $250,000 worth for goods sold, all within the short space of eight weeks. The largest piece of gold known to be found weighed four pounds."

On January 1, 1849, the total population of California was estimated at twenty-six thousand, thirteen thousand natives, eight thousand Americans and five thousand of all other nations.

During the year 1848 ten million dollars in gold was extracted from the mines, principally from the Yuba, Feather and the American rivers and gulches connected therewith; the rocker, shovel, prospecting pan, and crevice-knife being the only machinery employed. Over forty million dollars was obtained in the year 1849, and from January 19, 1848, the day of the discovery of gold in California, to the beginning of 1870, the gold product of the State was one billion

of dollars. The largest yield of gold ever produced in the State in one year was in 1853, amounting to sixty-five millions of dollars. The population at that time was about 300,000. Many thousands left for "home" with barely enough to pay their passage, broken in health, never to return, while others, more fortunate, went for their families to bring them to what they termed "God's best country." Other thousands found unknown graves in what to them was a strange land. Throughout the first three years of the mining excitement every article of trade had to be imported. Most people believed that California was only a mining country; that nothing would grow upon the barren soil without constant irrigation, so that imports in 1853 of San Francisco were over forty-five millions dollars, over five million dollars of which was for flour and meal, four million dollars for butter, and the same amount for lumber. In the same year fifty-seven million dollars in gold dust was exported.

Up to 1849 navigation on the bay of San Francisco and the Sacramento river was carried on exclusively by small sailing craft. Before steamers arrived these vessels found employment in carrying passengers to Sacramento at twenty-five to forty dollars; and ten to twelve days would be occupied in making the trip. I myself paid twenty-five dollars in 1854, self and wife, for stateroom from San Francisco to Sacramento. It was our wedding trip. In October, 1849, the first steamboat, the "Pioneer," plied the waters of the Sacramento. It was constructed of iron and shipped from Boston in pieces. Next came the little steamer "Mint." These boats performed the trip from San Francisco to Sacramento in half a day. The fare was: Cabin,

thirty dollars; deck twenty dollars; a berth, five dollars; meals, two dollars. The larger steamer "Senator," familiar to all California pioneers, soon made its appearance. The first steamer ever upon the waters of the bay of San Francisco was a small boat about the size of a ship's boat, taken from Sitka in 1847, by Captain W. A. Leidesdorff, and run on the bay until February, 1848, when she was lost during a severe northwest gale.

CHAPTER XIX.

FLOODS AND FIRES.

California, like most new States during the early stages of their development, suffered losses by reason of imperfect organizations for protection against floods and fires, as well as the results of natural causes. She had her drouths, grass-hopper seasons, and a few earthquakes. Some of these came under my own observation. Notwithstanding these temporary drawbacks, which occurred at long intervals, who would want to leave the genial climate, the cool nights, bracing atmosphere, and delightful mountain and seaside resorts, for a land of cultry days and nights, of blizzards, cyclones, and fearful tornadoes?

The winters of '49, '50, '53, are memorable for destructive floods, resulting in great loss of property and lives, and to prevent the recurrence of such unfortunate disasters, the cities bordering on the streams liable to inundation, such as Stockton, Marysville and Sacramento, especially the latter, raised their buildings and filled in with earth to the height of ten or twelve feet, or above high water mark. The difficulty was greatly aggravated after the advent of hydraulic mining. The debris from these extensive washings

raised the bed of the streams into which they flowed, impeding, to some extent, the navigation of the Sacramento river to its mouth at the bay of San Francisco. Many ranches and orchards were destroyed along the foothills bordering the streams. The mining and valley interests thus conflicting, inspired considerable legislation and litigation, and the difficulties were finally partially set at rest by requiring the hydraulic miner to impound the loose earth before it could reach the valley.

I was caught in Sacramento in the great overflow in January, '52, when all the inhabitants were compelled to seek safety in flight, or in the second story of their buildings. A temporary levee had been thrown up along the south bank of the American river, that gave way during the night, and when morning dawned the city presented a scene of desolation. Little Whitehall boats from the vessels moored at the landing were plying in all directions, engaged in relieving and saving persons and property. Some of the people were wading about, up to their waists, or arm pits. The water stood from four to six feet deep over the town with the exception of two or three acres that constituted the old Plaza, between I and J and Eighth and Ninth streets. This was occupied by women and children, cows, pigs, chickens, household goods and the like. Everybody appeared to be in good spirits and treated the matter as a huge joke. The water began to subside in about thirty-six hours, when things soon assumed their normal condition. While it was at flood tide, however, I hired a boatmen to row me three miles to Brighton, past Sutter's fort, where I took a conveyance to my ranch on the Consumnes.

The great flood of '53 occurred during my absence in the States. A San Francisco paper of January 1, 1853, contained the following account of it: "The present winter is conceded to be the most severe experienced in this country since it has been populated by Americans. During the last fortnight it has been raining continually in the mountains and valleys and we are daily in the receipt of accounts of disasters and suffering in all parts of the State. The waters have been unusually high, and communication through the mining regions almost entirely cut off, either by snow or overflowed streams. The rivers have been swelled to such an extent as to inundate all the low lands, causing immense damage, destroying stock and agricultural products. Marysville and Sacramento are partly inundated. Although Sacramento is well protected by a levee, the lower portions are submerged. On the mountain streams the loss of mining implements has been great and all work for the present is suspended. Bridges have been swept away and ferries destroyed and some few lives lost. The flood has been universal and the waters higher than in the memorable winter of 1849. The great scarcity of provisions and the consequent high prices have occasioned much suffering and distress already and it is feared that many will actually die of starvation. Many miners subsist entirely upon beef and potatoes, while in other portions of the mines there are hundreds who have nothing at all but barley and potatoes. In portions of Yuba and Sierra counties the snow was already ten feet deep and still falling and the miners reduced to absolute want. In one place they held a meeting and forced a trader to sell what flour he had on hand at forty-five cents a

pound and all who were able to leave did so, thus leaving the provisions for those who were unable to find their way through the snow to the valleys. In some places cabins were entirely covered with snow and the roofs of many have been crushed in, thus cutting off the last chance of protection. It is not improbable that some may perish by starvation. A few days since we were visited with a terrible southeast gale which prevailed for two days. Several light tenements were blown down and some injury done to the shipping in the harbor. For a day or two communication by stage with San Jose was cut off owing to the sudden rise in the intermediate streams."

In 1852 destructive fires occurred in various parts of California. The greater portion of the City of Sacramento was laid in ashes by a conflagration on the night of November 2, 1852. The San Francisco Herald gave, at the time, the following account. "At 11 o'clock in the evening, a fire broke out on "J" street, near the corner of Fourth. The inspectors were counting the votes for the Presidential electors and State officials, while a numerous crowd were awaiting the decision of the Judges, so that no time was lost in delay. With astonishing rapidity the fire spread from building to building, up, down and across the street in five minutes. The Crescent City Hotel, on the opposite side of the street, was in flames, and being of inflammable material and of large size, sent the fiery torrent in every direction. The fire swept clean both sides the street until it reached Eighth. For a time the superhuman exertions put forth seemed to check, and it was hoped would entirely subdue the fire. The boom of the powder like artillery that was deposited

in every building by the hook and ladder boys was deemed the signal for the arrest and staying of the flames on this line. In vain, however; the wind heretofore blowing towards the levee, increased to a gale and changed to the north, thus turning the fire broadside on, and in five minutes it had spread to "M" street. That portion of the city was built in 1849 entirely of wood and was as combustible as powder. At this time W. R. McCall & Co.'s building caught on the roof, sealing the fate of all to the levee, the entire length of the city; the flames extended, soon wrapping the Orleans hotel. The building all around were blown up with the rapidity of magic, carts standing ready with 25-pound kegs of powder each. The "Union" office next fell; the proprietors saving two presses, type and paper sufficient for a few days' supply. The families on the line below K street were busy removing their valuables and furniture when the flames crossed the brick barrier and swept with remorseless fury down and across, licking with its forked tongue from street to alley, apparently shriveling the wooden buildings with a single breath. The inmates of the hospital, seventy in number, were taken in season to the levee, and from thence to a suitable house by Drs. Briarly and Williams. The city market filled with hay and the hospital were the last on the line of the fire; the citizens effectually stopped its further progress. The number of lives ascertained to be lost were six, while many were seriously injured and are under the care of physicians, on board steamers, some of whom may die. Every assistance possible was proffered by the captains and agents of the steamers, whose vessels were soon crowded with females."

When I viewed the site of the city at 5 A. M., when the fire had nearly ceased, the smouldering embers were throwing up huge clouds of smoke and lurid flashes, bringing a feeling of desolation to the hearts of all who witnessed the sickening sight. The losses were estimated at $5,000,000.

On the evening of the 4th of May, 1851, a great fire occurred in San Francisco.

"In less than five minutes after the dreadful cry of fire the whole city was illumined by the lurid glare of the flames. The entire force of the fire department were promptly on the spot with their apparatus and put into the most effective service. Fortunately for the lower part of the city, there was but little air stirring and a slight misty rain had fallen during the day and evening, which checked the tendency of the fire to spread towards the bay. Had it not been for this the mass of sparks falling upon the roofs of the frame buildings on the east side of Montgomery street must have extended it to the whole lower part of the city. These buildings were covered with men provided with wet blankets, buckets of water and everything necessary to extinguish the flames should they communicate to the roofs. The records of the different courts in the old City Hall on the east side of the Plaza were removed, but thrown into the utmost confusion. In the midst of the excitement a gentleman well known to the community as the former keeper of the Sacramento House, rushed to the scene of the disaster and shortly afterwards returned to his place of business. He was immediately seized with alarming symptoms and in a few moments breathed his last. Pronounced by his physicians to having been caused by congestion

of the brain induced by undue exertion and excitement. The losses sustained were estimated at $7,000,000."

Other destructive fires occurred at Marysville, Sonora, Stockton, San Diego and in the agricultural districts; an immense amount of property, being destroyed. In the cites the damage was repaired with astonishing rapidity, but some individuals were utterly ruined, the results of years of labor being swept away in a single night.

CHAPTER XX.

FOES, FRUITS AND PROGRESS.

The year 1855 was known as the grasshopper year. At times the light of the sun was obscured by clouds of "hoppers" filling the atmosphere. Their appearance continued for several weeks, and during the time nearly every green thing was eaten or destroyed by them. Grain fields and fruit trees in many instances were ruined. The course of their flight was westward and they finally disappeared in the ocean. One curious feature during their appearance was that they became the food supply of the Indians. The Indians would dig funnel shaped holes, to the depth of two or three feet in the earth, when bucks, women and children would form extended lines, and with willow bushes and old sacks drive the "hoppers" into the holes. Then they would fill their sacks and carry them to their rancheries for food. They were regarded as a great luxury, to be eaten raw, cooked, or dried. It was a curious sight to watch them, day after day gather sack's full in that manner at my ranch on the Consumnes.

It has been suggested that grasshoppers (a species of locust) eaten with wild honey, was what constituted the diet of John the Baptist while sojourning in

the wilderness. However, what we eat is largely a matter of taste, habit, or education.

Sometimes, at certain seasons of the year, a green worm, two or three inches in length, made its appearance in great numbers. These were gathered up and eaten by the Diggers. It was hard to determine which was most appreciated, the "hoppers" or the worms.

These Indians were very poor material for missionary work. They seemed incapable of making any progress towards a better or higher condition of life, physical or spiritual. Neither precept or example changed or impressed them in the least degree. If any advance is ever made by them towards civilization it will be by taking them in training schools. After fifty years of missionary labor in forcing with the whip, the stocks, and the fetters, they sank back into their original condition of vice, ignorance and degradation.

For half a century or more the padres pursued a system of oppression, under the name of christianity, that depopulated the country of its primitive inhabitants without leaving any testimonials of benefits conferred. The commonest needs of civilized life were not supplied them to mitigate the rigors of despotism. Humanity lost nothing by the close of the so-called patriarchal age on the Pacific Coast.

The highest intelligence, or, more properly, cunning displayed by these savages, is in trying to obtain sufficient food to supply nature's demands. When acorns and other similar foods fail, they have a method of stalking deer or antelope that is very successful. An Indian will clothe himself in the skin, head, and horns of a deer, and so well imitate the form and motion of one of these animals as to deceive the most timid and

cautious among them. In this disguise he would enter a herd and shoot the unsuspecting animals with arrows until a wounded one would put the rest to flight.

Having no boats but such as they made from bullrushes, the Indians were expert swimmers, and with a bunch of dried grass or rushes floating on the water and concealing their heads, they would float among the water fowl and, taking them by the feet, would pull them under water, wring their necks, and tuck their heads under a belt worn about the waist. They would continue this game until they had satisfied their wants and return to land without disturbing the balance of the flock.

Bear and bull fights, in those early days, were the chief amusements of the miners and other whites, and always transpired on Sunday, as that was the day usually set apart for relaxation from ordinary labor, whether mining or ranching. Washing garments, cooking or playing cards was the general order of the day. During my first two years in California no opportunity was presented to attend religious services of any kind, with one notable exception. A professed minister of the gospel put in an appearance at our mining camp near Hangtown, and after delivering a short discourse passed the hat and received a liberal contribution from the small crowd of listeners. A short distance a game of three card monte was being played behind a big pine tree and it was said that the preacher and the gambler were seen to meet soon after and divide the proceeds from each little enterprise. In my individual case I have never failed to treat everything of a religious nature with respect and reverence, and I ever felt an abhorrence of every kind of dissi-

pation. Profanity, gambling, drunkenness, and kindred vices are not only disgusting but ruinous. It "doesn't pay." Better a healthy, vigorous old age and a clear conscience than the memory of scores of so-called "good times."

In the cities, on Sunday, very little change was observed from all other days of the week, except that the gambling houses and places of amusement were more liberally patronized. While there were many drinking places, drunkenness was of rare occurrence.

In the spring of 1852 a bear and bull fight was advertised to take place at Brighton race track, three miles from Sacramento. I attended, paying my dollar for a safe seat in the pavilion, in which also were many lady spectators. A large cage on wheels had been drawn up in front of the stand, which contained the grizzly, while a small strong pen held the fierce-looking Spanish bull with long, sharp horns, apparently capable of penetrating an oak plank. A number of well-mounted Spanish vaqueros had charge of the animals. A chain had already been attached to the fore leg of the bear and hung out at the rear end of the cage. By means of the lassos the bull was brought sufficiently near to attach the chain also to his fore leg, when the door was raised and Mr. Bear was introduced to his opponent. The bull, having had his nose cut with a knife, so that the blood trickled into his mouth and nostrils, was becoming desperate and roared continually. The grizzly walked around his enemy, seeming reluctant to begin the fight. The bull stood for a moment with bowed head, blood in his eye and uttering deep moans. With a rush, such as only a Spanish bull can make, he plunged his sharp horns

into the tough shaggy coat of the grizzly, but bounded back as if bruin had been a ball of rubber. After a few plunges and passes from the bull, and scratches or heavy blows from the paws of the bear, with roar and growl they grappled with each other, bruin dodging the sharp points of the bull's horns, and, as he rolled upon his back, embracing the neck of his antagonist in his powerful arms. By a few desperate plunges the bull released himself from the bear's hold, while he bled profusely from the effect of his claws. This only seemed to increase his rage, and, nerved to desperation he, in an unguarded moment, charged upon bruin, causing a wound in his side from which the blood flowed freely. The bear's courage now seemed to fail, and in an attempt to get away, he severed the chain by which they were bound together. In a moment the crowd of men and boys that had formed a large circle around the combatants scattered, giving the bear a free passageway to a large live oak standing at no great distance in the race track. He climbed the tree some twenty or thirty feet, and laid himself out on one of the large branches, whereupon one of the vaqueros threw a lasso over his head and taking one or two turns around the horn of his saddle jerked him from his perch. Another soon had a rope around one of his hind legs, and when the well trained horses pulled in opposite directions he was made harmless and powerless. The two animals were chained together again, but the fight was soon over, the bear crawling as far under the building as the length of his chain would permit. The bull was declared the winner, but both were pretty severely injured. The grizzly weighed about 1000 pounds. In some instances griz-

zlies have been known to weigh as much as 2000 pounds. They are caught by the lasso and trapping. The only serious result of the fight I have described was the disemboweling of one of the most valuable horses, as the rider came too near the sharp horns of the infuriated bull. He was led across the race track and shot.

In the early days grizzlies, and other species of bear, elk and mountain sheep were very numerous, but they have now almost entirely disappeared. Many desperate fights occurred between the hunters and wounded grizzlies. I have seen numerous instances where men were crippled for life from the encounters.

The following adventure of two or three prospectors on their way to the mines was related by one of them: "About half way up the gulch a loud braying, followed by a fierce growl, attracted our attention and in a few minutes a frightened mule, closely pursued by an enormous grizzly bear, descended the hillside within forty yards of where we stood leaning on our rifles. As the bear reached the road, Higgins, with his usual quickness and intrepidity, fired, and an unearthly yell from the now infuriated animal told the shot was with effect. The mule in the interval had crossed the road and was now scampering away towards the plains and bruin, finding himself robbed of his prey, turned upon us. I leveled my rifle and gave him the contents with hearty good will, but the wounds he had received only served to exasperate the monster, who now made towards us with rapid strides. Deeming prudence the better part of valor we ran with all convenient speed in the direction of the camp, within a hundred yards of which my foot became entangled in the underbrush

and I fell headlong upon the earth. In another instant I should have fallen a victim to old bruin's rage, but a well directed ball from my companion's rifle entered his brain and arrested his career. The whole party now came to my assistance and soon dispatched Mr. Grizzly. Dragging him to camp we made a hearty supper from his fat ribs and as I had probably been more frightened than either of the two I claimed as an indemnity his skin, which protected me afterwards from the damp ground many a cold night. He was a monstrous fellow, measuring four feet in height, and six in length, and a stroke from his huge paw would—had he caught us—have entirely dissipated the golden dreams of Higgins and myself."

When I came to the coast, California was a pastoral country in its broadest sense. Tools, and agricultural implements used by the natives were of the rudest and most primitive kind. A forked limb of a tree with a strap of iron fastened on one end of the fork was the only kind of a plow in use and this was drawn in a "criss cross" fashion over a patch of ground (on which to raise peppers and "frijoles") by either one or two Mexican steers, with a stout stick lashed by strips of rawhide to the forehead in place of a yoke. Rawhide material was also used to take the place of chains. The "carreta," a two-wheeled cart with solid wheels of wood, was the only vehicle used.

The Mexican would attach his lasso to the tail of a dried rawhide, and with the other end wrapped around the horn of his saddle, would draw his wife and children to the fandango, possibly a mile away. I have often seen the Mexicans, with a well-trained bronco,

draw a dead beef steer along the ground in the same manner.

In '51-'52 fine argicultural implements of American manufacture were imported, and agricultural pursuits on a broad scale were inaugurated by Yankee enterprise. Seed grain commanded exorbitant prices. I paid fifteen cents a pound for seed barley in '52, and in '54 my crop was estimated at 7,000 bushels. About one-third of that amount only was obtained, the decrease being the result of the grasshopper invasion.

From small beginnings California rapidly advanced to become one of the largest grain and fruit producing States in the Union. The total wheat crop in one year has exceeded thirty million bushels, and a corresponding amount of other cereals, all of a superior quality. The California wheat and barley are produced upon land that is free from all obstructions, where the gang-plow can run uninterruptedly over hundreds of thousands of acres. The fruit industry surpasses that of any country in the world. The climate and soil of the State are so diversified that every variety of fruit produced in the temperate and almost tropical zones may be found here. Over seventeen thousand carloads of citrus fruit of the finest quality grown in any country were shipped in 1900. The previous year, twenty-six thousand carloads of deciduous fruit were sent out of the State. The total horticultural and agricultural products shipped in the year 1898, including wines and brandy, was fifty-six thousand one hundred and forty-nine carloads. I quote from the report of the State Board of Trade.

Sheep have numbered nearly seven million; the annual production of wool reaching fifty-six million five

hundred thousand dollars. The olive industry in the United States is almost entirely confined to California, and has become quite an important branch of ou. ho ticulture. The first olive trees were planted in California when the Spanish "fathers," under Junipero Serra, located the first mission at Old San Diego in 1769. There were some three hundred trees planted at that time, and they still bear a full crop of fruit every year. From that orchard nearly all the olive trees now growing in California were propagated. Unfortunately but few of the old pioneers that laid the foundation of all these industries are now living to witness the magnificent results of their labor and sacrifices. Their mantels, however, have fallen upon many noble sons and daughters, who can be depended upon to perpetuate the institutions and industries, and uphold the honor of this imperial State, aided by the increasing population from the older States, who are of exceptional intelligence and enterprise.

The largest and most productive grapevine in the world is in California, at Montecito, Santa Barbara county. In 1765 Senora Dominguez, then a little girl, was making a journey on horseback towards her home. She had in her hand, for a whip, a grapevine. After riding awhile she observed the vine was budding in her hand, and, upon her arrival at home, she planted it. It grew and today is fresh and vigorous, although it has entered its second hundredth year. From this single sprig has grown a stem one foot and a half in diameter, with innumerable branches and off-shoots covering an area of one hundred and twenty feet in length, eighty feet in width and producing four tons of grapes annually. This vine and its product were for almost a

century the chief support and shelter of its planter. For one hundred years Senora Dominguez lived beneath the hospitable shade of this vine, and on the 9th day of May, 1865, at the advanced age of one hundred and five years, and just one hundred years from the time she had planted it, surrounded by over three hundred of her offspring in children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great great grandchildren, she passed away, leaving her generous vine still fresh and vigorous. The great growth and productiveness of this vine is attributed by some to the fact that its roots are watered by an adjacent mineral spring.

In no State in the Union can it so truthfully be said that every one can sit under 'his own vine and fig tree" and enjoy the fruit of his labor, as in California. The rude, early home of the farmer has been replaced by one of elgance, comfort and luxury. Waving fields of grain, thrifty orchards and vineyards, an infinite variety of flowers and clustering roses, lend a sweet charm to peaceful homes, where musical voices of happy children cheer and bless the declining years of the pioneer and his wife, and the ripening fruits, bountiful harvests and genial climate, crown with success the labors of the tiller of the soil. Year after year the agricultural and horticultural area of the State has widened and the erroneous views of the early settlers respecting its capabilities have gradually disappeared.

In the early settlement of California, cattle were introduced from Spain and Mexico. They soon multiplied and in great herds roamed the hills and valleys as wild as deer. They were used only for beef and for their hides and tallow, which, for many years before the settlement of the country by Americans, formed

the chief exports. Whole herds were slaughtered in the field and the carcasses left where the animals were slain. These cattle resembled wild beasts more than domestic animals. They were of various colors, with large dark circles around the eyes and nostrils; lank as greyhounds and fleet as deer. Their horns were immense, sometimes measuring six or eight feet from tip to tip. As all the herders and vaqueros were always mounted, the cattle not being accustomed to seeing a man on foot, would, if they chanced to see one, encircle and attack him with great fury. A friend, crossing the plains east of Sacramento, on his way to the mines with his blankets on his back, was pursued by a band of Spanish cattle and only saved himself by jumping down a steep bank and disappearing from sight just as the herd were upon him. There he had to remain until nightfall before continuing his journey. I myself, on one occasion, had a very narrow escape from death by being pierced by the sharp horns of an infuriated animal. I was wearing a red scarf (such as was universally worn in those days), leggings, and large Spanish spurs. I had alighted from the mule I was riding, and before I could regain my saddle, the brute was upon me. Fortunately my toe caught in one of my spurs, and I was thrown to the ground on one side, when, possibly, a yard only intervened between us. Before the animal coud slacken his speed and return, I was safe in the saddle. Then I began to feel frightened as I realized my narrow escape.

A general "rodeo," or round-up," took place once a year, in order that the owner of every unmarked animal might imprint his "brand" upon it. There were few corrals in those days, so, several of the vaqueros would encircle the band of cattle, while one of their

number would mount his fleet, well-trained animal and make his way into the middle of the herd, hunting for unbranded stock. Swinging his riata, the vaquero would seek to lasso the chosen animal, while the herd would race away, bellowing, pawing and raising clouds of dust. When the animal was caught in the loop by the horns, neck, or foot, it was led to the branding place and the hot iron pressed deep upon the hip or shoulder.

Lassoing grizzly bears was attended with some danger, but the Mexican vaquero feared nothing when armed with the riata and mounted upon his sturdy and well-trained horse. Generally three or more, thus armed, would scour the gulches and mountain sides until they found their game, which soon would find itself snared with two or three rawhide ropes, one end of each fast to the saddle pommel, and the horses drawing in opposite directions. Thus, half strangled, leaping and biting at the riata, the bear was caught around the legs by the other riders, and either killed by the hunter's knife or led captive to the rancho, there eventually to play his part in the "bear and bull fight" for the delectation of the crowd.

In the early days of California beef was sold by the yard ,and this custom still prevails in Lower California and other Spanish-American countries. The meat is cut into long strips and hung on trees to dry. No salt is put upon it. After it is thoroughly cured, which, in the pure, dry atmosphere of California, is rapidly accomplished, it is coiled up like a rope and carried on the pommel of the saddle, upon the long journeys of the vaquero, for food, or to market. Such were the customs and conditions of the country when the pion

eers of 49-50 reached this coast. But we live in an age of progression and development. During the past fifty years, since California became a State, inventions and new discoveries have been multiplied more than in all the preceding years since the beginning of the Christian era. The lightning that Franklin attempted to bottle up at the end of a kite string, has been brought to do duty in nearly all industrial avocations among men. Every important item of news is now flashed by that subtile power to the most distant parts of the globe. Instead of the whale oil lamp and tallow candle in use fifty years ago, gas, kerosene oil, and electricity illuminate every home, all public buildings, and the streets, highways and byways of every town and city in all civilized lands. The hand loom, spinning wheel, and distaff of our mothers are superseded by millions of spindles and the most wonderful machinery for manufacturing the coarsest as well as the most delicate fabric. From the old lumbering stage coach of our early days, we have the palace car, with a speed of sixty miles an hour, crossing the continent in three days, instead of five months with the pack mule and "prairie schooner." During the boyhood of us pioneers very few stoves were in use. Instead of the fireplace with the forestick and the back log, and irons, the crane and hooks, whereon our mothers hung the pot for puddings and bean porridge, we have today stoves, constructed in the highest style of art to be used not only with coal and wood, but also with gas, coal oil and electricity. In our youth there were no envelopes, steel or gold pens; the goose quill alone was used for writing purposes. There were no matches. Coals of fire sometimes had to be obtained from a near

neighbor in the absence of the "steel, flint and punk," to build the fire each morning in the old red or log school house, where the desks were supported by pegs driven in the wall, and long benches were used for seats, and where the birch and ruler took the place of moral suasion. Since our pioneer days steamships have largely taken the place of sailing vessels. Our nation has increased in population from twenty to eighty millions. Two great wars have been waged and slavery abolished throughout the Union. The Remington, Springfield and Mauser rifles have taken the place of the muzzle loader with a flint lock that had to be primed from the powder horn, and sometimes would flash in the pan. Our flag, the emblem of freedom, floats over millions of our fellowmen in distant lands and islands of the sea, to lead them on and up to a better and nobler condition of physical and intellectual life. But little more than a half century ago the vast region between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean, acquired by treaty from Mexico, was almost as little known as the heart of Africa. Hunters and trappers told wonderful stories of personal adventures in the mountains and in California, described as "a land of enchantment, where it was always spring and summer, the rivers choked with salmon and the plains swarming with game." Farnham's "Travels in California," published in 1844, was considered as the exponent of all that was then known of the interior of California. He said, "it was a wilderness of groves and lawns, broken by deep and rich ravines. Along the ocean is a world of vegetable beauty, on the mountain sides are the mightiest trees of the earth, on the heights are the eternal snows lighted by volcanic fires.

Vast herds of wild horse and elk are met with in all parts of it. The noble elk is hunted by the Spaniards for his hide and tallow. These people go out in large companies, with fleet horses, and lasso them as they do bullocks near the coast. The grizzly bear inhabits the mountain sides and upper vales; these are so numerous, fat and large that a common sized ship might be laden with oil from the hunt of a single season. The streams everywhere divide the country into beautiful glades and savannahs, which, when the leaves are falling, and the grape hangs in the greatest profusion on the limbs, when the deep red flowers of autumn dot the grassy fields and birds sing their melancholy hymns to the dying year, give the finest picture that the mind can conceive of a beautiful wilderness. The rushing waters sweep along the heights bordered with evergreen forests, like fairy paths of olden tales, rich glories to behold; beauty reposing in the lap of the giant mountains to whom the sounding streams give music, the mountain dews give jewels, and the wild flowers, incense—a land of the wildest enchantment. This land will become hereafter one of the most enchanting abodes of men, a sweet valley for the growth of a happy and enlightened population, a lovely spot where the farm house—that temple of the virtues—may lift its rude chimney among the myrrh trees." Such were the prophetic utterances of Mr. Farnham a little more than fifty years ago, after visiting this coast, but his horoscope was undoubtedly cast down the vista of the future several centuries before anticipating its realization. But this golden, imperial State is today enjoying the full fruition of Mr. Farnham's finely expressed forecast concerning the future of the little known

"wilderness," comprising that far distant "Land near the Setting Sun," known as California.

There is no State in the Union that has provided better educational facilities, from the kindergarten to the university, than the State of California. The public school system of the State is built upon the most advanced methods and receives generous support. Teachers must hold certificates obtainable only upon examination or possession of university diplomas. High schools are provided by law and most of the teachers in these are college graduates. One of the functions of these schools is to prepare students for college courses, and they thus become the link connecting the common school with the university. There are five State Normal Schools, which, like the common and high schools, are free, the Legislature having provided for their support. They are located at Chico, San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles and San Diego. The pioneers of the State laid the foundation of that splendid university at Berkeley by giving it a large landed endowment, obtained from the national government, which has made it one of the leading institutions of learning in the United States. The course of study embraces law, medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, and veterinary science in what is known as Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco. The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton are constituent parts of the university. The great Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, presided over by David Starr Jordan, ranks high among the great educational institutions of the world. With its twenty million dollars endowment, it will no doubt realize the lofty aspirations of its founder and his noble wife, who

is making its success her life work. One of the finest institutions of the State is the Throop Polytechnic Institute at Pasadena, for fitting young men and women for the practical duties of life. In all its appointments to effectually carry out the noble objects of its founder, it is unexcelled by any similar institution in the United States. Located within a block from Throop Institute is the Pasadena Public Library, a splendid stone building which cost about $40,000. It was built by the people of Pasadena; and on its shelves are 16,000 well-selected volumes. The City of Los Angeles, with its splendid universities, normal and high schools, offers educational facilities second to no city of like population.

The city of Redlands, with a population of about 5000, has a public library building costing $60,000, including the beautiful park in which it stands, and was presented to the city by A. K. Smiley, one of its most enterprising and philanthropic citizens. The library contains nearly 6000 volumes. The city is noted for beauty and location, the refinement of its citizens, and social, educational and religious advantages.

California has given expression to the religious sentiment everywhere found in the United States in the establishment of church organizations. Church property is valued at about twelve million dollars, which compares favorably with the older states. The situation is well stated by one of the regents of the State Universities. "Concerning the spirit of religion in California, there is nothing peculiar, unless we take into consideration the conditions of the early American occupation of the country. As a broad, general fact, men are governed by their habits more than by

PUBLIC LIBRARY, REDLANDS, CAL.

their principles. In the face of this great moral fact California society presents a most striking instance of the superiority of man's moral and religious sentiment, without parallel in the history of our own or any other country. Far away on a lonely shore, to which all men of all races and tribes fled like birds of prey to their quarry, there has been established a state founded on justice, freedom and truth. The people of California are inclined to attach less importance to accurately formulated religion, and trust more to the great primary principles of manhood, honor, justice and kindness according to common sense, right, reason and simple truth."

The call of suffering humanity has found a generous response through legislative bodies, and perhaps no state in the Union has so many benevolent institutions as has California in proportion to her population; and yet taxation is not burdensome, and the management of these public and charitable institutions show an intelligence and wise economy of which the state may feel proud. He would not be far from the truth to say that nearly every adult male citizen belongs to one or more secret orders, clubs or societies, many of which also admit women to their ranks. These are non-political and non-sectarian—devoted to fraternity and charity. Many of them embody life insurance as part of their objects. Their teachings are chiefly based upon the Bible and traditions of sacred history. There can be no doubt but that they exert a helpful influence upon society.

I have briefly referred in my narrative to the devotion, patience and fortitude of woman under the most adverse and trying circumstances on the plains

and amid all the discouragements of pioneer life. These facts cannot be too strongly emphasized. We pioneers used to wonder if even the minority of women appreciate the amount of influence they may exert for good in the home sphere for which Heaven specially designed us as well as them. Woman and home! How naturally the two words are blended! It is the true woman who makes the home, who gives it all its brightness and charm. How the presence of a gentle, refined woman changes all the rough aspects of daily life. Her love, her tendencies, her care, transform everything. Let the mother die and the home dies with her. It is the mother who molds the men of the future, and through them shapes the destiny of the nation. It is better to be the mother of noble men and women than to be Senator, President, or enjoy any political office than woman suffrage could bestow.

In a remote mining camp, towards the head waters of the Feather River, in 1851, a man and his wife, from Kane county, Illinois, appeared one day and erected a small tent for a temporary home. The news quickly spread that a woman was in camp, and early on the following morning, as soon as their toilets could be made, a score of anxious and hardy miners assembled outside that tent and respectfully asked the husband the privilege of seeing his wife as they had not seen a white woman for many months. The request was cheerfully complied with. She pleasantly came out and stood upon a convenient boulder so that all could plainly see her. The delightful miners doffed their sombreroes and gave her three hearty cheers. One of them then called for cheers for "home, mother, and "the girl I left behind me." They were given

with a will. This episode and the presence of the woman cheered and lightened their labors for many a day thereafter.

Prior to the occupation of California by the Americans, not a school existed in the whole country, except those maintained by the Padre for the conversion of the Indians. The first American school was established by a Mr. Marsten, at San Francisco, in 1847, he being the first "Yankee school-master" in California. In the fall of that year the citizens of that "pueblo" organized a public school and erected a small one story school house, which subsequently served for a church, where was first preached the Protestant religion in California. The following October, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pelton opened a private school, which in April, 1850, was made a public school, and Mr. Pelton and his wife were employed as the teachers at a monthly salary of five hundred dollars.

The first newspaper published in California was at Monterey, by Messrs. Colton and Semple, August, 1864. It was called "The Californian." The first weekly paper started in San Francisco was published by Samuel Brannan and called the "California Star." The "Union" was the first paper published in Sacramento, and in 1851 was edited by B. F. Washington. In 1847 the "Californian" was transferel from Monterey to San Francisco.

In January, 1847, San Francisco had a population of four hundred and fifty-nine persons. On April 15th, 1838, the first white child was born at Yerba-Buena (Good Herb), now San Francisco, and the city began its history.

CHAPTER XXI.

LEGENDS AND EARLY HISTORY.

The origin of the name "California," has been a fruitful subject of discussion by writers, both of the past and present centuries, all of whom fail to give any positive data or circumstance to support the various theories regarding it; and as the most searching investigation has failed to clearly define the origin of the name some of the opinions regarding the subject may be given. It is claimed that the name was first found in a small volume of romance published in Spain in 1510, entitled, "The Sergas of Esplandian, the Son of Amadis of Gaul." The following extracts from this comparatively ancient book will show how the name occurred.

"Know that on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called California, very near the Terrestrial Paradise, which was peopled by black women, without any men among them, because they were accustomed to live after the manner of the Amazons. They were of strong and hardened bodies, of ardent courage and of great force. The island was the strongest in the world from its steep rocks and great cliffs. Their arms were all of gold and so were the caparisons of the wild beasts they rode."

"In the island called California are many griffins on account of the great savageness of the country and the immense quantity of wild game to be found there."

As the name originated, however before civilized man had beheld the land, before Cortez had invaded Mexico, Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean, or Magellan first navigated its waters, it is supposed that the name California originated in the brain of the novelist mentioned above. Centuries before the discovery of the American continent and while the early navigators of Europe made slow and tedious voyages to the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, the stories of the discoveries of distant lands and strange people constituted much of the romantic and fabulous tales related about the "Terrestrial Paradise," and the "Land of Gold," their marvelous wonders and strange peoples. The Spanish novelist already quoted, assured his readers that the imaginary animal, the griffin—half lion and half eagle—which was supposed to watch over mines of gold and hidden treasure had its abode in California. To show the absurdities of these early times and the notions of the people respecting this then unexplored land, the following extracts are given from the records of some of the early-explorers of the South Pacific, who had worked up their imaginations respecting the fabled Land of Gold. One writer, describing the dangers of the seas, says: "The crew and passengers consume their provisions and then die miserably. Many vessels have been lost in this way: but the people have learned to save themselves from this fate by the following contrivance: they take bullocks' hides along with them, and whenever this storm rises they sew themselves up in the hides, tak-

ing care to have a knife in their hand; and being secure against the sea-water, they throw themselves into the ocean. Here they are soon perceived by a large eagle called a griffin which takes them for cattle, darts down and seizes them in his grip, and carries them upon dry land where he deposits his burden upon a hill or in a dale there to consume his prey. The man, however, now makes use of his knife to kill the bird and creeps forth from his hide. Many people have been saved by this strategem."

Another traveler, writing of the strange lands he had visited in this region of the world, says: "In one of these islands are people of great stature like giants, hideous to look upon, and they have but one eye which is in the middle of the forehead, and they eat nothing but raw flesh and fish." "And in another isle toward the south dwell people of cursed nature who have no head, but their eyes are in their shoulders. And in another isle there are dwarfs which have no mouth, but instead they have a little round hole through which they take their food and drink by means of a pipe or pen or something by sucking it in. Many other diverse people of diverse natures there are in other isles and lands there about."

That California was the land mentioned by the novelist in 1510, cannot be doubted, as it was considered an island and placed upon the maps as such until the Viceroy of Spain, in 1686 (more than one hundred and fifty years after Cortez), visited the country and discovered and reported it to be a part of the main land of the continent of America. I have chosen from what is regarded as the most authentic and reliable historical accounts obtainable of the early

discoveries and explorations on the Pacific Coast. Errors may exist in the records of these pioneer adventurers, but in the main they are no doubt truthful. Such explorers as Drake, Magellan, and Capt. Cook and some of the more enterprising of the Latin race, were men of high character, and were accompanied by scientific men to record all observations worthy of note. The first explorations of the Pacific Coast of North America were made by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. After Hernando Cortez had completed the conquest of Mexico, he commenced exploring the adjacent seas and countries, no doubt with the hope of discovering lands richer than those he had conquered, and which would afford new fields for the exercise of his daring enterprise and undaunted perseverance.

He employed vessels in surveying the coast of the Mexican Gulf and of the Atlantic more northerly. Vessels were built upon the Pacific Coast for like purposes, two of which, as early as 1526, were sent to the East Indies. The first expedition of the Spaniards sent along the western coast of Mexico was conducted by an officer under Cortez. He sailed from the mouth of the Zacutula River, in July, 1528, and was six months engaged in surveying the shores from his starting place to the mouth of the Santiago River, a hundred leagues farther northwest. The territory he visited was then called Talisco, and was inhabited by fierce tribes of men who had never been conquered by the Mexicans. When the expedition returned, Cortez was in Spain, whether he had gone to have his title and powers more clearly defined. He returned in 1530 with full power to make discoveries and con

quests upon the western coast of Mexico. The country claimed by Cortez for Spain was the southeast portion of the peninsula which was afterwards called California. An expedition commanded by Francisco de Ulloa was sent out by Cortez, sailing from Acapulco, on the 8th of July, 1539. It reached the Bay of Santa Cruz after losing one of the vessels in a storm. From Santa Cruz, Ulloa started to survey the coast toward the north. Upon the examination of both shores of the Gulf of California he discovered the fact of the connection of the peninsula with the mainland near the thirty-secand degree of latitude. This gulf Ulloa named "the sea of Cortez." The following October he returned to Santa Cruz and soon sailed again with the object of exploring the coasts farther west. He rounded the point now called Cape St. Lucas, the southern extremity of the peninsula of Lower California, and sailed along the coast towards the north. His vessels were opposed by northwestern storms and he often landed and fought with the natives. In January, 1840, Ulloa reached an island near the coast which he named the "Isle of Cedars." There he remained until April, when one of his ships, bearing the sick, and accounts of his discoveries, was sent back to Mexico. Some writers assert that he continued his voyage farther north, while others claim that nothing more was ever heard of Ulloa after the return of the vessel he sent back.

Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan friar, and a Moor, had been sent by the Spanish Viceroy, to make further discoveries in the interior, and had sent home glowing accounts of rich and delightful countries which they claimed to have discovered. Mendoza, who had

succeeded Cortez as Viceroy, believing the accounts of the friars to be true, prepared an expedition for the conquest of the countries described. One body of troops was sent by land and another by water. The marine expedition was undertaken by two ships under the command of Fernando de Alascon, who proceeded along the west coast of the Gulf of California and reached the northern limit where he discovered the river now called the Colorado. He ascended that river some eighty leagues and then returned to Mexico. The land forces were commanded by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. Coronado followed the course described by the friar as easy, but he found it almost impassable. His forces made their way over mountains, deserts and rivers, until they reached the long looked for seven cities of Cibola (now known to be the Indian pueblos of Zuni), and found a half cultivated region, thinly peopled and destitute of wealth and civilization. The Spaniards took possession of the country and wanted to remain and settle there, but Coronado refused to acquiesce, and, naming one of the towns he visited "Granada," he started for the northwest in search of other countries. After wandering through the interior for nearly two years, reaching as far as the Missouri River, across Kansas, Coronado returned to Mexico disappointed and disheartened in 1542.

In 1542 two vessels, under the command of Juan Roderiguez Cabrillo, rounded Cape St. Lucas, and proceeded northwest along the coast as far as 38 degrees and finally took refuge in a harbor of one of the Santa Barbara islands. There Cabrillo died and the com-

mand devolved upon one Ferrelo, who proceeded to sail north, and in February reached a promontory or head land which he named Stormy Cape. This promontory was the most northern portion of California visited by that navigator, and it is probably the same now called Cape Mendocino.

The Spaniards ceased to explore the northwest coast for some time after the return of Ferrelo to Mexico in 1543.

The first English navigator who visited California was Sir Francis Drake, in the Spring of 1579, and he landed on the shores of a bay, supposed to be that of San Francisco, the first vessel that ever passed through the Golden Gate. He formally took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth and called it New Albion. He left California on the 22d of July, 1579.

Drake sailed from England in the year 1577, with a fleet of small vessels to cruise against the Spaniards in the South Seas, as the Pacific Ocean was then called. His own flagship, the PELICAN—afterwards known as the GOLDEN HIND,—a small ship of one hundred tons, was the only one of his squadron that entered the Bay of San Francisco, the others having been abandoned, lost or turned back, unable to endure the storms encountered in the passage. The year following his departure from England found him in the vicinity of Panama, freighted with plunder taken from the Spanish, and anxious to find his way home with his treasure. He feared to return by the route he came, lest he should be waylaid in the Straits of Magellan by his enemies, or fall a victim to the storms that had

been so disastrous to his companions. He resolved, therefore, in order to "avoyde these hazards, to go forward to the islands of the Malucos and then hence to Layle, the course of the Portugals by the Cape of Buena Esperance."

"Upon this resolution he began to think of his best way to the Malucos, and finding himself where he was now becalmed, he saw that of necessitie he must be forced to a Spanish course, namly to sayle somewhat northerly to get a winde. We, therefore, set sayle and sayled six hundred leagues at the least for a good winde and thus much we sailed from 16 of April till the 3 of June. The 5 day of June, being on 43 dedegrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the ayer so cold that our men being greviously pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof, and the further we went the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon, we thought it best for that time to seeke the land, and did so, finding it not mountainous, but low plaine land till we came within 38 degrees towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good Baye with a good wind to enter the same, where we found a good and convenient harborough."

The harbor referred to in this ancient record, from which I quote, was undoubtedly the Bay of San Francisco.

The following quaint and interesting description of the country at that time illustrates the difference between the sixteenth century conditions and the present: "The next day after our coming to anchor in the aforesaid harborough the people of the country showed

themselves—sending off a man with great expedition to us in a canow. Who being yet but a little from the shoare and a great way from our ship, spoke to us continually as he came rowing on. After that our businesses were all dispatched, our Generall with his gentlemen and many of his company made a journey up into the land to see the manner of their dwelling and to be better acquainted with the nature and commodities of the country. The inland we found to be far different from the shoare, a goodly country and fruitful soyle, stored with many blessings fit for the use of man; infinite was the company of very large and fat deere (elk) which we saw by thousands as we supposed in a heard, besides a multitude of strange kinde of conies by far exceeding them in number; their heads and bodies in which they resembled other conies are but small; his tayle like the tayle of a rat exceedingly long and his feet like the paws of a want or moale; under his chinne on either side he hath a bagge into which he gathereth his meate when he hath filled his belly abroade that he may with it either feed his young or feed himself when he lists not to travail from his borough. The people eat their bodies and make great account of their skinnes, for their kings holidaies coate was made of them. This country our Generall named New Albion and that for two causes; one in respect to the white banks and cliffs which lie towards the sea, the other that it might have some affinity even in name also with our own country which was sometimes so called. Not far within this harborough did lye certain Islands (we called them the Hands of Saint

James), having on them plentifull and great store of seals and birds, with one of which we fell July 24. whereon we found such provisions as might competently serve our turne for a while." For much that refers to the visit of Sir Francis Drake to the northwest coast of California in 1579 and that tends to establish the disputed claim that San Francisco Bay, and not Bodega Bay or Point Reyes as some claim, was the one he entered and in which he remained from the 17th day of June until the 23rd of July, I am indebted to my pioneer friend, the late Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, in his "Foot-prints in California of early navigators."

The "coney" or ground squirrel, referred to in Drake's narrative, is not seen in the vicinity of Point Reyes nor in Marin county, but is found in large numbers in the warm level lands of Alameda county on the east side of the Bay of San Francisco.

Sir Francis Drake returned to England by way of the Philippine Islands and the Cape of Good Hope, thus making a complete circuit of the globe. He was the first navigator that ever accomplished such a feat, returning home in the same vessel in which he commenced his voyage.

Two hundred years after Sir Francis Drake amazed the natives of "New Allion" with the sight of the first white men (whom they worshiped as gods), a group of white men again was seen overlooking our inland sea. This time it was Portala, with Franciscan monks, the farthest ripple of that expiring wave of Spanish conquest, that for centuries had been rolling along

the Pacific Coast. However interesting and instructive the story of the founding of the California Missions might be, if pursued in detail, I can only briefly refer to their establishment and the political and religious events that transpired on this coast during the first half of the nineteenth century. How prophetic is the following, by one of the early visitors to these shores, and how remarkably has it been fulfilled. "It has been hitherto the fate of these regions, like that of modest merit or humble virtue, to remain unnoticed, but posterity will do them justice; towns and cities will hereafter flourish where all is now desert. The waters over which scarcely a solitary boat is seen to glide will reflect the flags of all nations, and a happy, prosperous people, receiving with thanksfulness what prodigal nature bestows for their use, will disperse her treasures over every part of the world."

The first establishment of the Spaniards in California was made by the Jesuits in November, 1697. The settlement was called Loreto, and founded on the eastern side of the peninsula of Lower California, about two hundred miles from the Pacific. On entering California the Jesuits encountered the some obstacles which had before prevented a settlement of the country. Th natives continued hostile and killed several of the priests, but within sixty years after their entrance into California, they had established sixteen missions, extending along the eastern side of the peninsula from Cape San Lucas to the head of the Gulf. Each of these establishments consisted of a church, a fort, garrisoned by a few soldiers, some

stores, and dwelling houses, all under the control of the resident Jesuit father. None of that religious order visited the west coast except on one occasion in 1716. All the labors of the Jesuits were brought to an end in 1767. In that year Charles III of Spain issued a decree banishing members of that order from all Spanish territories; and a strong military force, under command of Don Gasper de Portala, was dispatched to California, and soon put an end to the rule of the Jesuits by forcing them from their converts. The Spanish government did not abandon California, and the peninsula soon became a part of Mexico, and was provided with a civil and military government. The missions fell under the rule of the Dominicans whose treatment of the natives was less humane than that of the Jesuits and many of them returned to their former state of barbarism. The Spaniards soon formed establishments on the western side of the peninsula.

In the spring of 1769 a number of settlers, with some soldiers and Franciscan friars, marched across Lower California towards San Diego. They reached the bay of that name after enduring much hardship and began a settlement on the shore of the bay during the month of May, 1769. An effort was made soon after to establish another colony at Monterey, but the party under Portala that went in search of the place, passed further on to the bay of San Francisco, when they soon after returned to San Diego. The people left at that settlement had nearly perished for want of food and were greatly harassed by the Indians. A sup-

ply having arrived from Mexico by water, Portala again set out for Monterey and there effected a settlement. Parties of emigrants came from Mexico during the year 1770 and establishments were made on the coast between San Diego and Monterey. Eight settlements were effected between those points previous to 1779. The most southern post was San Diego and the most northern, San Francisco.

Various expeditions for exploring the coast above Cape Mendocino were made by the Spaniards. One of these proceeded as far north as latitude 41 degrees, and some men were landed on the shores of a small bay just north of Cape Mendocino and gave the harbor the name of Port Trinidad. The small river which flows into the Pacific near the place where they landed was called Pigeon River, from the great number of those birds found in that neighborhood. The Indians were a peaceable race and were inoffensive in their conduct towards the Spaniards. In the same year, 1775, Bodega, a Spanish commander, discovered a small bay a few miles north of the Golden Gate, which had not previously been described and gave it his own name, which it still bears.

Few events worth relating occurred in California during the fifty years from the establishing of the Spaniards on the coast until the close of the Mexican war of independence with Spain. An attempt being made by the Russians to form a settlement on the shores of the Bay of Bodega in 1815, led to a remonstrance from the Governor of California, but it was disregarded and the command to quit the place was disobeyed. The agent, Kushof, denied the right of the

Spaniards to the territory, and the Governor being unable to enforce his commands, was compelled to allow the Russians to remain in possession until 1840, when they left of their own accord. Before the commencement of the struggle in Mexico for independence from Spain in 1822, the missions in California were, to some extent fostered by the Spanish government and supplies were occasionally sent them. But when war began this aid was withheld and these establishments soon began to fall into decay, and the Padres, deprived of their authority, returned to Spain or Mexico, or took refuge in other lands. The Indians, being free from restraint, soon sank to their original condition of barbarism.

From 1769 to 1823 twenty-one missions were founded in Alta, California. The first was the one at San Diego by Father Junipero Serra, July, 1769, who was commissioned president of all the missions of Upper California. The padres chose wisely and well the most beautiful and fertile spots for their establishments, and in time became possessed of immense flocks and herds and enjoyed most of the luxuries of civilized life. Their church property was confiscated by the Mexican Government in 1833, and at present no trace of their presence or greatness is to be seen except in the dilapidated and crumbling walls of their mission structures and the declining cross as it droops in melancholy solitude over the silent city where lie their buried dead.

CHAPTER XXII.

LATER HISTORY.

Very soon after the Spanish yoke was thrown off and Mexican authority established in California, foreign vessels began to arrive in its principal ports, especially whalers and traders from the United States, to exchange manufactured goods for hides and tallow furnished by the Mission fathers. As the region grew in population, shipping became more regular and mercantile houses were established at various points on the coast. The white portion of the population was regarded with a jealous eye by the Spanish and Mexican settlers, especially immigrants from and citizenes of the United States.

About the year 1836 trouble began between the Mexican authorities themselves. Affairs were very much disturbed, and occasionally a revolution broke out. Angel Ramirez, a Mexican, and a chief official in the government, and Juan Alvarado, second official and a Californian of Spanish descent, became involved in a bitter person controversy, and Alvarado, being ordered under arrest, fled, and sought refuge with one Isaac Graham in the Santa Cruz mountains. Many years previously Graham had crossed the plans and the

Sienrra Nevada as a hunter and trapper, and had now made a temporary home in the Santa Cruz range. He was a "Tennessee Yankee," and being of an adventurous turn, he, with Alvarado, upon hearing of his wrongs, concocted a scheme to overthrow Mexican authority in California and establish a free and independent state. In a few days Graham gathered a force of fifty riflemen, and Alvarado and Jose Castro, with one hundred and fifty native Californians, supplied themselves with ammunition from American vessels. They marched upon Monterey, the capital, and entered it by night, and made the governor, Nicholas Gutierrez, a prisoner. At first, some show of resistance was made, but a four-pound shot crashing through the roof of the presidio building, caused an immediate surrender. That was the only shot fired during that revolution. Alvarado and Castro were now in possession of the capital, and California was declared a free and independent state, with Alvarado at the head of civil, and Guadalupe Vallejo, of military, affairs. The governor, with his officers and soldiers were banished, and a republican government established.

California eventually, again submitted to Mexican rule, and Alvarado and Castro were given important positions. Graham and other foreigners who had assisted in the revolution now became obnoxious to Alvarado, and he had them arrested and sent as prisoners to Monterey and Santa Barbara, and some to Mexico. The exiles, however, returned after a time through the kindness of the English and other foreign consuls in the ports where they were confined.

The enterprising and irrepressible American now entered upon a new role in California. Commodore Jones, of the United States navy, being on the coast, learned in some way that trouble existed between his government and Mexico. Inferring that this "straining of diplomatic relations" would result in war, he entered the port of Monterey, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and took possession of the capitol, and proclaimed California a part of the American republic. On the following day, however, he learned that his acts were premature and quietly hauled down his banners and departed. In the same year, 1842, the Mexican government appointed General Micheltorena governor of California, with authority to exercise all the power hitherto vested in Alvarado and General Vallejo. These two, with General Castro, entered into a conspiracy to drive Micheltorena out of the country. Castro, with a small force, marched to San Juan, and captured the town and all the government ammunition which was stored there. The governor, fearing defeat, called for aid from Captain John A. Sutter, who had been a foreign resident of the country since 1839. Sutter responded, and with one hundred mounted men, mostly foreigners, went to the rescue. General Castro, at the head of the "rebel" army, met the government forces a short distance from Los Angeles on the 21st of July, 1845, where an engagement took place. It lasted two days, with the result that four persons were killed and Micheltorena surrendered unconditionally with all his forces, who were shipped to San Blas on board an American vessel. Once more California was

an independent country, with Pio Pico governor and Castro general in chief.

The third American expedition directed by Congress, was under John C. Fremont, who started in the early part of 1845, across the plans and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific with instructions to find the best route to the mouth of the Columbia River. After a most hazardous journey, he arrived—with his faithful guide and escort, Kit Carson, and his men (six of whom were Delaware Indians), the whole company consisting of sixty-two men—within a hundred miles of Monterey, where he halted and proceded in person to the headquarters of General Castro, then in charge of the territory. His object was to obtain for himself and company a pass to go to the San Joaquin valley, where hunting and pasture were abundant. He received a verbal promise from the general that it would be all right to go where he desired, and that on his word of honor as a soldier he would not be molested. Three days after Fremont's departure, General Castro raised an army of three hundred native Californians, and sent a dispatch to Fremont, notifying him to quit the country at once else he would march upon him and "put to death his whole company." This treachery did not surprise or frighten Fremont, who replied that he would leave whenever he was ready and not before. He prepared for action by entrenching himself on what was known as "Hank's Peak," about thirty miles from Monterey, overlooking that city, where he raised the American flag. The whole company was well armed, each having a knife, a tomahawk, two pis-

tols, and a rifle. Castro now came dashing on with cavalry, infantry and artillery, but, making a few "brave" demonstrations of an attack, galloped off without coming within range of Fremont's bullets. Castro issued bullentin after bulletin stating the terrible destruction he would visit on the little band, but always kept out of rifle range of the entrenchments on the "Peak." After four days of this kind of fighting, Fremont broke camp and started on his journey towards Oregon. As his force deliberately took up its line of march, Castro was no where to be seen. Among the officers of a British ship, which happened to be at Monterey, and who saw Fremont enter the place with his company, was Lieutenant Walpole, who gave his impressions of their appearance in a book he published on his reutrn to England, entitled "Four Years in the Pacific." He wrote: "Captain Fremont and his party arrived. They naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fennimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living upon their own resources. They were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust first appeared, and then in a long file this wildest, wild party. Fremont rode ahead, a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings; they had charge of two luggage horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty

nine of them are regular men, and the rest picked up lately; his original men are principally backwoodsmen from the State of Tennessee and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy a high reputation on the prairies. Kit Carson is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men are principally a long, loose coat of deer skin, tied with thongs in front; trousers of the same, of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry. The saddles were of various fashions, though these and a large drove of horses and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. They are allowed no liquor; tea and sugar only; this no doubt has much to do with their good conduct; and the discipline too is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large trees, and there took up their quarters in messes of six or seven in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man, a doctor, six feet six inches high, was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands."

Fremont proceeded to Oregon and had reached Klamath Lake, when he was overtaken by Lieutenant Gillispie of the United States army, who had left Washington the previous November, crossing the country from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan. Arriving at Monterey in a U. S. sloop of war he had started up the country to find the explorers. He had letters for Fremont from the Secretary of State, which, when delivered to Fremont, led him to retrace his steps to the

valley of the Sacramento. On the very night after receiving his dispatches, and while all were asleep, the Indians broke into his camp and assassinated several of his men, and might have slain the whole company had it not been for the vigilance of Carson, who sounded the alarm. The details of this unfortunate affair I have already mentioned in my narrative. Fremont encamped on his return near the mouth of Feather river, where the settlers soon flocked around him. General Castro was reported to be on the march to attack him. A company of twelve volunteers started for the Mexican fort at Sonoma, and on the 15th of June, 1846, entered and captured the post, where they found two hundred and fifty stands of arms and nine cannons. Here they captured General Vallejo and took him a prisoner to Sutter's fort at Sacramento.

William B. Ide, a New England man, was left to garrison the fort at Sonoma, with a force of eighteen men. General Castro issued a proclamation calling upon his countrymen to rise and drive the "marauders" from the soil. On the 18th of June, Ide issued his proclamation to the people of Sonoma to defend themselves and assist in establishing a republican government. He announced himself as "commander and chief" of the troops at the fortress of Sonoma, and gave his inviolable pledge to all persons in California not found under arms that "that they should not be disturbed in their persons, their property or social relations one with another by men under his command." His army consisted of eighteen men. Further on in his "proclamation" he says: "We have been pressed by

military despotism and threatened with extermination if we did not depart out of the country, leaving all our property, arms, and beasts of burden, thereby deprived of means of flight or defense, to be driven through deserts inhabited by hostile Indians to certain destruction * * * I also solemnly declare my object to be to invite all peaceful and good citizens of California who are friendly to the maintenance of good order and equal rights, and I do hereby invite them to repair to my camp at Sonoma without delay to assist in establishing and perpetuating a republican government which shall secure to all civil and religious liberty," (under Mexican rule the exercise of no religion was permitted except the Roman Catholic), "which shall encourage virtue and literature, and shall leave unshackled by fetters, agriculture, commerce and manufactures. I further declare that I rely upon the rectitude of our intentions, the favor of Heaven, and the bravery of those who are bound and associated with me by the principles of self-preservation, by the love of truth and the hatred of tyranny, for my hopes of success. I furthermore declare that I believe that a government to be prosperous and happy, must originate with the people who are friendly to its existence; that the citizens are its guardians, the officers its servants, its glory its reward." This proclamation was dated and signed, June 18, 1846, William B. Ide.

A flag was improvised by painting in a rude form the figure of a grizzly bear on a piece of white cotton cloth. It followed Ide's proclamation and was the first flag after California was declared independent of Mex-

ico. It is still in the possession of the "Pioneer Society" of California at San Francisco.

Fremont was at Sutter's fort during these eventful operations, but, hearing that Castro intended to make a raid upon Ide at Sonoma, he reached there on the 23rd of June, at the head of ninety riflemen. He met a few retreating Mexicans, who escaped and made their way across the bay to "Yerba Buena" (now San Francisco). General Castro did not appear. On July 4, 1946, Fremont called a meeting of Americans. He was appointed governor, issued a proclamation of independence, and at the head of one hundred and sixty men, started for Sutter's Fort, intending to attack Castro, who was reported to be at Santa Clara. He soon learned, however, that the Mexican general was on the retreat to Los Angeles, where he determined to follow him. He at once gave the order to his forces to march. Before they had proceeded far, however, news reached him that Commodore Sloat had arrived at Monterey, with the frigate Savannah and another small vessel, which induced Fremont to delay his pursuit of Catro.

While at Mazatlan, on the west coast of Mexico, the Commodore had learned of the annexation of Texas, and that war existed between Mexico and the United State. He was also informed that General Taylor was marching toward the City of Mexico. Instructions had been sent by the President of the United States to Commodore Sloat, to take possession of Mazatlan, Monterey and San Francisco, and to declare the country the property of the United States, but they had

not yet reached him. Admiral Seymour, of the British navy, was also at Mazatlan with a battleship. He had received dispatches from the City of Mexico, and it was evident that the Mexican officials favored the occupation of California by the British rather than by the Americans, their enemies, with whom they were at war. Immediately on receipt of these dispatches the British Admiral hoisted sail upon his ship and moved seaward, bound for Monterey. Commodore Sloat, who was watching his movements, half an hour later left with his two small vessels, the Savannah and Preble, and also headed directly for the same port, determined to take possession before the arrival of Admiral Seymour. The Savannah being the fastest, reached Monterey first, and there Sloat learned of the determined efforts of British and Mexican authorities to place California under the protection of the English government. Governor Pico and General Castro were both in favor of this scheme. The American consul, Thomas O. Larkin, informed Sloat upon his arrival of this state of affairs, when he at once determined to send two hundred and fifty marines on shore and to hoist the American flag over the town of Monterey. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and a proclamation issued that California henceforth was part of the United States. The slow ship of the British admiral only arrived to see the Stars and Stripes floating over Monterey as a part of the great Republic of America. He saw he was outwitted by Sloat, outrun by the Savannah, and the gallantry of the American commodore had placed California beyond British rule.

The following day, July 8th, a party from the United States sloop-of-war Portsmouth, landed at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, and hoisted the American flag on the Plaza. On the 10th, Commodore Montgomery of the Portsmouth sent an American flag to Sonoma, and the "Bear flag," improvised by Ide and his men, was hauled down, and the Stars and Stripes "floated in the breeze" instead, and the change was welcomed by all.

Meantime General Stephen W. Kearney had arrived at Monterey, crossing overland by way of New Mexico. He had orders to take possession of and establish a government for California, but he found that Sloat, Stockton and Fremont had already accomplished those things. Colonel J. D. Stevenson, at the head of one thousand volunteers, arrived in California March 7, 1847. The conquest had already taken place, but this force was of great service in maintaining order in the country. Before Fremont hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and before the Mexican authorities knew of his coming, an informal meeting was held at Monterey, at the house of Don Jose Catro, which developed the fact that a majority of the people were ready for any form of government that would afford them protection from uncertainty and unceasing political troubles and revolutions. The following extracts are taken from speeches made by some of the leading native Californians at that meeting: "Excellent sirs! ot what a deplorable condition is our country reduced! Mexico, professing to be our mother and our protectress, has given us neither arms nor money, nor the materials of

war for our defense. She is not likely to do anything in our behalf, although she is quite willing to afflict us with her extortionate minions, who come hither, in the guise of soldiers and civil officers, to harrass and oppress our people. We possess a glorious country, capable of attaining a physical and moral greatness corresponding with the gradeur and beauty which an Almighty hand has stamped upon the face of our beloved California. But although nature has been prodigal, it cannot be denied that we are not in a position to avail ourselves of her bounty. Our population is not large and it is sparsely scattered over valley and mountain, covering an immense area of virgin soil destitute of roads and traveresed with difficulty; hence it is hardly possible to collect an army of any considerable force. Our people are poor as well as few, and cannot govern themselves and maintain a decent show of sovereign power. Although we live in the midst of plenty, we lay up nothing, but, tilling the earth in an imperfect manner, all our time is required to procure subsistence for ourselves and families. Thus circumstanced we find ourselves threatened by hordes of Yankee immigrants, who have already begun to flock into our country and whose progress we cannot arrest. Already have the wagons of that perfidious people scaled the almost inaccessible summit of the Sierra Nevada, crossed the entire continent, and penetrated the fruitful valley of the Sacramento. What that astonishing people will next undertake I cannot say, but, in whatever enterprise they embark they will be sure to prove successful. Already are these adventurous

land-voyagers spreading themselves far and wide over a country which seems suited to their taste. They are cultivating farms, establishing vineyards, erecting mills, sawing lumber, building workshops, and doing a thousand other things which seem natural to them, but which Californians neglect or despise. What then are we to do? Shall we remain supine while these daring strangers are overrunning our fertile plains and gradually outnumbering and displacing us? Shall these things go on until all shall become strangers in our own land? Perhaps what I am about to suggest may seem to some faint hearted and dishonorable. But to me it does not appear so. It is our duty voluntarily to connect ourselves with a power able and willing to preserve us. I see no dishonor in this last refuge of the oppressed and powerless, and I boldly avow that such is the step I would have California take. There are two great powers in Europe which seem destined to divide between them the unappropriated countries of the world. They have large fleets and armies practiced in the art of war. Is it not better that one of them should be invited to send a fleet and an army to protect California, rather than we should fall an easy prey to the lawless adventurers who are overrunning our beautiful country. I pronounce for annexation to France or England." To this speech General Vallejo replied as follows: "I cannot, gentlemen, coincide in opinion with the military and civil functionaries who have advocated the cession of our country to France or England. It is most true that to rely any longer upon Mexico to govern and de-

fend us would be idle and absurd. To this extent I fully agree with my distinguished colleagues. It is true that we possess a noble country, every way calculated from position and resources to becoming great and powerful. For that very reason, I would not have her a mere dependence upon a foreign monarchy naturally alien, or at least indifferent to our interests and our welfare. Even could we tolerate the idea of dependence ought we to go to distant Europe for a master? What possible sympathy could exist between us and a nation separated from us by two vast oceans? But waiving this insuperable objection, how could we endure to come under the dominion of a monarch? We are Republicans. Badly governed and badly situated as we are, still we are all in sentiment Republicans. So far as we are governed at all we at least profess to be self-governed. Who, then, that possesses true patriotism will consent to subject himself and children to the caprices of a foreign king and his official minions? Our position is so remote either by land or sea that we are in no danger from a Mexican invasion. Why, then, should we hesitate still to assert our independence? We have indeed taken the first step by electing our own Governor, but another remains to be taken. I will mention it plainly and distinctly; it is annexation to the United States. In contemplating this consummation of our destiny, I feel nothing but pleasure and I ask you to share it. Discard old prejudice, disregard old customs, and prepare for the glorious change which awaits our country. Why should be shrink from incorporating ourselves with the happiest and freest nation in the world des-

tined soon to be the most wealthy and powerful? Why should we go abroad for protection when this great nation is our adjoining neighbor? When we join our fortune to hers we shall not become subjects, but fellow-citizens, possessing all the rights of the people of the United States and choosing our own federal and local rulers. We shall have a stable government and just laws. California will grow strong and flourish and her people will be prosperous, happy and free. Look not, therefore, with jealousy upon the hardy pioneers, who scale our mountains and cultivate our unoccupied plains; but rather welcome them as brothers who come to share with us a common destiny."

From that time General Vallejo and his friends actively engaged in promoting sentiments in favor of the annexation of California to the United States. Out of gratitude for these services his name is perpetuated in the town of Vallejo, across the bay, which was for a short time the capital of the state; it being removed to Sacramento in 1851. General Vallejo ever remained a loyal, honored and influential citizen.

About August 1st, 1847, Fremont, at the head of one hundred and sixty men, embarked on board a sloop-of-war for San Diego, to quell a strongly organized opposition to American occupation of the country, headed by General Castro, Governor Pico and Don Jose Flores. The final defeat and overthrow of this combination (in January, 1847), whose forces extended over a very large extent of country when he had but four hundred men, reflects the highest credit upon the bravery, skill and fidelity of General Fremont, Commodore Stockton and their officers and

men. Flores fled to Mexico; Castro and Pico surrendered to Fremont, and akcnowledged the supreme authority of the Americans; and, on the other hand, the Americans promised protection of life and property to all Californians and Mexicans of every class and condition regardless of former acts of hostility. The American conquest was complete and the war in California at an end. Fremont awed and terrified the Californians and Indians by the boldness and celerity of his movements and he won their respect and devotion by the moderation and kindness of his policy and the good conduct of his men.

In a dispatch from General Kearney to the War Department at Washington, dated "Ciudad de los Angeles, January 14th, 1847," he says: "This morning Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, with mounted riflemen, and volunteers from Sacramento, reached here, the enemy having capitulated to him near San Fernando, agreeing to lay down their arms, and we have now the prospect of having peace and quietness in this country which I hope may not be interrupted again."

Fremont held the position of military governor of California a short time and was succeeded by General Kearney, and, subsequently, by Colonel Mason, who continued in office until the 15th day of April, 1849, when he was succeeded by General Bennet Riley, under whose administration affairs were conducted until California was admitted as a state into the Union on the 9th of September, 1850.

The treaty between the United States and Mexico was dated at the City of Guadalupe, February 2d, 1848; exchanged at Queretaro, May 30th, 1848; rati-

fied by the United States the following March and officially proclaimed by the President, July 4th, 1848; and thus the title to California and New Mexico was complete. California was received into the sisterhood of states without having had a territorial existence, contrary to all former precedents.

She had, as if by magic, become a state of great wealth and power. One short year had given her a commercial importance, but little inferior to that of the most powerful of the old states. According to the recommendation of General Riley, an election of delegates to form a Constitutional Convention was held on the first of August, 1849. The number of delegates to be elected was thirty-seven. The Convention met on September 4th, at Monterey. The proportion of native Californian members to the American was about equal to that of the population. Among the members was Captain John A. Sutter, the pioneer settler of California, General Vallejo, and Antonio Pico, who had both been distingutshed men before the conquest. The whole body commanded respect as being dignified and intellectual. The Declaration of Rights was the first measure adopted by the Convention. The clause prohibiting the existence of slavery was the unanimous sentiment of the Convention. The discussion upon the adoption of the Great Seal of the state was somewhat amusing. A number of designs were offered, the members from different districts were all anxious to have their particular localities represented. The choice finally fell upon one offered by Major Garnett. The principal figure is Minerva, with spear and shield, emblematic of the manner in which California

was born, full grown into the federacy. At her feet crouches the grizzly bear. Before him is a wheat-sheaf and vine, illustrating the agricultural products of the country. Near them is the miner, with his implements. In the distance is the Bay of San Francisco and beyond that the Sierra Nevada, over which appears the word "Eureka."

The noted traveler and author, Bayard Taylor, was present at the Convention and thus describes the closing scene. In his graphic manner, he says: "The members met this morning at the usual hour to perform the last duty that remained to them—that of signing the Constitution. They were all in the happiest humor and the morning was so bright and balmy that no one seemed disposed to call an organization. Mr. Semple, the chairman, was sick and it was moved that Captain Sutter be appointed in his place. The chair was taken by the old pioneer, and the members took their seats around the sides of the hall, which still retained the prize-trees and banners, left from last night's decorations. The windows and doors were open and a delightful breeze came in from the bay, whose blue waters sparkled in the distance. The view from the balcony in front was bright and inspiring. The town below—the shipping in the harbor—the pine-colored hills behind—were mellowed by the blue October haze, but there was no cloud in the sky and I could plainly see, on the northern horizon the mountains of Santa Cruz and the Sierra de Gavilan.

"After the minutes had been read the committee appointed to draw up an address to the people of California was called upon to report and was read by the

chairman. It was adopted without a dissenting voice. A resolution was then offered to pay Lieutenant Hamilton, who was engaged in engrossing the Constitution upon parchment, the sum of $500, for his labors. This magnificent price, probably the highest ever paid for a similar service, is on a par with all things else in California. The sheet for the signers' names was ready and the Convention decided to adjourn for half an hour, and then meet for the purpose of signing.

"I amused myself during the interval by walking about the town. Everybody knew that the Convention was about closing and it was generally understood that Captain Burton had loaded the guns at the fort and would fire a salute of thirty-one guns at the proper moment. he citizens, therefore, as well as the members, were in an excited mood. Monterey never before looked so bright, so happy, so full of pleasant expectation. About one o'clock the Convention met again; few of the members, indeed, had left the hall. Mr. Semple, the chairman, called them to order, and after having voted General Riley a salary of $10,000 and Mr. Halleck, Secretary of State, $6000 a year, they proceeded to affix their names to the completed Constitution. At this moment a signal was given, the American colors ran up the flag-staff in front of the government buildings, and streamed out on the air. A second afterwards the first gun boomed from the fort and its stirring echoes came back from one hill after another till they were lost in the distance. All the native enthusiasm of Captain Sutter's blood was aroused; he was the old soldier again. He sprang from his seat and, waiving his hand around his

head as if swinging a sword, exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, this is the happiest day in my life. It makes me glad to hear those cannon; they remind me of the time when I was a soldier. Yes, I am glad to hear them this is a great day for California!' Then recollecting himself he sat down, the tears streaming from his eyes. The members with one accord gave three tumultuous cheers which were heard from one end of the town to the other. As the signing went on gun followed gun from the fort, the echoes reverberating grandly around the bay till finally as the loud ring of the Thirty-first was heard, there was a shout: 'That's for California!' and every one joined in giving three times three for the new star added to our Confederation.'" * * * "There was one handsome act I must not omit to mention. The Captain of the English bark, 'Volunteer,' of Sydney, Australia, lying in the harbor sent on shore in the morning for an American flag. When the first gun was heard a line of colors ran fluttering up to the spars, the Stars and Stripes flying triumphantly from the main-top. The compliment was the more marked as some of the American vessels neglected to give any token of recognition to the events of the day." "The Constitution having been signed and the Convention dissolved, the members proceeded in a body to the house of General Riley. The visit was evidently unexpected by the old veteran. When he made his appearance, Captain Sutter stepped forward, and having shaken him by the hand, drew himself into an erect attitude, raised one hand to his breast as if he was making a report to his

commanding officer on the field of battle and addressed him as follows:

GENERAL: I have been appointed by the delegates elected by the people of California to form a Constitution, to address you in their names and in behalf of the whole people of California, and express the thanks of the Convention for the aid and co-operation they have received from you in the discharge of the responsible duty of creating a state government. And, sir, the Convention as wou will perceive from the official records, duly appreciates the great and important services you have rendered to our common country and especially to the people of California, and entertains the confident belief that you will receive from the whole people of the United States, when you retire from your official duties here, that verdict so grateful to the heart of the patriot: 'well done thou good and faithful servant!'

"General Riley was visibly affected by this mark of respect, no less appropriate than well deserved on his part. The tears in his eyes and the plain blunt sincerity of his voice and manner went to the heart of every one present. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I never made a speech in my life. I am a soldier—but I can feel; and I do feel deeply the honor you have this day conferred upon me. Gentlemen, this is a prouder day to me than that on which my soldiers cheered me on the field of Contreras. I thank you all from my heart. I have no fear for California while the people have chosen their representatives so wisely. Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon the successful conclusion of your arduous labors, and I wish you all happiness

and prosperity.'. After three hearty cheers by the members for the gallant soldier, worthy of his country's glory, he concluded in the following words: "I have but one thing to add, gentlemen, and that is, that my success in the affairs of California is mainly owing the efficient aid rendered me by Captain Hallock, '(afterwords during the civil war commander of the western division of the army)' the Secretary of State. He has stood by me in all emergencies. To him I have always appealed when at a loss myself, and he has never failed me.'

"This recognition of Captain Hallock's talents and the signal service he has rendered to the authorities since the conquest was pecularly just and appropriate. It was so felt by the members and they responded by giving three enthusiastic cheers for the Secretary of State." They then took their leave, many of them being anxious to start for their various places of residence. All were in a happy and satisfied mood and none less so than the native members. Pedrorena declared that this was the most fortunate day in the history of California. Even Carillo, in the beginning, one of the most zealous opponents, displayed a genuine zeal for the Constitution which he helped to frame under the laws of our republic.

The elections for the various officers under the new Constitution took place on the 13th of November, 1849. Peter H. Burnett was chosen Governor, and John McDougall, Lieutenant-Governor. George W. Wright and Edward Gilbert were chosen as representatives to Congress. The first State Legislature met at the Capital, the pueblo de San Jose, on the 15th of December,

and elected John C. Fremont and William M. Gwin, Senators to Congress. Every branch of the civil government went at once into operation, and admission into the Union as a state was all that was necessary to complete the settlement of affairs in California. In October, 1851, the state elections were held. John Bigler was elected Governor by thirteen hundred majority over Mr. Reading. On the 2d of November, 1852, the presidential election was held throughout the United States. The Democrats carried California for the electral ticket pledged to vote for Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, for President, and William R. King of Alabama for Vive-President. It also went Democratic in 1856, for James Buchanan of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STATE.

From that period the history, growth and development of California does not properly belong to pioneer days.

The comparative size of California, however, is not generally understood or realized even by a very large number of its own citizens. It has a coast line of about one thousand miles, with an average width of over two hundred miles, and contains an area of 188,921 square miles or 120,947,840 acres. The combined area of the six New England states is but 68,348 square miles, showing that California has an area almost three times as great as this division of that republic. The area of the six middle states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia—is 137,464 square miles, showing that the area of California is 51,517 square miles larger than all that section.

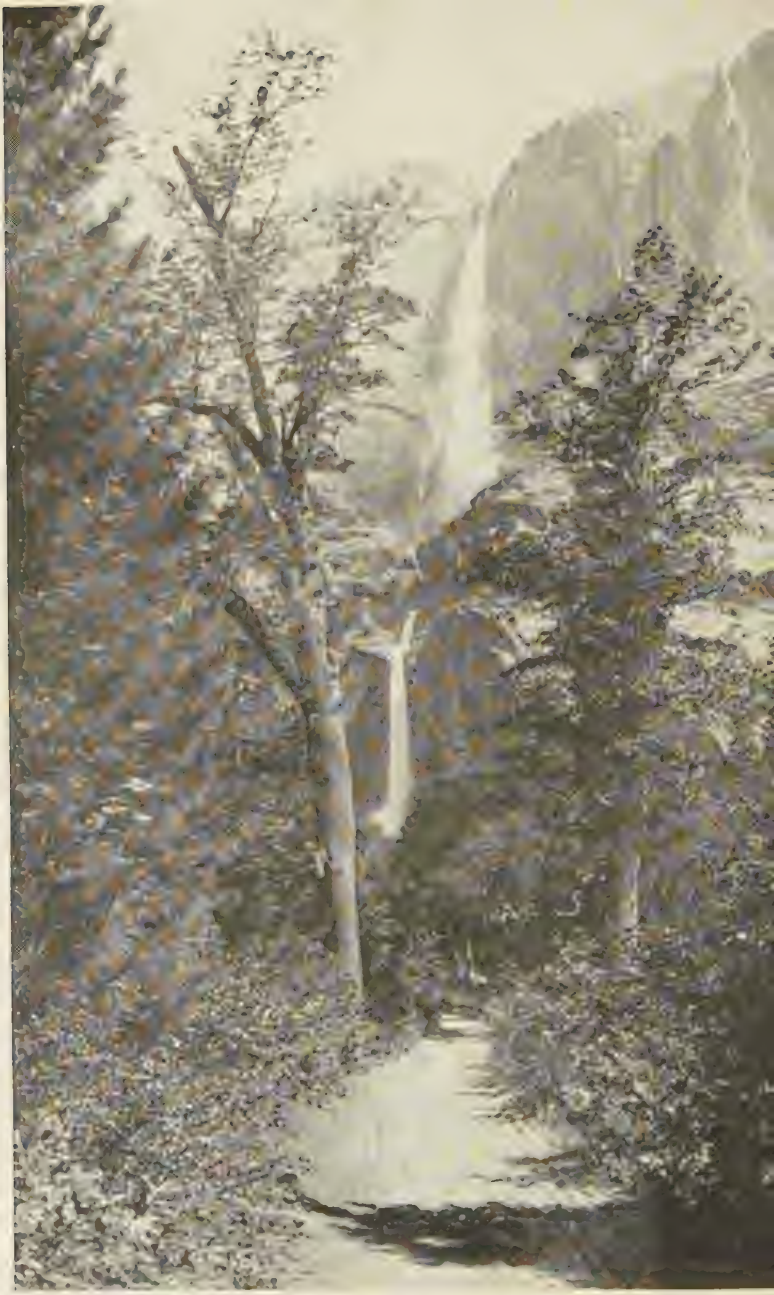
The combined area of the twelve states forming the New England and Middle States is 205,812 square miles, showing that California contains an area almost as great as these twelve states. It is 78,135 square

miles larger than the whole of Great Britain. It would make twenty-four states the size of Massachusetts, leaving 2781 square miles; and the area of California would make one hundred and forty-five states, as large as the state of Rhode Island. The combined area of Great Britain, Holland, Greece, Denmark, Brunswick and Switzerland is 188,330 square miles, and has a population of amout five millions. California is capable of surpassing the density of population of any country in Europe. It could sustain a population equal to the present number of people in the entire Union.

The natural resources, great mineral and agricultural wealth of California, with her numerous bays and harbors facing the Pacific Ocean, the direct and easy steam communication with Asia and the Islands of the Pacific, render her geographically one of the most favorably located states of the Union.

The loftiest mountains in the United States are found in California, Mount Whitney, the highest in the Sierra Nevada range, standing fifteen thousand feet above the sea level. Mount Shasta lifts its hoary head 14,440 feet into the clouds. The most gigantic vegetable growth in the world is found within our borders. "Here stands the solemn sentinels of the forest, the mighty trees of Mariposa, Calaveras and Tulare, the wonder and admiration of all who behold them.

Here, too, may be seen the famed valley and falls of the Yosemite where a mighty sheet of water dashes a distance of two thousand six hundred feet into the valley below. High in the ridges of the Sierra, nestling betwixt the precipitous and frowning walls of dark and relentless granite, nature elevates her mighty



YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

urns, which, like inland seas, inspire and impress man with the majesty of creation, as he floats upon their placid waters or vainly attempts to sound their almost fathomless depths.

"Lake Tahoe, fourth in size of mountain lakes, is the queen of the Sierras, whose frowning granite walls upon the one side and rich foliage upon the other, have been the theme of romantic poets and enthusiastic tourists. It is situated high in the Sierras, one-half being upon each side of the boundary line between California and Nevada. It is twenty-one miles in length by twelve in width, and 6220 feet above sea level, nestled up among the tall pines, ferns and oaks, over-topped by the towering pinnacles and snow-capped peaks of the mountain range which reflect their lengthened shadows upon its placid bosom as the setting sun gilds in golden hues the rich, wild, but picturesque and beautiful scenery around. The soul catches that sweet inspiration which calmly draws us into communion with the harmony of nature and a contemplation of a better land as we stand upon the silvery shores of Lake Tahoe, while amidst a stillness sublime and awful the rays of the morning sun, like ribbons of gold dart through the dense forest, streaking with amber and golden sheen the dark blue waters through whose transparent depths the landscape is mirrored below, God's fountain in the wilderness to beautify his footstool and invigorate all his creatures that partake of its crystal waters."

The colors and transparency of this beautiful sheet of water are two of its principal attractions. The water which is a pea-green, gradually deepens, leav-

ing the bottom of the lake at eighty feet clearly visible; at one-half mile from shore the color changes to a deeper green, about a mile from shore it suddenly changes to an almost indigo-blue; the lines of these three shades or colors are as distinctly drawn as if painted. For many years it was supposed that this lake was bottomless, but later soundings, established its greatest depth to be about fifteen hundred feet. It was first named Lake "Bigler," but in 1859 William H. Knight, who at this time occupies the chair of President of the Southern California Academy of Science, upon arriving at the lake after many months' travel across mountain, plain and desert, as a "pioneer pilgrim," saw its "setting" and beauties as described above, and feeling the inspiration that comes to all beholders that possess the divine element of poetry or the love of the grand in nature, and learning that "Tahoe" was the aboriginal name given to it by the Indians, who, for countless centuries had camped upon its shores and fished in its clear waters, conceived the idea that the aboriginal name would be most appropriate to go into history rather than that of a little known statesman. Mr. Knight afterwards secured the enactment of a law by the Legislature of California changing the name to "Tahoe," and it was approved by the Land Office at Washington.

Another beautiful sheet of water is "Mirror Lake," in the Yosemite Valley. Its beauty, fascination and grandeur of its surroundings are unsurpassed in the world. It is formed by the waters flowing down from Lake Teu-il-ya to join the Merced River, and covers an area of about eight acres.

It is noted for its transparent beauty. Here the overhanging mountains, trees and foliage are all mirrored in the water below as clear and life-like as they stand upon the banks.

California is eminently a land of flowers and if the invasion of civilization has broken the natural beauty of the valleys and rolling hills by the uniformity of wheat fields, vineyards, orange groves and flower gardens, it has introduced scientific industry, refinement and happy homes where the domestic comforts are in marked contrast with the pastored, semi-barbarous lives of the early Spanish settlers of the country, and where the perpetual bloom of the rose, heliotrope, geranium, honey-suckle and lily, so abundant every month in the year, will compensate for the partial loss of the wild flowers of the valleys. While its people are destined to engage extensively in commercial enterprises, its population will, to a very large extent, pursue rural industries, supplying the world's constantly increasing demands for the products of its grain fields, its semi-tropic and deciduous fruit orchards, which have already gained for California great fame.

Mr. John H. Mills, one of the best known and tried friends of the State, justifies the universal love for California among its citizens in the following eloquent passage: "The love of Californians for their State, which is proverbial, is not devoid of justification. What other country presents such inspirations of love and devotion? In what other country is there broader freedom of thought and action? In what other country are the alluring prophecies which attend young life more certain of fulfillment? In what country do the higher

blessings of peace and plenty minister to the comforts of age? Are there other countries in which honest industry achieves higher respect or in which labor earns a higher meed of profit and honor? Under our summer suns the fruits of the tropics ripen, unaccompanied by the discomforts of the torrid zone. Here the brown of our summer hills and the golden stubble of the after-harvest are the only winters that we know. Here a spring-like verdure is the harbinger of the coming autumn, and the autumn is attended by no forewarning of the bleak rigors of winter. Here winter is the season when the warm, brown earth is turned by the plow for seed time, and spring with its flowers and ripening grain is opulent with the prophecy of hopeful industry. Nor are these all the features which challenge our love of country. Here nature has wrought her best enchantments in the sublimity of mountain heights, the bold grandeur of cliffs, the pensive peacefulness of lovely valleys and the expansive splendor of fertile hills. Looking backward we see a history founded on the romance of adventure. In the present we are laying the foundations of a noble commonwealth by the establishment of permanent industries. If, therefore, the manifestation of love for our State may sometimes appear boastful or provincial, let it find apology in the consideration that provincialism is an expression of local patriotism, and that with the people of California it is the inspiration of high endeavor, which, when duly chastened, will ripen for our beloved State its growing harvest of hope."

*CHAPTER XXIV.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND HEROISM OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, A QUARTER OF A CENTURY BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

J. S. Smith was one of the most celebrated of American trappers, and was the first American who, by the overland route, ever set foot within the borders of California. Smith was a large-seized, fine looking man, with black hair and blue eyes, and was a native of Virginia or Kentucky. He was a man of the most unbounded courage, and added to his bravery a cool judgment and a ready wit. He was a man for emergencies, and his adventures, like those of another of the Smith family, Captain John Smith, of Virginia, trench closely upon the marvelous.

Living in almost hourly peril, he was one of the few trappers who perished at the hands of the Indians. Leaving his camp on the plains, he started for the Cimmaron river, to search for water for his comrades, and this hero of twice a hundred battles was waylaid by the savages and murdered. Trapping along the headwaters of the Missouri river, Smith crossed over

*"From the Alleghanies to the Pacific. The Era of Colonization."

the mountains in the spring of 1824, and with a small party made his way, the succeeding spring, into California. He camped on the American river, and in July, 1825, built a post a few miles above the point subsequently selected by General Sutter for his fort, and not far distant from the post, established a few years later by the Waldoes, near the present site of the town of Folsom. Here he followed his pursuit of hunting and trapping vigorously, for several months. In October, of the same year, Smith left his men at this post and, undeterred by the imminent perils of his journey, started East to inform his partners—then on Green river—of his new location. He made many narrow escapes on this journey; had his horse stolen by seven Indians, and marched boldly into their camp and retook it before their faces, they not daring to attack him, so great was their fear of the celebrated trapper. Before crossing the mountains, Smith had been a prime favorite of Blackbird, the great Omaha chief. This was one of the shrewdest Indians that ever lived, and with a wisdom greater than that of Tecumseh, or Pontiac, he realized at once the futility of a struggle against the whites, and by a peaceful policy, determined to reap the greatest benefit possible from this knowledge. By his arts of statecraft, backed by a fearless courage and an indomitable will, Blackbird obtained such a supremicy among his people, as has seldom fallen to the lot of a self-appointed ruler. His power was absolute. From some of the traders he had learned the use of arsenic, in destroying life, and with a full supply of this deadly poison, he obtained a great reputation as

a medicine man. Whoever opposed his measures or his wishes, was sure to perish. A few days before administering the fatal dose, he would announce that such a chief would die; it had been revealed to him by the Great Spirit. The prophecy never failed. When traders came to the village, Blackbird had their packs brought to their lodge, and there, for the first time, they were opened; no one being admitted to the lodge but the trader and himself. He then selected such articles as he fancied, often taking half of the goods, but to remunerate the white man, he forced the tribe to buy the rest at a double valuation. In this way he remained on the best terms with all of the traders; benefiting them and enriching himself at the expense of his followers, somewhat after the manner of more modern princes. Remorse seemed never to trouble his adaptable conscience, except upon a single occasion. His favorite squaw offended him in some way, and with a single blow of his knife he streched her dead at his feet. In an instant he realized what the violence of his temper had caused him to do. Seating himself in his lodge, he covered his head with his blanket, and in his solitude gave way to the agony of his grief. For three days and nights he remained thus, deaf to the prayers and entreaties of his people, and never moved, until at last, one of the squaws brought in the little child of the dead woman, and raising the leg of the chief, placed the child beneath it, with the foot of the chief upon its neck, and then left the lodge. Roused by the weeping of the infant, Blackbird arose, bathed and went forth, to the great delight of the tribe.

At last a formidable rival arose in the person of Little Bow, a noted young chief, who led a considerable faction against the tyranny and extortion of Blackbird. For a time he made considerable headway, but was at last overcome by the superior machinations of the wily old chief. He first endeavored to remove the young chief, in his usual manner, by poison, and employed the squaw of the latter to administer it, but Little Bow had in some way become suscpicious of the actions of the woman, and when she brought him the poisoned food, he detected it from her great embarrassment and forced her to eat it, of course causing her death. Blackbird, nothing daunted, continued his intrigues, and finally succeeded in driving out his rival and the party that adhered to him.

In his latter days, Blackbird became very corpulent and unwieldy. Continued feasts were now made in his honor, to which he was conveyed, seated upon a blanket borne by four men. Even in this helpless state, he maintained his power, and to the day of his death ruled his people with a rod of iron. Before he died, he asked that he should be buried on the top of a high hill, overlooking the village, that he might still see the boats of the traders ascending the river, and be gladdened by the presence of his white friends. He desired to be buried sitting upon his favorite steed, with his face looking toward the current of the mighty river. All of his wishes were carried out at his burial, and for years after food and water were daily placed upon his grave. This was eagerly devoured by the hawks, eagles and coyotes, but his tribe firmly believed that their chief had eaten the food prepared for

him. His flag-staff, with its floating pennant, was constantly renewed, until the tribe was forced to leave for another location.

Smith's testimony—for he was a man of more than usual observation and of undoubted veracity—sets at rest all disputes in regard to a custom of some of the plains Indians, in making human sacrifices as a religious duty. He positively asserts that the Pawnees had such a custom, and states that this sacrifice was made to the Great Star (Venus). One of their prisoners—sometimes a man and sometimes a woman—was selected and carefully fed with every luxury they could obtain. The fate in store for the victim was carefully concealed, and he or she was dressed in the finest raiment obtainable, and under perfect ease of body and mind, rapidly fattened. When the body had become plump and round, the victim was led out and bound at a stake shaped like a cross, his outstretched arms being fastened to the arm-piece. Ceremonies and dances were then performed by the people, and mysterious mummeries and incantations by the medicine men, and when this was concluded, one of the latter approached the stake, and with a single blow of his tomahawk, split the skull of the victim. The body was then shot full of arrows, and the sacrifice was completed.

In May, 1826, Smith again set out for California, accompanied by a small party of men. In a few days after their start, they were attacked by Indians, and from this time on they were harrassed day and night by the savages. The others wished to turn back, and Smith told them that they were at perfect liberty to

do so, but that he had started for California, and he intended to go through or die. Not a man turned back. Worn out with their continual skirmishing, they were surrounded at the Mohave settlements, on the Colorado river, and a desperate battle began. The swarming savages attempted charge after charge, but the handful of whites lying behind the few rocks they had thrown around them as a breast-work, drove them back each time with terrible slaughter. Man after man fell within the slight fortification, and when night came, Smith determined, with the seven men left, to cut his way through the lines of the enemy and attempt escape by flight. As soon as it was dark, Smith told his comrades of his determination, showing them the folly of lying behind their insufficient protection, where eventually all would be killed; and they agreed to the desperate suggestion. Looking to the charges in their rifles, they secured the ammunition of their dead companions, and burst furiously upon one side of the savage line. This gave way after a brief stubborn contest, and the white broke through, having lost four of their number at this point. Smith, with these two surviving comrades, Turner and Galbraith, after a thousand perils entered California close to the Mexican line, in December, and were there arrested under the suspicion that they intended mischief, or had designs upon the government. They were carried before General Echandia, who was located at San Diego, and here this invading force of three almost naked men was subjected to a rigid interrogation as to their aims and business in entering the country. Their answers, though strictly

true, failed to convince Echandia of the innocence of their intentions, and they were thrown into prison, from which they were released only after the intervention of the officers commanding the American merchantmen and whalers then lying on the coast. In the letter, signed by the officers of the ships, "Courier," "Waverly" and "Olive Branch, the motives and necessities of Smith and his comrades were fully set forth, and it was shown that they had been forced to enter the territory subject to Echandia, to escape starvation upon the barren and desolute stretches of plain and mountain, lying between longitudes forty-two and forty-two and forty-three west. They stated that the sole purpose of the three men upon the Pacific slope was to trap beaver, and trade with the Indians of that section, that there was not the slightest political significance in their visit. That their passports from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the United United States, had been vised and found correct, and, in conclusion, they asked that the trappers might be permitted to make their way to the Columbia river, in Oregon, through California, believing that if they were forced to return by the route they had come, they must inevitably perish at the hands of hostile Indians or of hunger and thirst, in that inhospitable region from which they had so narrowly escaped.

The men were discharged, and permitted to travel through California to their destination. Of this permission, Smith at once availed himself, but Turner and Galbraith—who had had enough hunting and trapping—determined to remain in California. Smith proceeded to his camp on the American river, and with

his comrades, who had been left there the preceding year, started towards the Columbia. The winter was now upon them in all its fury, and after several ineffectual attempts to cross the snow-clad Sierras north of them, they gave up in despair, and returned once more to the valley, having suffered terribly.

After spending a short time at their old post on the American river, above the present site of Sacramento city, they determined to seek other quarters further south, where game was plentiful, and finally located their camp a few miles east of the Bay of San Francisco. The Jesuit Fathers being greatly alarmed at the proximity of these *hereticas Americanos* to their Indian flocks, sent a messenger to demand the cause of their presence. Reduced to the most desperate extremities, almost naked, and destitute of any provision, except the flesh of such game as they might be able to kill, Smith sent the following letter to Father Duran, then in charge of the Mission Santa Clara:

"Reverend Father:—I understand, through the medium of one of your Christian Indians, that you are anxious to know who we are, as some of the Indians have been at the Mission and informed you that there were certain white people in the country. We are Americans, on our journey to the River Columbia. We were at the Mission San Gabriel in January last. I went to San Diego and saw the General, and got a passport from him to pass on to that place. I have made several attempts to cross the mountains, but the snows being so deep, I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place (it being the point to

kill meat) to wait a few weeks until the snow melts, so that I can go on. The Indians there also being friendly, I consider it the most safe point for me to remain until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses, having lost a great many in attempting to cross ten or fifteen days since. I am a long ways from home, and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing, and most of the necessities of life, wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strange but real friend and Christian brother. J. S. Smith, May 19th, 1827."

With the opening of the summer, the snows melted, and the trappers continued on their journey toward the north. As they traveled, they were daily attacked by small bands of skulking Indians, and when they reached the mouth of the Umphqua river in Oregon, their troubles culminated. Here they were attacked in the early dawn, while all of them were asleep, by hundreds of savages, and of the whole number but three escaped, amongst them Captain Smith. They lost all of their packs of furs, worth thousands of dollars, these being taken by the Indians to the posts of the Hudson Bay Company, and there sold. Smith, with Daniel Fryer and Richard Laughlin, continued their journey to the north, after their almost miraculous escape, and eventually succeeded in reaching Fort Vancouver, on the west bank of the Columbia. Here he remained, making various excursions in all directions, until 1830, when he returned to St. Louis and sold out his interest in the fur company. It is said that during his expeditions in the mountains, lying

between the Great Salt Lake, Utah, and Mono Lake in California, Smith discovered gold in considerable quantities and disclosed his secret to his partners. Of this, however, we lack sufficient testimony to pronounce it a fact. Some of his comrades also asserted that the bullets fired at them by the Indians during their many fights on the Wind River mountains, and also near the present sight of Virginia City, Nevada, were made of, or heavily alloyed with gold. This, too, seems a matter of much doubt. Having closed out his interest in the fur business Smith found it impossible to content himself in St. Louis, or, in fact, anywhere within the limits of civilization, and in less than a year after he had retired from the exciting life of a hunter and trapper, we find him undertaking new risks and dangers. But before going further, we will dispose of the claim often made for James O. Pattie, that he was the first American to enter California overland. Pattie left the Mississippi valley in 1825, with a company of trappers, their destination being the Pacific Coast. These men roamed over the plains and mountains of Colorado and New Mexico for five years, and were finally surounded by the Yuma Indians at a point in the Gila valley, near the mouth of the Colorado river. The trappers were plundered by these Indians, and finally in the year 1830, made their entrance into California. A full account of this expedition appears in the message of General Jackson—then President of the United State—to Congress, in the year 1836. Captain Brown by water, and Captain Smith by land, were the prosaic names of the first Americans who ever trod the soil of the Golden State.

Had Smith been superstitious, or paid any attention

to omens he would have hesitated, after his two warnings—in both of which he had made one of the mystical number, three, who had escaped almost miraculously from the masscre, in which their comrades had been involved—before undertaking other excursions in which he must meet his old foes, the treacherous savages, and might also encounter those unseen but none the less terrible demons of thirst and famine. But Smith was a man who knew no fear, and so compassed had his life been with dangers that its every exploit had borne a seeming omen of evil. Trusting to the kindly Providence that had so far preserved him, and longing for the absolute freedom from restraint and the exciting adventure of border life, he started with an immigrant party to Santa Fe.

This was in 1831, and the Indians along the Southern route were unusually troublesome; the situation calling for all the old trapper's vigilance and experience to protect the train under his charge. Finally they reached the dry bed of the Cimaron and Smith started out from camp to find a water-hole, not daring to send one of the immigrants, for fear he might be ambushed and killed.

As he was riding along a party of twenty-five Indians secreted in a ravine, fired upon him from under the cover of its bank at a distance of about twenty yards. Smith fell from his horse, shot through by three bullets, but as the savages rushed up, he succeeded in killing one with his rifle. Having supposed him dead, they halted, and while huddled together in a compact mass, he emptied his two pistols into them and two men fell to the ground. He attempted to rise, and another volley of balls was directed against

him, and with a shudder he fell back and expired. Yellow Bear, an Arapahoe chief to whom the Comanches told the tale of this murder—said that for a long time the warriors did not dare to approach the body of the trapper, and when they did, the fierce glare of his wide-open eyes so dismayed them that they did not attempt to scalp him.

Smith was, in some respects, the most remarkable of all the trappers, and was certainly the most restless and daring of these men. His life was one long series of uninterrupted adventure, marked by more than the ordinary perils of even his dangerous avocation. His exploits, if properly recorded, would shame the fictitious deeds of imaginary heroes of the novelist, and would require many times the space here given to it for the simplest and most concise recital. The main features of his romantic career we have been enabled to record, though its details have never before been seen in print.

All of these men were men of deeds, not words, and their exploits live only in the tales of their comrades; none of them being given to vainglorious boasting of personal prowess. It was from the few surviving comrades that our accounts have been garnered. Their terrible scars, and the scalps at their girdle alone spoke of their brave endurance and heroic courage. They were the earliest pioneers of the sun-scorched plains and frowning mountains that stand as unsleeping sentinels between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific slope; in both of which sections Jedediah S. Smith figured as among the most heroic and brave.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DARING ADVENTURES OF BILL BENT AND OTHER HISTORIC CHARACTERS IN NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

William Bent, or as he was generally known on the plains, "Bill Bent," was the most famous of this family of men, several of whom were somewhat celebrated. Charles Bent, an older brother, was also a plainsman, and a noted one, but never attracted the attention that Bill did. Both of them had had innumerable battles with the Indians, and in these conflicts there was usually the courage of the demi-god on one side, and over-powering numbers on the other. Charles, who was the eldest of the brothers, was a man of some talent for statecraft, and of undoubted military capacity. He became Governor of New Mexico, and fell, with other Americans, in a native conspiracy at Santa Fe.

Among those who perished at the same time were Lawrence Waldo (father of Henry L. Waldo, late Chief Justice of New Mexico), who first located on the American river in 1832, where the town of Folsom now stands, and Stephen Lee of St. Louis, a brother-in-law of the Lindells, celebrated hotel men, who were

more noted for their money than for intellectual ability. Elliott Lee, another brother-in-law, and who had been in the Missouri State Senate as a representative of St. Louis, was rescued by Father Martines, the good priest of Taos, N. M.

In 1829 Charles Bent, Jacob Coats, William Waldo and others were attacked, while making their way towards the mountains beyond Santa Fe, and for forty days the battle raged. Every day the Comanches and Kiowas hung in a cloud upon the flanks of the moving line of trappers, that steadily as the resistless march of fate continued on towards its goal. Every night they slept upon their arms, certain of a furious assault before the morning's dawn.

Bill Bent heard of the peril of the small body of white men, and with the determination of a hero, he resolved to add one more to the number. Mounted on a large black mule, whose split ears denoted his former Comanche ownership, he started for the train. On his way he was attacked and pursued by about fifty Comanches. Arrows and bullets whistled past him, but the only heed he paid to these was to wheel in his saddle and drop some too eager buck, whose zeal had outstripped his discretion and brought him in range of Bent's deadly Hawken rifle.

The pursuit ceased, when Bent had reached Coats and Waldo, and he dashed on into the line where his brother and comrades were desperately fighting. Coats and Waldo fired upon Bent's pursuers, and brought down two of the foremost, the others rapidly retreated. A force of one hundred and twenty Mexicans joined this little party of fighting Americans, in

order to be protected by them. Ewing Young—one of the bravest and most generous men of whom the annals of the West give any record, and who, as a trapper, hunter and Indian fighter, had few equals and no superiors—heard of the predicament of his brother trappers. He had also learned that the mountain canyon to which they were journeying and which it would be impossible to avoid, if they desired to reach the mountain streams, had been occupied by two thousand warriors, who lay in ambush, waiting to entrap and annihilate the whites. With forty trappers he endeavored to cut his way through the hundreds of savages, who surrounded the marching and battling train of Waldo and the Bents.

The odds were too great even for valor such as theirs, and they had much difficulty in cutting their own way out from the swarms of enveloping Indians. It was here that the young hero, Kit Carson, a new recruit of Young's, first proved the temper of his mettle, and showed himself worthy to combat alongside of these veterans of a hundred battles. Young, after hammering loose the swarms of savages, retreated to Taos, where he found other trappers assembled for their yearly rendezvous. With his numbers increased to ninety-five, he again returned to the attack, and after a desperate engagement, succeeded in reaching the Bents. The Indians, dispirited at their want of success, and at the reinforcements of their enemies, soon abandoned the fight and retired, having lost a large number in killed and wounded.

In the winter of 1830-31, Bill Bent, Robert Isaacs and a comrade whose name is unknown, made their way into Arizona on a trapping expedition. For a

time they met with fair success, and were unmolested, but venturing too far, they were surrounded by a body of Mescalero Apaches, then, as now, the fiercest of the savage tribes. The Indians numbered one hundred and fifty; the trappers three, and their chance of escape looked more than desperate.

Hope they had none, but they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and cause what loss they could to the redskins before "going under." When first surrounded the trappers had improved their time by throwing up a rude stone breast-work. Hardly had this been completed, when with terrific whoops, the Apaches came up on a charge.

Not a shot was wasted; two fired—the third one holding his fire until the others had reloaded—and two of the chiefs fell. Before they could get out of range, the third man fired, and another leader dropped. Almost instantly the Apaches returned to the charge, but were met by the deadly fire of the two reloaded rifles, and on a closer approach, by the pistol shots of the trappers. Again retiring, the Apaches conducted the fight thenceforth at a longer range.

The state of siege was kept up for two days, when the savages retired and the delighted white men, almost dead with thirst, sallied forth in search of water. Leaving Arizona soon afterwards, they avoided any further trouble with these foes, who, remembering this drubbing, were glad to allow them to retreat unmolested.

En passant we will here remark that it was about this time that General Boggs, afterwards Governor of Missouri during her Mormon troubles, had a narrow escape in New Mexico. In a night attack, the

Comanches dashed on horseback through the camp, and Boggs, rushing to the aid of the guard, ran in the dark against some object with such force as to precipitate him violently to the earth. Here he lay unconscious and utterly at the mercy of the savages, when Dr. Craig and Hamilton Carson, a brother of Kit, rushed to his aid and rescued him.

Had it not been for their coolness and daring, Boggs would have fallen victim to the Indians. It was also during this eventful year that William Waldo and Antone Chenie had a desperate combat with a large body of Comanche and Kiowa Indians, and escaped almost by a miracle. A few years before, Captain Pratte, a brother of General Bernard Pratte, of St. Louis, fell upon the desert shores of the Gila, and not many years after, Alexander Papin, of another celebrated St. Louis family, spilled his life blood upon the thirsty sands of the winding Arkansas.

Captain Carr, who had served under Andrew Jackson in nearly all of his battles; a Mr. Eustace, a relative by marriage of the Hon. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Louis; Washington Chapman, of Booneville, a brother-in-law of Col. James Collins, who published the first newspaper in New Mexico, and who was very mysteriously murdered there, and a dozen others, whose names are not remembered, started from the city of Santa Fe some time during the winter of 1832-33, on their way to St. Louis. Their idea in selecting this inhospitable season for their trip was, that they thereby hoped to avoid molestation by the Indians, as they had a large amount of gold and silver with them. Their route lay along the Canadian Fork of the Arkansas river, and they used every precau-

tion to avoid a collision with the savages, but in vain.

As they were journeying close to a line of low sand-hills, a large force of Indians, lying behind them, fired upon the party, and in a few seconds all of their animals and several of their men lay dead around them. Though taken by surprise, the survivors fought gallantly, digging shallow rifle pits and piling up their dead animals, packs and baggage as breastworks.

Here they maintained themselves until they were unable longer to endure the awful agonies of thirst, and taking all the ammunition they could carry and a few dollars from the vast hoards that lay around them, they scattered the remainder of their ammunition, so as to render it useless to the Indians, and choosing the darkest portion of the night, they stole cautiously out of camp and began their toilsome and terrible march towards the nearest Arkansas settlements.

To their surprise the savages did not pursue them, but they found in the frozen and desolate plains, a foe no less to be dreaded. They were unable to secure any species of game; and wild beans, the roots of weeds and grasses, and even insects, were for sixteen days their only food. Almost frozen, and famished for want of proper sustenance, they wandered despairingly onward, regretting that the bullets and the arrows of the Comanches had not bestowed upon them a speedy and merciful death.

Some fell through exhaustion, and unable to rise, perished where they lay; others, of stronger frames or more indomitable spirit, staggered wearily along, mere skeletons of men, looking like horrible phan-

tasms, and jibbering in the incipient idiocy, incident to their starving thirst, holding with them horrible converse and tempting them to suicide and murder.

On the seventeenth day of their wanderings, one of the men—named Harris—of heroic endurance, left his dying comrades, and hastened on for relief. The others now became idiots, through inanition, wept and babbled, unable almost to move. Harris was lucky enough to strike the camp of a party of Creek Indians, out on a hunting expedition, and sent them to the relief of his companions. At this time, William Waldo—who was then in the Indian nation, having left Santa Fe a short time before—heard of the terrible plight of these men, and hastened to their relief, arrived shortly after their rescue by the Creeks. They had been taken to Fort Gibson, and from there by boat to St. Louis.

To palliate, in some measure, the savage hostility of the Comanches, at this period it will be necessary to explain its origin. Up to a short time before the terrible battles, in which we have seen the Bents engaged, the Comanches had always been friendly to the American trappers and traders, and fearing no trouble, a company of men crossing the plains had detached two of their number, McNeice and Monroe, to go ahead and select a camping place.

They had become extremely careless, being in the Comanche country and understanding that they were friendly, and after choosing a camp, they had, from all indications, lain down and gone to sleep. Here they were killed by Indians, who were probably not able to resist the temptation of safely murdering two white men. The stream upon which this cowardly

deed was perpetrated, has ever since borne the name of McNiece's creek.

It was but a few days after this sad occurrence that a party of twenty Comanches rode up to the comrades of the murdered man, evidently anticipating no trouble; but the whites, in order to avenge their companions, fired upon them, only a few of the savages escaping the close and unexpected volley. From that day to this, the Comanches have been the implacable enemies of the whites, though before they had, with the exception of the two men, been very friendly.

In 1826 a party of seventy men, under the command of Captain Le Grand, had started from New Orleans to Santa Fe, for the purpose of hunting, trapping and trading, and missed their way upon the terrible desert plateaus of the *Llano Estacada,* or staked plains. They had wandered for days over this terrible tract, and fully one-half their number perished of famine, before they were discovered by the Comanches; who, after nursing them back to health, clothed them suitably, and conveyed them to Santa Fe, without demanding ransom or reward.

A party under command of a Captain Means, of Howard county, Missouri, and whose descendants still live in that county, were traveling along a few weeks behind the party which had fired upon the Indians, in return for the murder of Monroe and McNeice. Ignorant of the change in the attitude of the Comanches, and having every confidence in their friendship, these men rode confidently into a large encampment of these savages, and were surprised by a fire, that cut down Captain Means and several others.

Retreating as well as they could, they entrenched

themselves, as the Eustice party afterwards did, with their dead mules and baggage. Here they made a brave fight, but were at last compelled to succumb to the same enemy that afterwards vanquished Eustice, and packing all their money upon their backs they stole out of camp during the night, and retreated towards the Arkansas river.

When this was reached, they found that they were unable to carry their money any further, and they cached it on the west bank of the river, where it was recovered the next year intact, not a single dollar missing. A brawny Englishman carried, to the last, his share of the money, some seventeen hundred silver dollars—in weight, about a hundred pounds. He declared that he'd just as lief be dead, as to be without ready money, and that while he lived he would carry it. Most of the company became exhausted from famine. Two of the most hardy hastened forward for succor.

These were Thomas Ellison, of Cooper county, and Bryant of Boone county, Missouri. At Council Grove, Kansas—then in the wilderness—they managed to kill a bird, either a crow or a buzzard, and, after a feast upon this obscene fowl, they were able to push on to the settlements on the border, where they obtained aid for their dying comrades.. All of these were in a pitiable plight, when rescued. One of them named Harriman, a resident of Chariton county, Missouri, had become perfectly blind and when found was lying upon his back endeavoring to beat off, with a stick, the swarming coyotes; which from his cadaverous appearance, and their determined attacks, seemed to fancy him already legitimate prey.

In 1829, a party of men, of whom the Bents and Waldo were among the number, were still willing to encounter the fearful odds of Indian combat, applied to General Andrew Jackson, who had just taken his seat as President, for a military escort to accompany them to the Arkansas river, which at that time formed the boundary between the two republics of North America.

This request was readily granted, and Major Bennett Riley—who afterwards became a General, and who figured in the history of the Pacific slope as Military Governor of California—was detailed with two hundred men to meet the party at Fort Leavenworth and accompany them to the Arkansas. The company of traders numbering sixty men rendezvoused at Round Grove, about forty miles west of Independence, Missouri. Here Charles Bent was chosen Captain of the company, and with thirty-six wagons, fully freighted with valuable goods, they set out for Santa Fe; being joined by Major Riley, to whom they had dispatched a messenger, at the junction of the Independence and Leavenworth trails.

In due time, and without any event worthy of record, they reached the Arkansas, at Chouteau's Island, and bidding farewell to the gallant Major and his brave soldiers they plunged into the shallow waters of the river; and were soon on Mexican soil. Here their troubles began; the deep, dry sand engulfing their wagon wheels almost to the hubs, stalled the teams, and utterly prevented an orderly arrangement upon the march. Notwithstanding the constant order to close up, the wagons were soon strung out over half a mile of road. To guard against surprise, Cap-

tain Bent had thrown out advance and rear guards, but either through negligence of these videttes, or from the completeness with which the Indians had concealed themselves, they had gone only nine miles, when the savages seemed to spring from the very bowels of the earth, and poured in a close and heavy fire upon them.

The surprise was complete, but Bent, mounted on a large black horse, bareheaded, and with his long black hair floating upon the wind, dashed up and down the line forming his men. Every ravine swarmed with Indians, but above their terrific yelling was heard the stentorian whoop of Bent. Two of his men had been lagging in the rear of the train, and, at the first fire, one fell dead, while the other, with fifty Indians in pursuit, dashed on towards the wagons.

Escape would have been impossible, had not Bent seen the situation and charged toward the advancing savages with a fury that effectually checked their pursuit, and enable the man to join his comrades. The battle continued to rage furiously, and nothing but Bent's coolness, and the desperate bravery of his men, prevented a charge from the Indians, who numbered at least a thousand. In the train was a small brass cannon, the first that ever crossed the Arkansas trail, and it was greatly dreaded by the Comanches, amongst whom the first discharge had made fearful havoc.

After digging rifle-pits, Bent, seeing that without water he would be unable to long maintain his position, called for volunteers to endeavor to notify Major Riley of the situation of the party. Although the duty seemed one that must lead to certain death, yet

so great a number announced their willingness to go, that it was necessary to select nine men to undertake the mission. These heroes knew that their sole dependence lay in their fighting qualities, for their mules were so worn down by fatigue, that flight was out of the question. From some unaccountable reason the swarming Indians allowed them to pass through their lines, without firing a single shot at them, and with all haste they set out for the Arkansas river, where they still hoped to find Riley encamped.

This gallant officer beheld them, at some distance, and rightly surmising that there was trouble ahead, he at once began striking his tents, and by the time they had arrived, he was already upon Mexican soil, and marching swiftly to the relief of his beleaguered countrymen. It was a breach of national etiquette—this crossing the boundary of a friendly power with an armed force -but blood was thicker than water, and the ties of true bravery and humanity more potent than the red tape rules of form and ceremony.

So rapid and silent was Riley's approach to the train, that he even penetrated between the pickets of the traders and their camp before he was discovered. Then there arose such joyous cheers from camp and soldiers that the savages, concluding that they, in turn, would have to assume the defensive, quietly decamped, and the caravan was accompanied through the sand hills by the troops, and was once more safe.

The arrival of Riley was a God-send to the trappers, who must otherwise have eventually been obliged to desert their train, and seek for water, or perish of thirst. One of the hired men in the train now ap-

plied to the Major to enlist with him, but, surmising his reason for this move, the officer asked him why he wished to become a soldier. The fellow frankly informed him that he was afraid to continue with the train, now that the escort was about to return. As soon as he heard this answer, Riley told him that his men were soldiers, not cowards, and he did not want any of the latter class.

Others of the train men were waiting to see the success of this fellow's application, and if all had enlisted who desired to do so the expedition of the traders must have been abandoned right there.

Mr. Lamb, the wealthiest of the traders, fell in this battle, and was buried in the sand hills, but afterwards, I believe, the remains were removed to St. Louis, and there re-interred. We have now, after considerable preliminary explanation, approached the reason for the traders turning their course from Santa Fe, which point they had intended at first to reach, to Taos, some eighty miles further to the north. By this detour they not only avoided canyons, in which there were sure to be dangerous ambuscades, but they were also enabled to obtain a Mexican military escort. General Viscarro was ordered to accompany the traders from Taos to Santa Fe, and they once more set out on their journey.

At Cinnamon river a large party of savages approached the escort, bearing in their van the Christian symbol of the cross, made by tying an arrow transversely across a spear. Honoring this novel flag of truce with the devotion of a true Catholic, Viscarro was informed that, if he would order the Americans to remove to a sufficient distance to prevent them from

beholding the submission of the Comanches, the latter would surrender, and lay down their arms.

Viscarro very foolishly allowed himself to be made a victim of this weak strategem, and no sooner had the foes whom the Indians so greatly dreaded, retired out of sight, than the treacherous savages poured a destructive fire into the Mexican ranks at such close range as to kill and wound many of the officers and men. The escort, taken completely by surprise, was entirely at the mercy of the Indians, when Bent, hearing the firing and suspecting treachery, gathered together his mounted men, and flew to the relief of the Mexicans.

Enraged at the peculiar infamy of the savages, Bent and his men burst upon them with fierce yells and oaths, and delivered a deadly volley right in their faces. Their rifles were then discarded, and having next emptied their pistols, they followed up their attack with tomahawks and clubbed rifles, and soon had the Comanches in full flight, the field thickly strewn with their dead and wounded.

An action worthy of record was here performed by a Pueblo (or village) Indian, of the San Pablo community. Being near General Viscarro, and understanding the language of the hostiles, he heard one of the latter exclaim, in his native tongue, "Now for this General," and calling out at the top of his voice "*hombres quedado*" (look out men) he then threw himself before Viscarro and received in his own body the bullet intended for the commander, and fell to the ground, as noble a hero as the lists of chivalry record.

On the return of the caravan to the Arkansas river, it was still under the protection of Viscarro, who

was anxious to meet Major Riley, who it was understood, was on the east bank of that river awaiting the arrival of the traders.

After the departure of the train, which Riley had escorted through the sand hills, he had received orders to remain on the Arkansas river until it should have returned and convey it back to the Missouri. For three months the brave fellow had held his post in this barren wilderness, and had had almost daily battles with the Indians. Quite a number of his men had been slain in these desultory combats, and nearly all of his stock had been killed or stampeded.

His greatest disaster had occurred through the cowardise of one of his officers, a Captain, whom he had sent with a large force to kill some buffaloes. The Indians attacked the party, and this Captain of the Bob Acres school, fled and suffered a number of his men to be slaughtered by the savages. He was afterwards court-martialed, and ignominiously dismissed from the service.

Riley at last became satisfied that the traders had either been massacred by the Indians, or had determined to stay in Mexico, and crippled as he was for want of stock, he set out on his return to "the States" just two days before Viscarro's arrival on the opposite bank. So anxious was the Mexican to meet the American troops, that Bent sent an express on to overtake Riley, and halt him, until they could come up. He was found about thirty miles from the Arkansas, and when the Mexicans arrived two days were very pleasantly spent in the interchange of military courtesies. There were drills, inspections, dress parades

and sham battles, and the men of the two escorts parted firm friends.

From this time on nothing exciting occurred, and the Americans and Mexicans reached their respective homes in safety, meeting with no more serious annoyance than the nightly serenades of the infernal coyotes. The disheartened savages had given up their attempt to crush out the travel along the Arkansas trail, and entered into no more great military combinations, preferring the safer and to them more natural warfare of small, predatory bands, moving with celerity, and striking only detached individuals, and small, unguarded bodies of men. Depending entirely upon the hunting for their supplies, and with no idea of an organized commisariat, the savage is unequal to extended or prolonged military operations, and to this fact, almost as much as to his inferior determination, may be traced the causes of his immense inferiority to the white man as a warrior.

Bents Fort, or Fort William, as it was first known, was situated on the Arkansas, and was the property of St. Vrain and William Bent. It was built in 1833, and the celebrated Kit Carson—who had graduated as a trapper and hunter, as well as Indian fighter, from the school of the brave and noble Ewing Young—was the post hunter here from 1834 to 1842. In the latter year he became the chief guide to Lieutenant Fremont, and acted as such in his various expeditions, undertaken under government auspices. This fort witnessed many mutations, and was the scene of several important events. Here General Kearney rendezvoused his troops, before starting across the plains for the conquest of California, and here the Texas

filibustering expedition of Colonels Snively and Warfield gathered, in 1843, for their decent upon Mexico.

On one occasion it was besieged by some thousands of plain's Indians; all of the various tribes having laid aside their mutual hostilities, and leagued together for the extermination of the white men, and the closing of all routes across the plains, and through their hunting grounds. Bill Bent, approaching it with his wagon train, and knowing that two or three hundred raw recruits of the United States army formed its only garrison, hastened rapidly to its relief. On his way he met several deserters, who, in the night, had scaled the walls of what they regarded as a doomed place, and stealing cautiously through the savage lines, had fled with all speed toward the States.

Several couriers had also been dispatched, at intervals of twelve hours apart, to hurry up reinforcements. When he arrived in sight of his fort, Bent saw that it was menaced by a terrible danger; the thousands of hostile Indians dancing their war and scalp dances, and endeavoring to work themselves up to the proper pitch of frenzy to make their attack. At the sight, Bent's blood fairly boiled, and leaving his train under charge of one of his best men, he mounted his horse and rode furiously toward the fort. His hat was off, and his long hair trailed out behind him like a banner from its staff, and it was a trophy, that any of the savages would have been more than proud to wear at his belt.

As he dashed along he uttered his fierce war-whoop, and with oaths, couched in the choicest Cheyenne, Sioux, Arapaho and English, he dashed through the ranks of the awe-struck Indians and reached the gate

of the fort. Behind him, no less brave nor determined, came tearing along his firm friend and ally, Yellow Bear, the great Arapaho chief and strung out in single file behind him, came fiercely onward a few of his truest braves, any one of whom would have gone cheerfully to his death at the word of Bent or Yellow Bear.

The wagon train came steadily along, its men marching, fully armed, alongside, and all well closed up, and it reached the fort in safety. Here they found Bent getting everything ready in order to give a warm welcome to the braves, who were evidently bent on an assault. They would have met with a hot reception, but their numbers must have eventually triumphed, when an unforeseen event occurred. The look-out, the next morning after Bent's arrival, beheld afar to the East a slight cloud of dust, and after a while, a few black specks became visible beneath its shadow. As these approached they grew in size and were seen to be Indian videttes, with their ponies on a dead run.

On their arrival at the Indian encampment—for the Indians had ostensibly come to demand their annuities, and had brought along their families, goods and lodges—a curious scene was enacted. The squaws at once began taking down their lodges, adjusting and packing their travais, and soon the entire Indian camp was in full retreat. Amidst the insulting yells of the warriors, the yelping of dogs, the squalling of babies and the rattle of pots and kettles, piled upon the travais, the savage besiegers crossed the Arkansas and disappeared from view.

The mystery of this unaccountable move upon the part of the allied Indians was explained when, late on

the evening of the next day, those in the fort beheld the approach of a regiment of United States cavalry which had been sent to the relief of the fort. By their admirable picket system, the savages had been apprised of their approach long before the whites dreamed of it, and fearing that vengeance might be taken for their hostile attitude and their warlike threats they had prudently decamped.

Bill Bent had quite a family by a Cheyenne wife, and at one time bought property at Westport, Missouri—for which at that time, Kansas City was the landing—and furnished his house handsomely. The restraints of civilization were, however, too much for the prairie-born and plains-reared wife and children, and they returned to the wilderness, after a short trial of their new life. His daughter married some white man at Westport, and the boys returned to their mother's tribe, where they became thorough Indians, although, through the efforts of their father who spared no pains to civilize them, they had acquired moderate educations.

When the ranchmen were retreating from the Platte during the Sioux and Cheyenne troubles about 1863, it was reported that two of Bent's sons, George and one called "little Bent," were in command of Cheyenne bands. None of them ever attained the celebrity of their father, in anything; the taint of Indian blood poisoning their nobler qualities, and these "degenerate sons of an illustrious sire" show strongly the evil effects of a mongrel mixture of races, in which, as a general rule, only the worst qualities of each parent are perpetuated, and the nobler extinguished."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

In the spring of 1856 I disposed of my property interests on the Consumnes river in Sacramento county for the purpose of returning to the States. It was to fulfill a promise made to my mother when eleven years of age, on the death of my brothers in 1837 that I would care for her and father when they became old. That time had now come. The promise was kept, and at their death a monument was erected to their memory, on the one side "To my mother," "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" on the other, "Gone to his rest." For the third and last time I returned to California.

Before leaving for the States with my wife and six months' old child (I was married in San Francisco January 19th, 1854), I visited various districts of the mining region with which I had not previously been familiar, traveling by stage as an "occasional" correspondent of the Sacramento Union.

Except by pack train, the old Concord stage coach was the only mode of traveling over the mountains in those days, with six broncos attached and the celebrated "Hank Monk" or other fearless Jehus for drivers. The perilous rides at breakneck speed along

mountain grades, with only a narrow margin into the abyss a thousand feet below, would sometimes make one's "hair stand on end." A traveler has only to round "Cape Horn" on the Central Pacific railroad to realize the sensation of rounding that point in a stage coach with broncos at full speed.

Staging over the mountains in the '50's was "pleasantly" illustrated in the trip to California of Horace Greeley and Schuyler Colfax. While at Reese's Station in Carson valley Mr. Greeley expressed some doubt of reaching Hangtown in time to deliver a previously advertised lecture at that place. "Hank Monk" was the driver. The distance was one hundred miles. After leaving the station at the snow line near the backbone of the high Sierras on the down grade, Hank, with his long whip, would urge his six fleet-footed broncos along the stretches and around the curves, causing the coach—as Mr. Greeley expressed it—to "sway and rock like a ship in a storm." Finally, believing his own life and that of all those with him to be in imminent danger Mr. Greeley requested the driver to slow up, or he would leave the stage and go on foot. The only reply he received was, "Keep your shirt on, Mr. Greeley, I will get you there on time," followed by a crack of the whip. He got him there all right.

Poor Hank Monk, generous, jovial and true, was everybody's friend. His last words on his dying bed were, "I am on the down grade and I can't get my foot on the break."

We visited Illinois town in Placer county (now Colfax, named after the Vice-President), then a small mining camp on the old emigrant and stage route over

the mountains, but now a lively railroad town on the line of the Central Pacific railroad. Auburn, Gold Hill, Dutchflat, Grass Valley, Nevada City, Timbuctoo and Marysville were also visited, all of which were lively mining centers. I had previously visited a part of the mining camps of the foothill region in El Dorado and Sacramento counties, with a company organized to pursue the noted robber and land pirate, Joaquin Murrieta.

The exploits and crimes committed by this celebrated bandit form a part of the early history of California familiar to all early pioneers. It was said that while living peaceably with his young wife in Tuolumne county, engaged in mining, three young men, said to have been Americans, entered his cabin while they were partaking of their frugal mid-day meal, and after tying the young husband, brutally abused and outraged his wife before his eyes. He followed and killed the whole number. This justifiable act made him an outlaw, and from that time a heavy reward was placed upon his head, dead or alive. He was joined by other Spanish desperadoes and for many months they defied the authorities, murdering and robbing at will, and making their escape upon their fleet animals into the remote valleys or mountain fastnesses. Some citizens on their way to church in Stockton one Sunday morning, noticed a single horseman, wearing a Spanish sombrero, serape, silver spurs and riding a finely caparisoned saddle, alight and read the notice posted on a billboard of a "reward of $5000 for the arrest, 'dead or alive,' of Joaquin Murrieta. They observed that he wrote something thereon. After he had ridden leisurely away, the passers by were led

from curiosity to examine what was written and found the following: "I will give $5000 more. (Signed): Joaquin Murrieta." Men mounted in "hot haste" and started in pursuit, but no trace of the robber could be found.

In the fall of 1853 Joaquin, with three of his band, appeared in my neighborhood one morning, having several stolen horses in their possession. Riding to a stopping place kept by one Clark in the foothills, where "refreshments could be had for man and beast," on what was known as the Shingle Springs and Hangtown road, they dismounted and called for breakfast. While at their meal a party arrived from whom the horses were stolen the previous night. They rushed in, thinking to take the robbers unawares, but the latter were on their guard and shots were exchanged. One of the bandits was killed, the others escaped, and mounting their horses rode rapidly into the mountains, leaving the stolen animals and the horse, with an elegant silver mounted saddle, bridle and pistols which belonged to the dead bandit. Upon their leaving the eating house a brother of the proprietor was encountered and shot dead. A company, of which I was one, was soon formed to pursue the robbers, but after two days constant riding the search was abandoned. Only once did we discover any trace, and that in a secluded and partially abandoned mining camp, which was surrounded by timber and a dense growth of chaparral.

Subsequently Joaquin and three of his men, including "Three-fingered Jack," a most daring and desperate criminal, were captured by Sheriff Love of San Francisco while they were attempting to make their

escape into Sonora. The head of Joaquin and the hand of "Three-fingered Jack" were for a long time preserved in alcohol and exhibited to wondering crowds.

Being desirous of visiting Oregon before leaving the Pacific Coast we took passage by stage, at Marysville, for Shasta, in the northern mines, from whence we intended to use pack animals in crossing the Scott and Rogue river mountains to the head waters of the Willamette river, thence to Portland, returning to San Francisco by water. Our route from Marysville lay by way of Chico, Oroville and Red Bluff. At the former place we stopped for dinner at the home of the late General John A. Bidwell. His house was mainly an adobe structure, like most California houses at that time, and adjacent to his Indian Rancheria, which constituted an important part of Chico. He had acquired a large grant of land from Mexico, which was the foundation of his great wealth in after years. The Indians upon the grant he employed and treated them with much kindness. General Bidwell was a true American and aided materially in forming the State government, and afterwards represented his district in Congress, and was for a number of years a standing candidate for Governor on the Prohibition ticket.

While at Oroville I met Mrs. Farnham, former matron of the New York Sing Sing Prison, who was delivering a series of lectures in California entitled "St. James and St. Giles," advocating a great equality between the rich and the poor. By her invitation I introduced her to her audience, composed largely of miners, a few ladies and business men. (I was myself giving lectures upon phrenology, and was the only cor-

respondent on the coast for Fowler and Wells Phrenological Journal of New York.) Mrs. Farnham's special visit to California was to bring a cargo of "poor but respectable young women to relieve the necessities of single blessedness and to provide homes for honest and deserving girls and spinsters. Mrs. Farnham related the sad case of "a miner, who, in mending his buckskin 'pants' in attempting to pull his needle through, fell over backwards and broke his collar bone."

Her commendable efforts were fully realized and appreciated. The exodus of 100,000 gold seekers made dry pastures for deserving young women "back East," and they were glad to come to California. The trip was made in a small sailing vessel around the "Horn." It is worthy of remark that while at Oroville I met a young sailor lad, working in a store, who has since become famous for organizing and conducting great business enterprises. He is at the present time Senior Senator from the State he has done so much to help develop. His name is George C. Perkins.

The ride along the Sacramento river to Red Bluff was a most delightful one. A cool, refreshing breeze came down from the extensive pine forests upon the mountain slope to our right. Not a sound broke the stillness of primeval nature for many miles, except the cooing of the doves and the chattering of the magpies. For hours, without seeing even an Indian tepee, we wound among wide-spreading, giant live oaks, many of them covered with wild flowering vines. The only living objects seen for long distances were a few wild cattle or horses in the river bottom, or on the dis-

tant foothills. I often traveled the same route in later years, but never with the same exuberance and buoyancy of spirits as on that lovely May day with wife and child in the old lumbering stage coach.

The charm that surrounded many of the experiences of pioneer days can never be forgotten. The sun, however, shines as brightly now, the air is as balmy, the flowers are as fragrant, the doves coo as lovingly, and the magpies chatter as entertainingly, as at twenty-nine, and life has lost none of its charm at seventy-five.

Arriving at Red Bluff we found a little hamlet perched upon a high red clay bluff, from which it derives its name, on the right bank of the Sacramento river. We proceeded fifty miles farther, over an uninhabited, broken country, to Shasta, one of the liveliest mining towns in all that northern region. Here we secured comfortable quarters and clean bunks in which to sleep. Upon making inquiries with reference to continuing our journey over the mountains into Oregon, we learned that the Klamath and Rogue river Indians were hostile, that several packers and miners had been killed, and that no trains were likely to make the trip for some time. We therefore determined to return by stage to Sacramento and from thence go to San Francisco by steamer, which we accordingly did.

About twenty years later I again visited Shasta and Red Bluff, when I was also an "occasional" for the Sacramento Union. The following extract is from a letter written at that time, October 1st, 1875, just a quarter of a century ago:

"Leaving Red Bluff by the evening express of Sep-

tember 25th, I reached the bustling town of Redding on time and found comfortable quarters at the "Reading Hotel.' The smiling and accommodating landlord, B. Conroy, makes all newcomers feel at home. With clean beds, 'square meals' and a homelike influence pervading the house, induced by the presence of a pleasant, intelligent family, the weary and dusty traveler is made to feel that his lot has indeed fallen in a pleasant place. * * * * Being the present terminus of the California and Oregon railroad, it is the distributing point of an immense trade. Loads of merchandise are constantly leaving for various points in the direction of Oregon, drawn by teams of six or eight horses or mules, not infrequently hauling twelve thousand pounds in a single load over rough mountain roads. A good class of residences may be seen nestled among the natural shrubbery, while an air of intelligence and refinement far above the average is observed among the citizens. A ride of an hour and a half over a rough and dusty road brings us to the antiquated town of Shasta. As one approaches the town and sees evidences of old mining days, many reminiscences of '49-'50 crowd upon the memory Shasta was at one time the leading town in Northern California, but its former greatness has, in a great measure, departed. Many vacant buildings are now seen that once resounded with the hum of business. Much litigation in early times was had here, arising mainly from conflicting mining interests, and the services of Milton S. Latham, Colonel Zabriska, Governor Foot, Tom Marshall, Colonel E. D. Baker, and other old-time celebrities were frequently called in, and as we write of these things we are ready to exclaim:

'How are the mighty fallen.' Governor J. Neely Johnson, after the expiration of his term of office, and having fallen into 'ways that are dark,' made this his home for a number of years with his beautiful and accomplished wife. As I write I think I see him as I did at the time of his marriage, with a physique rarely equaled, and a mind clear and vigorous. O! rum! rum! how many heartstrings hast thou broken. How many brilliant intellects hast thou clouded with 'darkness that could be felt.' Where is Governor and Senator McDougald, the silver-tongued Ferguson, Marshall, Buel and others whose names were prominently associated with the history of this Golden State. We drop a tear over their memory, draw the veil of charity and turn away in sorrow. * * * * The editorial chair of the Courier is well filled in the person of W L. Carter, who dispenses intellectual pabulum weekly to the good people of Shasta county. I would not fail to mention a pleasing and marked feature to be observed here: the county officials are men of strictly temperate habits and enjoy the full confidence of their constituents. Another step in the right direction has been taken by this progressive county. The present Superintendent of Public Schools is a lady of refinement and fine executive ability, and under her able administration the schools are attaining a high standard of excellence. Other counties in the State would do well to follow the example of old Shasta. * *

* Judge Hopkins, from dispensing justice on the bench, retires to his meat market and dispenses tender steaks to his numerous customers, and that without detracting an iota from his dignity. His decisions are of the most ponderous character and seldom reversed.

(The Judge's avoirdupois is about three hundred and fifty pounds.) He is an upright man, a good Judge and a prominent Mason."

On my return to Red Bluff I delivered a lecture, by invitation, upon "Popular Education," which was repeated in the principal towns of the State and before County Institutes. The pastors and teachers of the city united in a request for its publication, to which consent was given and large numbers were printed in pamphlet form for general distribution.

My principal object in this "additional," and, in fact, entire narrative is to parallel earlier conditions of our beloved State with the present; reference being had to its wonderful development and growth in all educational and industrial lines.

I was recently informed by a teacher in a Los Angeles public school that some of her larger pupils when his name was mentioned, had never before heard of General Fremont, who was so largely instrumental in acquiring the territory that now constitutes our State and helped to lay the foundation of its present greatness; and who, at one time, was a candidate for the office of President of the United States. A better knowledge of the history of our own times should be taught, even if ancient history be neglected. The knowledge acquired and habits formed in the common schools cannot be over-estimated. It is all that the great majority of our children will ever receive and possibly ever need.

Our trip to San Francisco was made by stage to Sacramento and from there by steamer to the Bay City where we remained two days. We took passage on the steamer Philadelphia for New York, via Central

America, the same route I had traveled in 1852, paying for our tickets three hundred dollars each; nine hundred dollars in all. Returning with us to "the States" was a lad, Robert L. Hutchinson, twelve years of age, having the full consent of his mother, a widow with five boys, whose father was killed by the Indians in 1848 while prospecting for gold. He was a bright, studious youth who had been in my employ a couple of years, caring for stock. He was unwilling to be left behind. Four years later, while attending an academy, he was one of the first to respond when "Father Abraham" called for 75,000 troops and served four years and four months. He was in nearly all the great battles in the west, under Thomas, and with Sherman from Atlanta to Appomatox. He was a good soldier, was promoted, saved his money, took a commercial course after his discharge, was employed for a time with a Salt Lake freighting firm at Independence, Missouri; returned to California, and is, at this time an honored and successful business man, with a good wife, a native son and daughter of the Golden West, both educated and cultured. In all these years I have never known him to taste intoxicating liquors, utter an oath, use tobacco in any form or tell a lie. Would that all young men could establish a like record.

The arrival and departure of the steamer in those days was a notable event in the life of the pioneer and "stranger in a strange land." The meeting and parting of friends, the "good-bye" and "God bless you," the waving of "bandannas" and hats, as the steamer's great wheels began to revolve, the watching from wharves and steamer deck until the out-going vessel was lost to view in the Golden Gate, are well remem-

bered scenes connected with those monthly recurring events. They were looked forward to as an agreeable change from the monotonous routine of the miner's life and by all with anxious anticipation of news from home and friends "away back East." The wharves on those occasions were thronged with a motley crowd. The bearded and bronzed miner with his woolen shirt, overalls and high topped boots; the Mexican, with his sombrero, serape, red sash, and breeches decorated down the legs with gilt buttons. John Chinaman, Kanaka, and Chilino in their native costumes, made a most interesting combination of "all sorts and conditions of men."

It was a typical California May day when we cleared the Golden Gate. The air was soft and balmy and a light breeze came in from the ocean. The receding low-lying lands of Contra Costa across the bay, dotted here and there with groves of grand old live oaks; Mounts Tamalpais and Diablo; the Coast Range extending far away north until lost in the blue horizon, united to form a panorama of one of nature's grandest landscapes. For a day and night, after passing the Farallones, the ocean was exceedingly rough. This was the only unpleasant weather experienced during the entire distance of thirty-five hundred miles to the Isthmus of Panama. To the few who escaped seasickness, it was amusing, if not interesting, to witness the agonies of the unfortunates. The victims, in their keenest distress, were only laughed at by those who seemed to think it a "good joke." One old gentleman declared he had nothing left "wherewith to feed the fishes but his boots."

The monotony of the voyage was occasionally

broken by the spouting of a whale, the gambols of a school of porpoise, the flying fish, that would sometimes light upon the deck of the steamer, where they would be unable to rise again, or the man-eating sharks that would frequently follow in our wake for hours, and at night produce a luminous streak in their rapid passage through salt water. An "unfeeling" passenger would at times find amusement in throwing a hot brick wrapped in flannel to the monster, who quickly swallowed it.

As we advanced into the tropical seas many beautiful fish were seen, but there were none so celebrated for their beauty and gamy qualities as the dolphin. His sides are yellow, inclining to green on the back, his tail long forked and richly tipped with yellow, and his fins a brilliant blue. With a dashing air he darts to and fro, driving the timid little flying-fish out of the water, and the moment the poor frightened thing touches its native element it is gone. When caught upon the hook he yields exhausted, after many unavailing struggles, and after being raised on deck, he renews in vain his struggles until with the heavy and unsparing strokes of his tail, he covers the deck with his blood. Who has not heard of the dying dolphin? The rapidly changing hues of green and gold flash and fade at intervals; his blue fins stand out erect as in swimming; the colors seem more brilliant than ever, and one can but exclaim, "How beautiful!" But at last he lies lifeless; of a dull lead color, as plain and unattractive as any other fish.

One of the most unpleasant features of an ocean voyage upon a steamer fifty years ago was the small, uncomfortable quarters for the night, consisting of a

stateroom (so called) six by six, with narrow berths on either side. The only light and ventilation was through a small circular porthole, which, unless closed, allowed the water sometimes to dash in during a rough sea. In case of illness a "stateroom" of those days was exceedingly unpleasant.

Two days out from San Francisco a steamer was met, having on board an agent of the line over which we had purchased tickets, and on coming aboard the Philadelphia he ordered our captain to run to Panama seven hundred miles below San Juan del Sur, where we were to have landed, and transfer his passengers about three hundred in all, to the "Morgan line." Ours was the "Vanderbilt." It created much dissatisfaction, as the time in reaching New York would be greatly extended. The object as stated was to avoid the possible seizure of the steamer by the noted filibuster Walker, who, at that time, was in Central America with a small body of troops for the purpose of creating a revolution and overthrowing the government. He practically controlled the route from San Juan to Greytown across Lake Nicaragua.

Only one port was made from San Francisco to Panama, that of Acapulco on the western coast of Mexico.

Passing Cape San Lucas, the extreme southern point of Lower California, the mountain coast of Mexico comes into view, where we witnessed volumes of smoke issuing from the summit of the volcano "Colima," about eighty miles inland. At times the top of this burning mountain was luminous from its fires, and formed at night an interesting sight to passengers on passing vessels. After passing the Gulf of Te

hauntepec nothing of special note occurred before reaching the Isthmus, our vessel being for the most part out of sight of land.

The day previous to our arrival at Panama a serious riot occurred there in which several lives were lost. A passenger en route for California, had a dispute with a native over the purchase of a watermelon which resulted in a general fight between the passengers on the one side and citizen soldiers on the other. The doors and sides of the railroad depot were perforated with bullets; and as the excitement had not subsided when we arrived, the passengers from our ship were not permitted to mingle with the natives, but were hurried aboard the train and conveyed at once across the Isthmus twenty-six miles to Aspenwall, now "Colon."

As I have given somewhat of a detailed account of the overland journey to California by the gold seekers in '49-'50 I will briefly refer to the Panama route, which, with the longer trip around Cape Horn, was taken chiefly by those living near the Atlantic seaboard, amounting in the years I have mentioned to not less than thirty thousand. The time occupied from New York to San Francisco by this route was from thirty-five to forty days, and the expense would range from three to five hundred dollars. Around the "Horn" on a sailing vessel six or seven months were consumed. The distance from New York to San Francisco by Panama was seven thousand miles. Around Cape Horn fifteen thousand. Much suffering and many deaths occurred on these routes.

The following, from the diary of a physician, James

L. Tryon, M. D., in 1849, is both interesting and instructive.

"Panama, the terminus of the varied and difficult routes across the Isthmus, is situated on the shores of an extensive and beautiful bay. It contains about eight thousand inhabitants, most of whom are negroes. Being one of the old Spanish towns, upon the decline of the Spanish power, the place fell into decay. The houses are generally of stone or brick, two and three stories in height, whitewashed or covered with a coat of plaster, and are invariably surrounded by a balcony protected from the sun and rain by the roofs of the houses extending over them. The town is regularly arranged, the straight and narrow streets intersecting each other at right angles. A wall was built by the Spaniards around the portion of the town nearest the bay, but at least one-half the population reside beyond its limits, and it is in a dilapidated state. A venerable, decayed, but still imposing cathedral; a grand plaza or open common—a general characteristic of Spanish-built towns—several churches, partly in ruins; the crumbling walls of the College of Jesuits, which cover a large extent, and of two monasteries, of which the walls and bells alone remain; and the frowning walls and towers of the battery, fronting the bay, are the principal features of the town of Panama. Since the commencement of the emigration to California a number of Americans have established hotels and eating-houses in the town and good accommodations are therefore to be obtained by travelers.

"From Panama steamships convey passengers to San Francisco. Starting from the front of the city the beautiful bay, with its semi-circular shores, and

the lofty islands of Flamingo, Perico, Tobago, and others present themselves to view. At the island of Tobago all the vessels that come into the bay obtain their supplies, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company have established their depot for coal, etc., on its shores. After obtaining all the necessary supplies the steamship moves out of the bay rounding Point Mala. The voyage upon the Pacific with all its variety of incident and scenery then commences. The principal annoyance of the travelers is the almost intolerable heat of the sun and furnaces of the steamship united.

"Water-spouts and different species of whale are frequent sights. North of the Gulf of Tehauntepec the steamer nears the land and the bold mountain coast of Mexico breaks upon the view, and at night the passengers enjoy a sight of the glaring light produced by the burning volcano of Colima, though the volcano itself is but imperfectly seen, being at the distance of ninety miles from the vessel. Soon after this fades from view the islands off the town of San Blas appear, and an immense white rock, isolated from the sea, serves as a lighthouse to ships steering for the port. At San Blas the steamships remain some time to obtain supplies of coal, fresh fruits, and provisions, then Cape San Lucas, the extreme southern point of Cape Carientes next appears, and soon afterwards the entrance to the Gulf of California is approached; and California, with its mountains and rocky shores, is hailed by the traveler as the first portion of the "promised land" that greets his sight. Passing along the western coast of the peninsula, the island and bay of Magdalena appear, with shores three or four thousand feet above the sea. Next the towering ridges of Ceros

Isles are passed and the bold rocky shores of the peninsula are in continual view. Within a few days after leaving Panama, the thermometer falls from 95 degrees to 55 degrees, and such a change must have an injurious effect if additional clothing is not put on to meet it.

"The first portion of Upper California, or the 'Golden Land,' which presents itself to the voyagers is the Coronados, two high round-topped rocks off the port of San Diego. Then the beautiful semi-circular harbor is entered, and if wanting, supplies are obtained from the town. From the harbor of San Diego the vessel proceeds along the coast of California and the towering peaks of the Coast Range of mountains engage the attention. The high promontory of St. Vincent is passed, and then the open bay of Monterey is entered, and passengers are either let off the steamer or taken aboard as necessity may require. From Monterey the steamer keeps along the coast, and mountainous shores alone meet the view, until the voyagers come in sight of the Farallones, two large detached rocks at the southern side of the entrance to the bay of San Francisco. Then the Golden Gate—as the strait or entrance is called—is entered and the perpendicular cliffs and hills upon each shore afford matter for wonder. The strait is about three miles long and from one to two miles broad. As the vessel reaches its terminus, the great bay of San Francisco opens to the view, looking like a miniature ocean. Bird Island, Wood Island, Angel Island, with the beautiful little bay of Sausalito, successively meet the gaze, and very soon the steamer is anchored, having reached her destination. While longer than the overland route it oc

cupies much less time in traversing, and, upon the whole, its beauties and pleasures in most cases outnumber the difficulties and annoyances encountered."

We arrived at Aspenwall about 10 o'clock at night. The road, nearly the entire distance from Panama, having been constructed through a dense tropical forest, the view was circumscribed but none the less interesting. The immense leaves of the undergrowth would at times reach even the car windows. The wonderful variety of beautiful foliage, and an occasional glimpse of a monkey, parrot or bird of paradise, perched upon palm or cocoanut tree, or in the branches of the banana, made the trip of thirty miles an exceedingly interesting one, after a long sea voyage from a northern clime. It was hoped and expected that we would be able to proceed at once upon our journey, but we were doomed to disappointment. Passengers who had purchased tickets by the Morgan route were first to be accommodated.

The steamer lying at the wharf, about to sail for New York, was unable to receive the passengers from the Philadelphia, consequently we were compelled to seek accommodations in the town. We had remained crowded upon the narrow rickety wharf (everything in that latitude was frail and rickety in those days) until 11 or 12 o'clock, uncertain as to our fate. A rush was then made to secure quarters. We were informed there were one or two hotels kept by Americans.

With my wife and baby, guided by a few flickering candle lights at no great distance, we hurried in the direction of one of the hotels and fortunately secured a small room and board in a quite commodious building known as the "Aspenwall," built somewhat after

the manner of a California ranch house, where a large number of men are employed.

As we entered I noticed a bar, card tables, and billiard room. On reaching our room I discovered our satchel was missing, which contained several thousand dollars in gold coin and drafts. Returning to the wharf, in some trepidation, I groped in the darkness until I found it. It was in the place where we had been sitting, having been forgotten in the excitement incident to being left and anxiety to secure a lodging place. Its fortunate recovery was a great relief to all concerned.

Aspenwall was a new "railroad town," of perhaps two or three hundred inhabitants, mostly negroes from the Island of Jamaica, or Spanish half-breeds, the exceptions being the railroad employes and a few other whites. It was on a level with the ocean and numerous natural wells of salt water existed ten or fifteen feet deep, at the bottom of which beautiful coral formations could be seen, and numerous specimens were obtained by employing the nude colored boys to dive for them.

Cocoanut and other tropical fruit-bearing trees were scattered through the town. In the rear was a dense forest, lying between the Chagres river and the Pacific Coast, the home of wild beasts, serpents, monkeys, and a great variety of strange birds. At the time of which I write all that region constituted a part of New Granada, S. A., but since then the name has been changed to Colombia.

A short distance from Aspenwall was the ancient town of Chagres from whence, after the rush to California began, both steam and sailing vessels were con

stantly engaged in carrying freight and passengers to and from the principal ports of the Atlantic States, before the construction of the Panama railroad. The harbor of Chagres is small, but good for vessels of less than two hundred tons burden.

The following is a description of Chagres and its inhabitants in the early part of 1849, written by a pioneer then en route to the gold mines of California:

"It is a strange, fantastic and oddish-looking town. It consists of some forty or fifty huts with pointed palm-thatched roofs and reed walls. Nor were the innumerable buzzards which were flying about or resting on the houses, together with the energetic gesticulations of the natives when in conversation, as we drew near, at all calculated to lessen the picturesque effect of a first view. The surrounding country was anything but devoid of interest and beauty. All had a strange equatorial look; while the green hills around, clothed with rich tropical verdure, and the graceful and shadowy palm and cocoanut, with other strange fantastic trees, together with the ruins of the large old Spanish castle, on the heights above the town, gave to the scenery a very beautiful and picturesque aspect.

"We landed at the beach on some logs, which during the rainy season are necessary to preserve the pedestrian from a quagmire, in the midst of dense foliage that was here luxuriant to the water's edge, surrounded by about thirty canoes and some forty or fifty huge black fellows, mostly in the garb in which nature arrayed them. A majority of the natives are black, but some are of a deep copper or mulatto color. The thick lips and woolly head of the African; the high cheek-bones, straight hair and dogged look of the In-

dian; and the more chiseled features and finely expressive eyes of the Spaniard are all here, though often so blended that it is difficult to say to which race they chiefly owe their origin. In truth they are a mongrel race, but generally have the most magnificent large, dark, expressive eyes I have ever seen. The females, some of whom have rather pretty faces and particularly fine eyes were dressed out in the most tawdry finery, with divers furbelows, flounces and ruffles encircling the shoulders, where the dress begins, and terminating some where about or below the knee. Some of the younger ones were entirely *model artiste*, at least so far as their clothing was concerned, but the forms of most were rather indifferent. Many were sitting or lounging about the doors or in the cabins, eating tamarinds, oranges and other fruit, surrounded by hairless dogs, pigs, naked children, turkeys and buzzards, forming together quite a congruous and homogenous mixture.

The beauty of the country through which the Chagres river flows has been the theme of frequent praise. Its banks are filled in with all the luxuriant verdure which tropical climes produce. The tamarind, the date, the pomegranate, the plantain, the banana, the cocoanut, the lime, the citron, and the pine apple are abundant. Flowers of every hue send forth their fragrance, rendering the air delightful to the senses. Orange groves are numerous and the fruit is as plentiful as the apple of the Southern States of the Union. Mountains, hills and valleys diversify the prospect, while the ear is filled with the melodious notes of thousands of birds, natives to the tropics, their music contrasting with the discordant notes of

the parrots, macaws and chattering monkeys. Such a scene is worth the travel to the Isthmus, and the toils sometimes endured in crossing it.

At night parties that land are compelled to build fires to keep off the wild beasts and venomous serpents, which abound in the neighborhood of the river, and to disperse the myriads of insects with which the air hums. Alligators of a large size, are to be seen on the banks in the day time basking in the sun. For the first few miles after leaving Gargonia, I followed closely at the heels of our guide and would often pause and turn to examine the apparently almost impassable route I had traversed, watch the progress of the rest of the party and wonder at the security with which their cautiously-stepping and sagacious animals would gradually overcome seemingly unsurmountable obstacles. I urged mine repeatedly to make him choose a path, which to all appearances was preferable to his own, but to no purpose. He would turn half around and in a slow, solemn way, put his nose to the ground and looking keenly about the place, would cautiously put one foot forward, then another, then a third and a fourth, when, poised on all drawn under him, and close together, he would have a better opportunity for further inspection which having satisfactorily accomplished, another cautious step would be made as before, and so on until the difficulty was overcome. Finding he knew better than I did, I invariably threw the reins to him when difficult obstacles were to be surmounted. The result was always fortunate. One or two of the party, however, were satisfied that horses should not have their own way, and whipped and spurred them to compel compliance with

their better judgment. The issue was as I anticipated. One was thrown over his horse's head into a mud puddle and the other with horse and all stuck fast in a quagmire from which it was not easy to extricate him. Thus we trudged an often over difficult and sometimes dangerous ways. The rider, to avoid a severe contusion or probably a broken limb, in turning the sharp angles is compelled to place his feet as near the animal's head as possible and in this manner he can ride in perfect safety, though some little management is requisite to maintain his equilibrium. Before entering the defiles, the muleteers shout at the top of their voices, and stop for a short time continuing the shout as they advance, to apprize others at the opposite extremity of the pass that the way is already occupied. This is necessary and important, for if two on horseback were to meet in one of these narrow and crooked paths, the scene between the "Quaker and Dandy" would have to be re-enacted, for many newspapers would have to be read and many segars smoked before either could turn out of the way for his neighbor.

Whenever ladies travel this route they are obliged to discard the side saddle and resort to a less feminine style of equitation. I overtook a party of about twenty persons on the road, amongst whom was a married lady and I watched her rather curiously, to observe how she got over the difficulties that beset her. Being fortified with that article of male attire, the figurative possession of which is said to denote domestic ascendancy, she thought it incumbent upon her, I suppose, to display all the courage and nerve that should properly be incased in it. Several times when I fancied that both she and her mule were on the point

of being capsized, she recovered herself with admirable presence of mind and seemed to enjoy the risk exceedingly.

As to myself, I floundered on as well as I could with a mule tottering beneath me from sheer exhaustion and sinking every minute up to his knees in mud. It seemed to me that we were making little or no progress; and I became thoroughly tired and disheartened. I do not know any temptation, however powerful, that would again induce me to encounter the never-ending series of difficulties and annoyances that lay in wait for me at every step; and I must candidly aver that even the force of female example, of which I had so merry a specimen before me, did not at all shame me into a less impatient endurance of them. Continuing on, we passed two or three Hacala (or huts) by the way, and after several brief but pleasant stoppages at the various brooks and mountain rills, we at length came on a beautiful undulating meadow, where picturesque villas and shadowy trees decked the verdant plain, and soon thereafter the towers of Panama were in view. The sun was just setting as we entered the suburbs, and a flood of purple glory rested on the sky, reflected back by the sparkling waters of the Pacific, which brought the distant mountains into bolder relief, and cast a deeper shadow through the twilight groves. Half an hour's ride over the paved streets, brought us to the city, which we entered at the Gorgona gate; passing through a heavy stone archway supporting a cupola, in which hangs the alarm bell, surmounted by a cross. Such is the character of the "Gorgona road" from Chagres to Panama, the first fifty miles in dug-out bungoes, or boats propelled by nude natives, the

remainder of the way on mule back over narrow, dangerous mountain trails."

On our passenger list aboard the Philadelphia were the names of the entire Democratic delegation from California on their way to Philadelphia to attend the national convention. They had also taken rooms at the "Aspenwall." Many of them were gentlemen who had been conspicuous in public affairs, and they contributed not a little to break the monotony of our long delay on the Isthmus. Ex-Governor John Bigler, Judge Hastings (afterwards Supreme Judge), "Dave" Bull, ex-Sheriff of El Dorado county—a brave and popular young man, six feet and a half tall and who, both in California and Utah, had a remarkable career—and J. C. Hatch, a leading politician of Sacramento City, were among the best known. We had also as fellow passengers the family of General Sam Houston, the hero of Texas Independence, and, after its annexation, a Senator in Congress. Mrs. Calahan, wife of the proprietor of the Golden Eagle Hotel at Sacramento, was also a passenger. That popular hostelry was erected in 1853, when I became one of its original guests. It is still the leading Hotel in Sacramento, and political headquarters for both the Republican and Democratic parties.

The national convention of 1856, to which I have alluded, resulted in the nomination and election of James Buchanan for President. Governor Bigler was appointed Minister to Chili, and it is worthy of note that while in that country he saw for the first time, what was known as Lucern or Alfalfa, and, thinking that if it were adapted to the climate of California, it would be a useful product, he procured a small quan

tity of seed and sent it here as an experiment. From that small beginning came all the alfalfa since grown in California.

His wife and daughter accompanied him to the States. A few years later he and his family had all passed to the Great Beyond, and no representative was left to perpetuate the name of one of California's noblest sons. He was twice Governor; a plain, honest, patriotic man. The State should erect a monument to his memory. While on shipboard he wrote me a flattering letter of introduction to Governor Charles Robinson of Kansas, who was wounded in the "squatter war" in Sacramento in 1850, as before recounted in my narrative, and was carried aboard the Prison Brig.

Near the end of the third week after our arrival at Aspenwall we were enabled to secure passage to New York. After a delightful voyage of six days, we anchored in the beautiful bay of Havana under the grim walls of old Moro Castle. After obtaining individual permits from the authorities we were allowed to go on shore. Our two days' stay was pleasantly spent in visiting various places of interest. Among others the Cathedral being the original burial place of Columbus. Although nearly fifty years ago, a short drive in the country revealed many lovely homes of wealthy Spaniards, and a great profusion of tropical flowers, plants, and fruit. To those not familiar with the old Spanish style of architecture Havana presents peculiar features. The buildings are low, with balconies nearly meeting from second stories; the sidewalk about two feet wide, and the streets between eight or ten feet, only of sufficient width for the passage of the Volante, a two-wheeled vehicle driven with horses tandem, and

a rider on the leader. No other sort of conveyance was seen in Havana at that time. No doubt great changes have taken place in Cuban towns within t last half century.

Previous to our arrival in New York a meeting was called in the cabin of the steamer for the purpose of appointing a committee, whose duty it should be to employ counsel, and, if so advised, to commence suit against the steamship company for damages caused by our detention at Aspenwall. Quite a number of business men from San Francisco and other California towns going East to purchase goods, claimed to have suffered loss. I was appointed on that committee, and, upon our arrival in New York City, we consulted John Van Buren, who, after a full discussion of the matter, advised that the delay and expense before reaching a judgment would not justify commencing an action.

John Van Buren was the son of President Martin Van Buren, and was popularly termed "Prince John." He was appointed Attorney-General by President Pierce. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and when observed walking on Broadway, was a head taller than ordinary men. His father, whom I saw when he was a Presidential candidate in 1840, was short and stout. (My first Presidential vote was cast for Martin Van Buren in the year 1848.) John received the title of "Prince" through having visited England, with the view of paying his addresses to Queen Victoria, then in her nineteenth year. He danced with her at a court ball, and ever after his return home was called "Prince John." I distinctly remember the circumstance of his first visit to England,

Victoria's choice fell upon Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, a man of high character and noble qualities.

After one week spent in New York I departed with my wife and child for my home in Illinois, and eventually located in Minnesota until after the death of my parents, when I returned to remain permanently in California.

Before bidding a final adieu to my readers, I wish to express the hope that they may find as much pleasure in perusing the foregoing pages as I have had in recording the incidents they contain and the historical facts I have endeavored to correctly set forth. Let us cherish the memories of the past, and the grand achievements of those who have labored and sacrificed to make our State and nation the home of the liberty-loving and oppressed of all nations. The only factor of imperialism contemplated by our government is to carry a higher civilization to the less favored than ourselves. I believe in the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of all our race and the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God—the two elements from which flows the life of all, whether animate or inanimate. Let those of the younger generation on whom will devolve the grave and weighty responsibilities of perpetuating the civil and religious liberty bequeathed to us by our forefathers, and made sacred by their blood, discharge with fidelity all their obligations, guiding to a new and nobler life and arousing high motives and holy aims, thus leading in the formation of moral, intellectual and christian character.

The second century of our national life can in no respect be a repetition of the first. Every age has its

own work to do and its own problems to solve. Happy the age that can call strength and wisdom its own; full of woe and trouble if it be beset with weakness and folly. No one can look back upon the first century of our nation and fail to see a constant progress, and a progress, on the whole, for good. It is for the growth of the present, understanding the work of the past, to be strong and wise to do the work of a new age, the beginning of which is now with us, but the end of which no man can see..

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF A PARTY OF ARGONAUTS WHO WERE COMPELLED TO ABANDON THEIR VESSEL "THE DOLPHIN" ON THE PENINSULA OF LOWER CALIFORNIA, AND MAKE THEIR WAY ON FOOT TO SAN DIEGO.

The incidents contained in the following narrative have been obtained from various authentic sources. They are a part of the history of that wild and anomalous rush of half a century ago of those fearless adventurers who sought these distant shores in search of the elusive Golden Fleece. A short account of the company that sailed in the schooner "San Blazina" from Mazatlan, and landed at Cape St. Lucas was published in the Overland Monthly in September, 1875.

As the winter of 1849 advanced the excitement caused by the discovery of gold in California continued to increase. At the Isthmus of Panama two or three thousand persons were collected waiting transportation. Every craft that could float was engaged at an extraordinary price and fitted up for the long voyage. Only small sailing vessels at that time were plying the waters of the Pacific for passenger traffic. They set sail from Panama overcrowded like a city electric car at the hour when the clerks and operatives are hurrying to their homes.

As many passengers as could find standing or sleeping room was taken on board and had the seas over which they sailed, been as stormy as the Atlantic, few would ever have reached their destination. The schooner "Phœnix," seventy tons burden, carried sixty passengers and was one hundred and fifteen days on the passage. The "Two Friends," two hundred and six tons, carried one hundred and sixty-four passengers, and was five and a half months in reaching San Francisco. The party of whom I write having arrived at the southern extremity of Lower California and becoming discouraged at the difficulties encountered in the continuous head winds and calms, which, long ago, baffled the nautical skill of the old Spanish voyagers, abandoned their vessel and made their way along the whole peninsular on foot, subsisting on rattle-snakes and cacti, and after enduring incredable hardships, reached San Diego nearly naked and emaciated to the last degree.

The steamer "Falcon" sailed from New Orleans in December, 1848, for Chagres, with some of the earliest adventurers who left the United States for California after the discovery of gold.

Crossing the Isthmus by way of the Chagres River, in Bungoes, to Panama, they found no prospect of speedy conveyance from that port. A number determined to purchase an old schooner called the "Dolphin," of about one hundred tons burden, and make use of her as a passenger boat for California. J. S. K. Ogier, afterwards Judge of the United States Court for the Southern District of California, was chosen captain, and she sailed with a company of forty-five men on the 10th of January, 1849. They

found but six barrels of water on board and no others to be had, and as the tank had proved unserviceable they procured two large canoes and secured them on deck, one on each side, filled them with water, and covered them with boards. The space below deck was fitted up with berths, and they took along such provisions as the market afforded, such as jerked beef, beans, rice, pumpkins, etc. The city had been stripped of all proper ships' stores by vessels that had preceded them. One of the company was a man named Rossiter who had successfully navigated a schooner on the Hudson River, and upon him devolved the responsible duty of steering the Dolphin to California.

When the time arrived to comply with the terms of the sale it was found that the required amount of money could not be collected. In this emergency, one Captain Winslow, proposed to take her off their hands and they were to pay their passage money to him. Sixty-eight persons, including officers and crew, were stowed away in this small vessel; among them was James McClatchy, who afterwards became the distinguished editor of one of the best papers in the State, the "Sacramento Bee." They arrived at Mazatlan without any serious mishap and left that port on the 15th of April. For twenty-five days they sailed on their course and had gone about one thousand miles, when, having about two barrels of water left in the hold, it was thought best to broach that in the canoes on deck. To their consternation it was found to be so impregnated with the bitter and nauseating properties of the wood that it was wholly unfit for use even for cooking purposes. All hands were immediately put on a daily allowance of a pint to each man, and the

vessel was headed for San Diego; but it soon became more than doubtful whether they could reach land at all. The captain insisted upon making the attempt to go to San Diego, the passengers remonstrated, and finally broke out into mutiny, deposed the captain, and put the mate, Mr. Rossiter, in command, and the course was laid to the nearest land on the peninsula of Lower California. A guard was placed over the water, and the strictest economy was enforced. Fresh provisions were quite gone, and the chief part of the supply consisted or rice and beans, which they were compelled to cook in sea water. With a fresh breeze there was little doubt that their supply of water would last until they could reach land, but should it fall off to a long continued calm, they anticipated great suffering. After about ten days of these apprehensions, and much anxiety, they sighted an island and ran to it. A boat was sent on shore, and after hours of unsuccessful search it returned; no sign of fresh water could be found. The next day they made the main land and the search for water was renewed. For seven days they coasted along, landing at every available spot to renew the search, but nowhere was a drop of fresh water to be found. Their situation was now very critical. They estimated their distance from San Diego to be about three hundred miles. They had lost seventy miles in way in the last three days. Everywhere the coast presented the same forbidding, inhospitable appearance of barren, rocky cliffs, where if rain ever fell, it was evaporated at once by the heated rocks. A grave consultation was held on deck. To the south, there was not a drop of fresh water until they should pass Cape St. Lucas, and that was too far

off to afford a hope of reaching it, and if they were successful, what could they do in their destitute state? The poor success of the schooner in beating up to the north, her leaky condition, that made it necessary for all hands to take their turn at the pump that never rested, and her sails and rigging becoming every day more dilapidated and unserviceable gave small hope that they could look farther north for succor; certainly not with the large number of passengers on board. A vote was taken and forty-eight resolved to take their chances on shore with such necessities as they could carry on their backs. This included nearly all the able bodied passengers. Some of them were too much exhausted from long continued sea-sickness and starvation to endure the hardship that would be necessarily encountered.

There were still left four days' rations of water to those remaining on board, allowing a pint a day to each person. A landing was effected on the 28th of May, under the protection of a point of rocks. They reached shore in safety and set out in different directions for water. Nearly all were landed before dark, and each boat-load was swamped in the surf, but a fire was built on the shore and all were rendered reasonably comfortable.

Those who landed first had explored the country about five miles in every direction, but they reported no signs of water. There was no time to be lost. They each had a bottle of the bitter water from the schooner and that was their only resource, until they should find more. They set out the same evening and traveled about three miles, and, unable to proceed further from the darkness, they laid down upon the top of a

hill to rest for the night. Here the atmosphere was warmer, and undisturbed by the motion of the vessel, they all slept soundly. The next morning after the best breakfast they could prepare, they renewed their journey, in hope of crossing a trail that their chart told them led up the peninsula not far off. They were all enervated by the life on board ship, and by their scanty allowance of food for so long a time and their halts were frequent and progress slow over the sharp loose rocks. There was no soil on the surface and the rocks had the appearance of having been burned and were either red or black. Among them grew various species of cacti, the only vegetation. About midday the heat became oppressive and in their distress they began to throw away everything that encumbered them. After crossing a high hill they entered a deep ravine at the bottom of which they had strong hopes of finding water. Three of the party, who had started without water, prefering to take the risk of not finding it on shore rather than to take the nauseous fluid from the schooner, gave out—two brothers, named Smith, and one Gross, a lawyer—and were left behind. At the bottom of the canyon they fixed their camp in the shadow of a rock, for the heat was very great, and scattered about in search of water. None could be found and they continued down the ravine, which seemed to have been the bed of a torrent in the rainy season. About four o'clock in the afternoon they came to a small canyon, where the rocks were damp and they dug in various places, but found no moisture. They licked the moist rocks in their distress, and with their lips and mustaches covered with mud, renewed the search. A bull dog, owned by one of the party

named Houghton, commenced pawing the ground about fifty yards off, and, by his persistence, attracted the attention of the men. With a small spade which they had brought along they commenced to dig, and after sinking about four feet they found an abundant supply of good water. The stragglers were all called in and there was general rejoicing. They were fearful of drinking too much, but having satisfied their thirst they all fell to cooking their rice and whatever food they had saved, in their drinking cups. Their next thought was of those who had given out on the way. Four of the party set out to their relief with canteens filled. They were found where they had halted; two were unable to speak from the swollen condition of their tongues. Their joy was very great at the unlooked for relief. They were allowed to drink, but sparingly at first, but after a while they were able to drink moderate draughts, and were assisted on to the camp at the well. Most of the party remained here all the next day, cooking and eating till they had nothing left. Twelve of them started on and encamped in a ravine without water, where they waited for the remainder to join them and then continued their course up the ravine that had the appearance of having been blackened by volcanic fires.

In their course they came to a very high mountain which it seemed necessary that they must cross, but as they came nearer they found a deep ravine interposed and into this they must go. This seemed almost a hopeless undertaking, as they had to get down by holding on to whatever they could, and by jumping from rock to rock. When part of the way down they saw a stream of water. In their eagerness to reach it many

threw away their baggage to lighten their loads; blankets, shirts and every disposable thing. Some were so impudent as to dump their rice on the ground, which others, more provided, or more destitute, picked up. Their route could be traced by the articles they had thrown away. Their disappointment was great on reaching the bottom of the canyon to find the water brackish and unfit to drink. Here another consultation was held and another unburdening took place, as they found climbing over high hills and down into deep ravines, with nothing to encumber them as difficult a task as they could accomplish. In leaving articles to lighten their loads they hesitated before throwing away two things, "Mother's Bible and daguerrotype."

Their course continued up the ravine, for some miles, when some of the party started on ahead, and before the day closed, discovered the tracks of mules in the sand, which, further on, seemed to increase in number. Hopes were raised, as these were taken as signs that some habitation or settlement was near. Some were of opinion they were tracks of wild animals. Others thought perhaps they were near some Indian village. The day's march had been over much marshy ground. Some rattle snakes were killed and eaten. In the morning they made an early start, and followed the trail up the ravine.

Their task was now a hard one. They were nearly bare footed and many were becoming ill from exposure and lack of both food and water. Of their provisions, some were quite gone. One of a party of four managed to shoot a small bird that was made into soup. This was all they had for twenty-four hours. The

company had broken up into small parties, the better to prospect for whatever might be found to sustain life. Some were alarmed at their situation, but there was no use crying; there was nothing but death behind them; no hope where they were. Some would have lain down to die, but for the encouragement of the more hopeful. One of the party, being entirely out of water, cut open with a small hatchet he was carrying a "turk's head" cactus which was found to be, in the inside, of a pulpy consistence and contained water not unlike that of a watermelon. The only food now to be had was the fruit of the prickly pear. These contained a mucilaginous substance quite nutritious. Some would not eat them, for fear of their being poisonous, and others because of the thorns.

About sundown a horse was discovered near the trail. They drove him into a ravine where there was water and shot him. After eating sufficient to satisfy their wants, they cured what was left by roasting on the coals. Finding the old horse saved their dog, for the only reason they had not eaten him before was the great attachment the owner had for him. The night was spent in curing their meat which was to be their only food in the future until more was secured. Some were very voracious, and as a result of this surfeit of horse flesh were taken violently sick. The consequence of this over indulgence was that the party was compelled to leave two or three behind. The others provided for them as well as the circumstances would permit. A little rice was mustered for them, and they were furnished with arms and some ammunition, so that in case they saw anything to shoot they would be prepared. With the understanding that relief would

be sent them as soon as found, the party moved on. It was now necessary that the strongest and best walkers should push ahead with their haversacks as full of meat as they could carry them. I now quote from an old journal of one of the party that, I believe, long since passed "Over the Divide" to the "Golden Shores" of the new Eldorado in the Great Beyond.

"Sunday, June 3d. This day several snakes were killed and made into soup; one had ten rattles. Started on ahead and kept so for ten miles when I stopped to rest, the main party passing by. Some of the stragglers urged me on, but I was too tired and camped alone. Monday, 4th. Arose before daybreak and pushed on, eating my fill of prickly pears as I walked. After crossing a high mountain came to a ravine, in hopes of finding water; found some of the party resting. A note was found directing them down the ravine about one and a half miles to water. Here in this ravine we found nuts and plums. This was my worst day's travel, as I was quite lame and hardly able to move along, but perservered. My horse flesh I could not eat. I gave it all away, glad to get rid of it. My relish is the prickly pear. Crossed quite a plain and about sunset camped in a ravine alone, the party being all in advance. I laid down and soon fell asleep. I dreamed that I heard guns and the ringing of bells and awoke chilled through. The moon was shining beautifully. I started up and followed the trail increasing my pace to overcome the benumbing effects of the cold. In a short time I thought I saw the ruins of an old building, but it was an illusion; it proved to be a projecting point of rocks. Passing it, I pressed on in hopes of reaching the camp of the main

party. At last came into a valley, of a plain spread out, and thought I could see a light in the distance—but made up my mind not to be deceived again and hurried on. The lights grew plainer; then the ruins of an old church came n view. The roof was fallen in, I feared my senses were deceiving me. At last I saw the form of a man moving, and his shadow on the ground. As I approached him I found the party in camp—and what a camp! I was piloted across a stream and taken into an old adobe. There lay my companions stretched out upon the dirty floor, wrapped in their blankets, in two rows, with a passage way between. Some were sleeping soundly, others were awake. Hovering over a fireplace in the room were three or four, boiling or roasting corn, which had been obtained of Mexicans who had preceded us on the trail and whose abandoned horse we had eaten. They were from Moleje, on the Gulf, bound to El Rosario. They at first refused to part with their corn as they had only a peck and that was to last seven men and one woman, but when they heard our story of starvation, they gave one-half their corn. Each man had dealt out to him his allotted share, but not being there at the time, my share was not considered. But I lost nothing, for when I came in, quite a number gave me a contribution, so that, in fact, I had a better share than the others. The guns and ringing of bells of which I thought I dreamed, were realities. The old bell of the Mission was set ringing and guns were fired by the boys to bring in the stragglers and so express their joy.

"This was the valley and mission of San Fernando. It is capable of being a beautiful spot; has been highly

cultivated, and is easy of irrigation. At the mission were two bells, the dates upon them were 1761 and 1767. There seemed to be a room in the old ruins which was kept in some order, as I could see through the keyhole gilding paintings, and the altar. About a mile below the old ruins there was an Indian's hut. He had a small patch of wheat not ripe, which we compelled him to pull and thrash and make into mush which he was well paid for. This gave us half a pint each. We also obtained some little meal from him to help us on our journey to El Rosario, twelve leagues off. Starting on our journey, we crossed a high mountain and came to what was apparently the crater of a volcano. Continued on, very tired and foot sore. At last came in sight of the long looked for place. We came to an Indian's hut who was preparing a kind of mush made of something that tasted much like the earth. We devoured it, asking no questions, and felt rested and refreshed. At length, about 4 o'clock, we arrived at Rosario. Those who had preceded us prepared dinner and it was ready waiting us and it was the best dinner I ever ate! it was of beans and corn bread. It was the first meal eaten in twenty days. We camped under fig and apple trees close to the bank of the river. Wednesday, June 6th. Obtained a quantity of beef; dried some, and barbecued ribs for dinner. The people are friendly and the women good-looking. Had more of their good corn cake. Some of the party have started for San Diego. Horses and provisions have been sent to the sick man and party. It seems the men would never get enough to eat. We are enjoying our rest finely and our feet are getting well. Part of the company have crossed the river and camped. I

tried to buy a peck of pinyola of a woman for which I offered her a dollar, which she refused, but wanted my shirt. As I had on two I gave her one. Started on my journey in the afternoon, following up a ravine, crossed a table land and camped near the shore of the ocean in a little ravine that protected us from the cold winds of the coast. It was a little spot full of holes which were said to be rattlesnake holes, but all spread our blankets over them and so prevented the snakes coming out. Thus we slept soundly, undisturbed by the roar of the ocean surf. We were told on leaving Rosario that we would not find water for a long distance. About 9 o'clock came to a place where there had been water, but it was dried up now. Here we rested, tired and hungry. I saw in the distance of twenty or thirty miles a range of mountains from whence I knew there must be a stream of water, as it must naturally come from the ocean. We were surprised and delighted after going about three miles to find a beautiful stream of clear water, as we were suffering greatly from thirst. We started in the afternoon much refreshed and followed the beach, but had not proceeded far before we discovered two vessels lying in under the shore a good distance off. The two vessels proved to be the Paradiso of Genoa, and our schooner, the Dolphin. Nearly all hands were ashore. Mr. Graves determined to go in her on account of sore feet. Captain Rossiter advised me not to go as she leaked badly. Monday, 11th. Nearly the whole party have gone on by land; distance to San Francisco, six hundred and fifty miles. They are unable to get horses and are on foot. The Paradiso sailed this morning, with some of the passengers from the

schooner. We sent on board of her for some provisions, but the boat was swamped and all were lost."

The three sick men left in the rear two weeks before, were without medicine and their sufferings were very great. They were strong in the hope and expectation of aid from those in advance, but, unfortunately no assistance could be rendered them. They struggled along many days, often compelled to carry one of their sick comrades, subsisting on what they could find by the way. When strength and courage had nearly failed they were surprised one day at seeing a man coming along the trail towards them. He was carrying a rifle which he took by the muzzle trailed it along the ground and approached them saying he was "Christiano." He was an old mission Indian and said he lived at "Mission San Fernando." He took from his girdle, which was tied about him, same pinola, which was mixed with water and given to the sick man. Seeing their destitute and famished condition the old Indian cut the stalks from a species of cactus and at the same time dug from the ground with his knife the bulbous roots of another species. Burning off the outside of the cactus the inner part made excellent food about the consistence, and tasting very much like a banana. It was a revelation and a God-send to the tired and famished pilgrims. The roots were cooked, by digging a small hole in the ground, into which they were placed, and a fire built over them. When cooked they much resembled the sweet potato. The effect of eating them is said to be like drinking wine after dinner. They subsequently joined their comrades, the sick man, Melville, dying soon after.

The main party continued their journey up the coast, sometimes along the seashore and sometimes over spurs of mountains, suffering from the effects of cactus thorns and sharp rocks on feet poorly protected. They continued their journey until the twenty-fourth of June, when they arrived at San Diego. Hungry, ragged and destitute, they saw above the military station at that place the Stars and Stripes flying, which they greeted with a hearty good will. The "Dolphin" renewed her endeavor to reach San Francisco and succeeded in working as far north as to be within sixty miles of Monterey, where a landing was made for supplies of wood and water. Some cattle were found and one was killed and taken on board. Adverse winds were more violent north of Point Conception, and the schooner driven back so far that the men who remained with her abandoned all hope of ever reaching San Francisco and bore away for San Diego, where they ultimately arrived with the vessel in a sinking condition. Melville died the day before her arrival and was buried there. He was an intelligent young man, a good companion and a true friend. His heroic fortitude and long sufferings endeared him to all his companions. The wreck of the Dolphin was condemned and sold and the proceeds divided amongst the passengers and crew who then made the best of their way to San Francisco and the mines.

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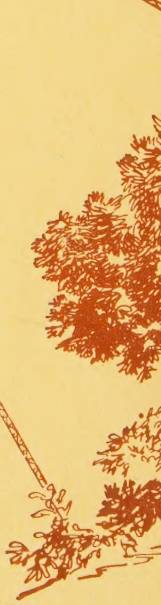

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